THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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A TRAGIC HALLOW-EVE.

BY RUTH MORTIMER.

A GRAY, lowering sky: sodden earth matted with wet leaves; lines of melancholy trees bent away from the east by blasts of fierce wind laden with chilly rain; in the distance, masses of black evergreens: framing in this picture, skeleton vines that clung around the window and wrestled dismally with the wind. It is no wonder that a pair of blue eyes gazing out on the scene were turned discontentedly away, or that their owner drew near the fire for comfort, as she said with a shiver:

"Oh, Bertha, what an afternoon! It seems sixteen years long! When *do* you suppose papa will be well enough to go to the city?"

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"Yes; if it rains and blows like this, the servants' Hallow-eve will be rather tempestuous."

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"Don't be a goose, Lucy. Nothing ever happens here. In all my experience of T—— village it has been as peaceful as Eden."

"That's because it's so far out of the world," was the rather spiteful rejoinder.

"Maybe. It did occur to me that Martin had better stay, but papa laughed at the idea. 'Let him get me to bed,' he said, 'and come back in time to get me out in the morning, and I want nothing more of him.' So that was decided."

"Oh, see here!" and Lucy sat upright in sudden eagerness; "wouldn't it be fun to try some Hallow-eve magic? Did you ever do it?"

"Never but once—at school," said her sister, with a laugh. "We got five marks apiece then for being found heating lead over the gas at eleven o'clock at night."

"Heating lead? Oh, I know; you drop it in cold water, and it hardens into shape. What shape did yours have?"

"I don't know if it had any. I suppose we were all to be old maids."

"Bertha, don't be so dreadfully practical. Put down your work, and help me think of some magic for this evening. It will amuse *me*, at any rate."

"Why, my dear, I'm perfectly willing. And I'm more than willing to put away my work, for it's five o'clock; time to dress for dinner."

"Bertha, don't you believe any of this magic *ever* came true afterwards?"

Miss Morris turned round and laughed at her sister's solemn countenance. "I've heard girls say it did. Of course I didn't believe it."

"Don't you know Aunt Alice tells a story of spreading a supper table at midnight, and lighted candles with nine pins stuck in them at regular distances: and before the flame reached the ninth pin, Uncle Jasper walked in and sat down opposite."

"Oh, that's true enough. He knew she was going to do it. He almost frightened her out of her wits, though. And, Lucy, if it's all the same to you, I don't think I'll leave the doors unlocked to-night for our future husbands to walk in."

"Oh, no, no, Bertha!" and Lucy turned pale at the very idea. "But we might try something. I don't want to eat eggs full of salt, or burn ears of corn: it's not exciting. One of the girls at Madame Durange's school told me she went down cellar backward at midnight with a hand-mirror and a candle. When she reached the foot of the stairs she was to look in the glass and see——"

"The irresistible he, of course. What did she see—the cellar walls?"

"No; she declares she saw Henry Marvell's face. And she was married to him in less than a year."

"That was a *marvel* indeed. Do you want me to try the cellar experiment?"

"I d try it myself if I dared;" and Lucy's pretty face looked doubtful, as she sat tapping the rug with her slipper.

"Don't you dare? I'll mount guard at the head of the stairs."

"That would spoil it. There must be no one in the room above. And the descent is begun at the first stroke of twelve. I believe I *will* try it."

"You'll feel less inclined at midnight, with the wind wailing round the house. What am I to do?"

"Why, let me see. Milly Durell told me some other things. One was something like the cellar one—to eat an apple before a mirror in an empty room while the clock is striking twelve."

"What, finish the apple before the twelve strokes are done?"

"No, no; don't finish at all unless you like, but eat while the clock is striking."

"Very good. I won't attempt gastronomic feats, but the rest is easy. There's no mirror in the kitchen, however."

"Don't I tell you you mustn't be in the kitchen? The cellar opens in the kitchen, and that's the scene of my experiment. You must be in a lonely room. The east parlor would do. Go eat your apple before one of the big mirrors there."

"Very well. If your courage holds out long enough to attempt the cellar feat, I ll try the other. Now get dressed if you mean to. I must go to papa."

Since Mr. Morris's last attack of rheumatism, dinner had been served in his sitting-room up stairs. There, as usual, it was laid tonight.

A social dinner they had, so pleasant that when dessert was removed, and the clock struck eight, Mr. Morris showed no inclination to retire, He was unusually loquacious that evening. Stories of college life and travels succeeded one another, until Bertha's attention was attracted by the evident impatience of Martin.

"Papa," she said, finally, "I suppose Martin wants to go. The servants are to be off at half-past nine, and it will take an hour to get you to bed."

Rather testily the old gentleman agreed to be wheeled back to his chamber.

"Hallow-eve parties are foolery," he grumbled. "Well, well, Bertha, let the servants see that everything is fast, and bring you the keys. Good-night, good-night, my dears. I'll ring if I want anything. Now that deuced wind has gone down, I expect a quiet night."

At half-past ten the house was still. And the two young ladies sat by their dressing-room fire ready to begin what Bertha called "conjurations."

"See what a calm night it is," the latter remarked, going to the window and drawing back the curtain. The sky was still filled with ragged masses of cloud, but, high above, a white October moon shone through watery mists. Below, the avenue and thickly wooded grounds stretched quiet and dim.

"Bertha, if we had some pieces of lead we might try melting them. It's

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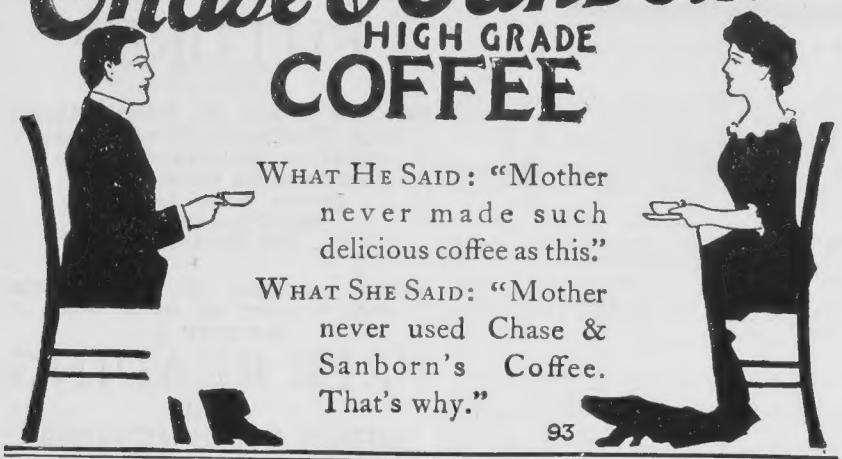

WHAT HE SAID: "Mother never made such delicious coffee as this."
WHAT SHE SAID: "Mother never used Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. That's why."
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Hints for the Housewife.

Which Way?

When a shy little maid, of the world afraid,
Sets forth on Love's Highway,
She knows not where the road may fare
Or where her feet may stray.

For a time the road runs wide and straight,
And its pleasures wing the hours.
But at last it divides, and there are no guides
Save the birds and the nodding flow'rs.

When she comes to the forks of Love's Highway—
As come she must some day—
And her head says "This way," but her heart says "That."
Which way shall she turn? Which way?

TOLD FROM EXPERIENCE.

A New Kind of Mucilage.—Once when I was going to send a couple of packages through the mail I discovered I had no mucilage. This is what I did. I broke the small part of an egg so that the white part would flow from it, being careful not to make the opening too large. I then wrapped the package, holding it in one hand while I drew the egg along the edge of the paper, coating it thoroughly. I then pressed it down and allowed it to dry. Save the light-brown paper for packages, for the mucilage stays longer and does not stain it. I use this mucilage for everything with success.

A Bit of Economy.—Where there are a number of children in a family who go to school they generally need erasers in their lessons. The pennies count up when there are four or five to buy at five cents apiece. But I have found a way of saving. Give the children the rubber corks which come on ammonia washing fluid, etc. They do the work just as well and last longer.

A Lamp Hint.—A lamp which annoys by flaming up and smoking can be helped by using a taller chimney. I have been using a nine-inch chimney on my Rochester burner, and my wall was very badly smoked, while the lamp did not give a satisfactory light to read or sew by. I bought a twelve-inch chimney, which I used instead of the nine-inch. We had no more difficulty whatever.

To Give a Pie an Attractive Crust.—The outside appearance of a pie is quite important, and I used to feel quite distressed at white crusts. A housekeeper told me the following way. It will give the pies a brown, flaky appearance. When the pie is ready to bake put about two teaspoonfuls of sweet milk on the top and spread over the surface. Try it next baking day.

To Remove Ink-stains.—Probably all mothers have been troubled by having the children come home from school with ink-stains on their white aprons. Just moisten the stain with kerosene oil and then wash the garment as usual with the other clothes and the stain will disappear.

Kerosene also cleans galvanized iron very nicely. Put a few drops on a cloth and rub hard, and you will be surprised to see how nice it looks. I have a copper tank with a galvanized iron cover, and I find the kerosene treatment just the thing for that.

A Labor Saver.—I had always found it quite a task to keep my sink clean, as scraps of food would accumulate in it from the dish water. One day an idea occurred to me. I nailed four small boards together, making a frame about six inches square, on one side of which I securely tacked a piece of old wire screen and set it over the drain of the sink. Since then all that is necessary is to pour all water into the sieve, then lift it, and, inverting it over the coal bucket, give it a few sharp knocks, when it is clean and ready to be returned to its place in the sink. The wire is easily renewed when rusted, and my sink does not require much scrubbing. What is more, there are no bits of food which require to be picked out.

Two Useful Hints.—Lamp burners may be kept as bright as new by cleaning in the following manner: Place in a basin, with enough buttermilk to cover, and boil on the stove several hours. Remove, place in suds, and brush with a small vegetable brush until clean, and dry with a cloth.

Those who dread to wash pans in which bread dough has been prepared, will be relieved if they employ this method: After removing sponge, empty out all flour and grease the pan well. When the large loaf is removed the tin will be perfectly free from dough.

Helpful Hints.—When straining fruit for jelly I pour it in the colander, then the juice only needs to be strained; the fruit can afterwards be mashed through the colander and used to make butter. The jelly bag, not being full of pulp, is much easier washed.

When baking cookies or ginger-snaps take a piece of clean yellow wrapping paper and use in greasing the pans. It saves time and trouble.

When stockings are too bad to darn I cut them down, using the legs of another pair to make the new feet. The legs of one pair will usually cut feet for two pairs.

If something has burned and stuck to skillet, porcelain or granite kettle, put about a spoonful of soda in cold water in the vessel that has been burned, place on the fire, and by the time the water comes to a boil the soda has cut the dirt or burned mixture, and the kettle is easily cleaned without the usual scraping and scouring.

How to Keep Nickel Bright—Experience has taught me how to keep the nickel on my stove as bright and new as when it was purchased. After washing your dishes, take another cloth and with the dishwater give it a good washing, then wipe it dry with another cloth. You will be surprised at the result.

A Home-made Art Square—With a family of six and two small children, my carpet under the dining table showed many a grease spot. They faded from sight by vigorous scrubbings, only to return in a few days. I purchased a piece of oil-cloth in pretty shades of brown, also a piece of stair oil-cloth that matched it well. The stair oil-cloth had to be longer than the centre, in order to mitre the corners. After stitching this border to the centre on the machine, I tacked it under the table, and you have no idea how really artistic it is, as well as always having such a clean look. The cost was less than one dollar, and it has been worth many times that to me.

To Bleach a Sraw Hat—A straw hat that has done service for two seasons was made to look almost as good as new by covering it with a thick paste made of flower of sulphur and water and putting it in the sun. When the paste has thoroughly dried it was brushed off, and the hat that had been deemed too discolored to wear any longer was so white and clean that the owner pronounced his wife to be a hat bleacher equal to the best.

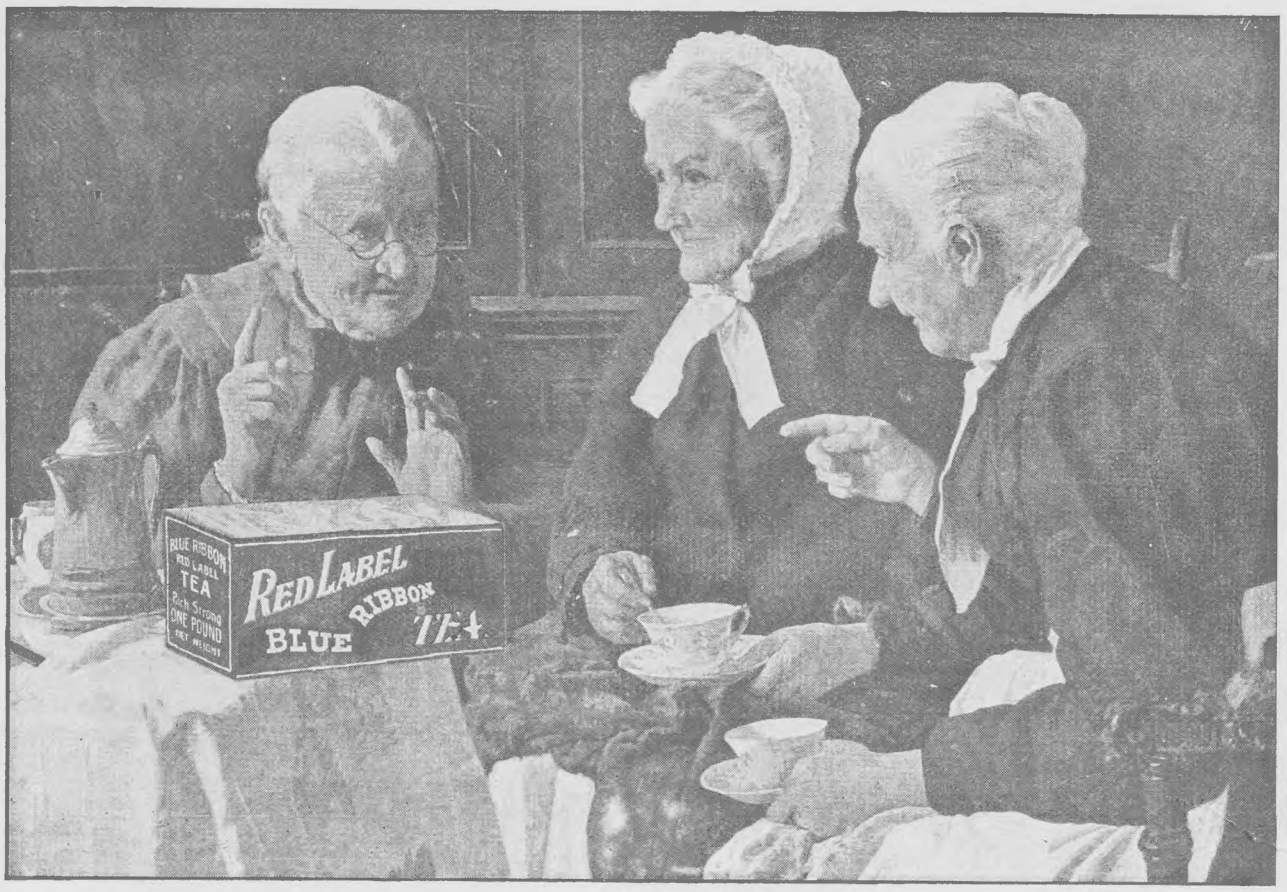
A Clothes-Pole Made of a Broomstick.—A clothes-pole made of a broomstick is a piece of furniture that anybody can easily produce. Six double hooks may be fastened lengthwise to the broomstick, three on each side, and a large screweye inserted in one end. This pole may be hung from a hook on the wall and will accommodate a number of garments. Where space is limited this will be found particularly useful.

When Drying Children's Woolen Stockings the use of forms will prevent shrinking. These forms can be made quite easily of a piece of white wood a quarter of an inch thick. Lay flat on the wood a new stocking and draw an outline of it with a pencil; then cut out, and sandpaper the form until smooth. After the sockings are washed carefully draw them, one at a time, on the forms (better to have two), and let them dry. It will be found that stockings will last much longer dried in this manner.

A Kitchen-Table as a Cage for the Baby is an original and practical idea. Take a cheap kitchen table, turn it upsidedown, and nail laths or narrow strips of wood across from leg to leg, putting them close enough together to prevent the baby from crawling through. Then wrap the laths and table-legs with strips of red flannel, and lay a folded quilt on the bottom. Put the baby in his cage with his toys and he will be quite safe while his mother is busy.

An Amusing Scrapbook costing some time, but little money, can easily be made. It will brighten the hours of a child convalescing from sickness. Take an ordinary ten-cent blankbook and cut all the pages horizontally three inches from the top. Cut from magazines, or wherever you can, all sorts of figures: men, women, children, animals, etc. The greater the variety the better the result. Cut the heads from the bodies of the pictures and paste the heads on the upper part of the page close to where it is cut, allowing two heads to a page. Then paste the corresponding bodies on the lower part of the page so that the figures appear to be whole. The idea is, after the figures have all been pasted, to make as many ridiculous combinations as possible—say, by having the head on page five, which may be that of a lion, come over the body on page ten which may be that of a baby.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste, and is a certain relief for irritation of the throat that causes hacking coughs. If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and restore the air passages to their normal healthy condition. There is no need to recommend it to those familiar with it, but to those who seek a sure remedy and are in doubt what to use, the advice is—try Bickle's Syrup.



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No. 3725 Hard Water	" "	" 2 " " " " " "
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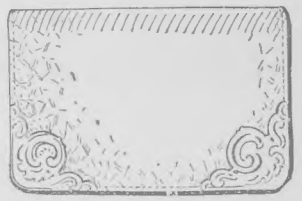

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"He'd be better away from here; these country places are enough to give anyone the horrors when autumn storms begin. And this place is so isolated! I do wish papa would sell it," she concluded, with another disconsolate glance at the long line of rain-washed avenue.

"Why, Lucy Morris! Sell the place he was born and brought up in! I believe papa reverences every timber in this old house."

"There are plenty to reverence, then. It's the biggest and ghostliest and dullest place that ever was. I hate great dusky rooms all finished in oak, with black massive pieces of furniture, and perfect shrouds of curtains, and tiers of family portraits painted in the year one!"

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"Never but once—at school," said her sister, with a laugh. "We got five marks apiece then for being found heating lead over the gas at eleven o'clock at night."

"Heating lead? Oh, I know; you drop it in cold water, and it hardens into shape. What shape did yours have?"

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"Why, let me see. Milly Durell told me some other things. One was something like the cellar one—to eat an apple before a mirror in an empty room while the clock is striking twelve."

"What, finish the apple before the twelve strokes are done?"

"No, no; don't finish at all unless you like, but eat while the clock is striking."

"Very good. I won't attempt gastronomic feats, but the rest is easy. There's no mirror in the kitchen, however."

"Don't I tell you you mustn't be in the kitchen? The cellar opens in the kitchen, and that's the scene of my experiment. You must be in a lonely room. The east parlor would do. Go eat your apple before one of the big mirrors there."

"Very well. If your courage holds out long enough to attempt the cellar feat, I'll try the other. Now get dressed if you mean to. I must go to papa."

Since Mr. Morris's last attack of rheumatism, dinner had been served in his sitting-room up stairs. There, as usual, it was laid tonight.

A social dinner they had, so pleasant that when dessert was removed, and the clock struck eight, Mr. Morris showed no inclination to retire, He was unusually loquacious that evening. Stories of college life and travels succeeded one another, until Bertha's attention was attracted by the evident impatience of Martin.

"Papa," she said, finally, "I suppose Martin wants to go. The servants are to be off at half-past nine, and it will take an hour to get you to bed."

Rather testily the old gentleman agreed to be wheeled back to his chamber.

"Hallow-eve parties are foolery," he grumbled. "Well, well, Bertha, let the servants see that everything is fast, and bring you the keys. Good-night, good-night, my dears. I'll ring if I want anything. Now that deuced wind has gone down, I expect a quiet night."

At half-past ten the house was still. And the two young ladies sat by their dressing-room fire ready to begin what Bertha called "conjurations."

"See what a calm night it is," the latter remarked, going to the window and drawing back the curtain. The sky was still filled with ragged masses of cloud, but, high above, a white October moon shone through watery mists. Below, the avenue and thickly wooded grounds stretched quiet and dim.

"Bertha, if we had some pieces of lead we might try melting them. It's

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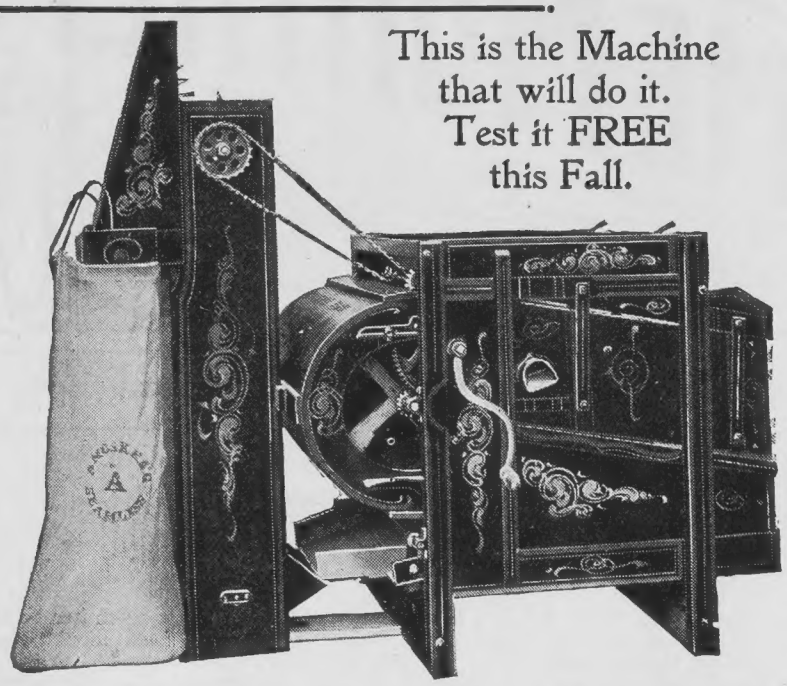

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an hour and a half before twelve, and we must keep awake somehow."

"I don't know that I have any lead. There's the shot in my riding skirt, but it would take too long to melt that."

Lucy mused. "We might scrape off a little from the outside. Anything for fun. Where is the skirt?"

"In the closet. Ah!"

"What is it?" and Lucy faced round in surprise on her way to the wardrobe.

"Nothing. I fancied I saw some one moving down there in the shadows. It was only fancy," she finished, turning away.

"How do you know it was fancy? Suppose—"

"Lucy, for the second time I beg you not to be a goose! I could imagine I saw fifty people if I stared into the dark long enough. Rip the shot out of the skirt, and we'll go down to the kitchen."

To the kitchen they forthwith repaired, each carrying a lighted candle, and each with a ball of lead in her pocket; nor had Lucy forgotten her hand-glass. Half way down the great staircase Bertha paused to laugh at the ridiculousness of their proceedings. Not so Lucy. Hurrying through the dark halls with cheeks as white as the shawl she wore, she rushed into the kitchen and hastily lighted the gas.

"Hurry and shut the door, Bertha. Is everything locked up down here?" with an apprehensive glance at the dusky corners of the room.

"I suppose so. I have the keys of the outer doors in my pocket. Why, Lucy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. It seems so unnaturally still after the wind. I thought I heard a noise in that recess under the stairs."

Her sister laughed again as she extinguished the candles and examined the fire in the range.

"It was one of the future husbands, of course, Lucy. Do hunt up an iron spoon and get a basin of cold water while I try to scrape this lead."

Lucy presently forgot everything in her interest in the lead experiment. After tedious scrapings she managed to melt the mineral in a spoon, and dropped it into water, where it immediately hardened into incomprehensible shapes.

"Those are fishes and crowns. You're going to see low and high life, Lucy. You'll espouse a fisherman and a king."

"Don't be foolish. I'll try again."

Again and again she did try with no better success. But when Bertha, in her turn, dropped the lead, there was a cry of surprise from both girls. The rude semblance of a musket lay in the water. Bertha fished it out with a laugh.

"Fate speaks. I'm to marry the son of a gun."

"Try again, Bertha. Let's see if it comes again."

Bertha complied. This time it was certainly no musket. It was a nondescript appearance, three-cornered and pointed.

"A soldier's cap!" cried Lucy with a little scream of delight. "A soldier's cap with a plume! What makes your cheeks so red, Bertha?"

"The fire, I suppose," was the cool answer, as Bertha arose and shook out her silken skirts.

"And not the thought of our friend Colonel Dudley "

"Lucy, you're positively ridiculous;" but this time there was no doubt about her blushing. "See," she went on, hastily, "it's getting near twelve. Are you going down cellar?"

Lucy's cheek grew a shade paler. The speaker had walked over to a door in a dim corner and thrown it wide.

"Are you going in the east parlor?"

"I suppose I am. I must find an apple somewhere."

"You've forgotten the key. It's upstairs."

"That's true; but the lock on the east parlor door is broken. I spoke to papa, but he said it was no matter. Here are some apples," she continued, emerging from a closet. "Now my soldier will have a chance to appear. Do I say over anything to myself while I eat the apple?—any incantation?"

"No; you just eat, and begin at the first stroke of twelve."

"And I see somebody looking over my shoulder. I'm afraid he'll have horns, Lucy."

The one addressed uttered a little cry of terror.

"Oh, Bertha, I'm scared to death now. I'll never dare go into the cellar. Let's give it up and go to bed."

"What a little coward! Lucy, there's no such thing as a ghost. There's nothing in the cellar—only it's dark."

Lucy only looked shudderingly down the black stairway. "I don't know what makes me so nervous. If I should see anything—"

"Suppose you go to the east parlor, and let me go down there?"

"Go through those halls into that great ghostly room? Never!"

"Well, as I said before, you're a little coward," remarked her sister, scornfully. "Sit down here by the fire then, and wait for me."

"Oh, Bertha, don't go! Suppose you should see something terrible!" moaned superstitious Lucy.

"Lucy, I'm surprised at you. There's my future husband waiting under the stairs. You heard him, you know. He'll come out and follow me to the east parlor, and I shall see how he looks." And Bertha, who seemed possessed by the very spirit of mischief, laughed heartily, as her sister covered her face with a cry. "Just let me see the thing through. I'll be back soon." And shutting the door at the last word, she commenced her pilgrimage through the halls, feeling so completely indifferent to the ghostly influences of the time and occasion that she even hummed a tune as she went.

White squares of moonlight lay on the floor and walls opposite the great windows when she came into the main hall, and passing along to the front, paused for a moment at the entrance to the east parlor. As she stood there the old clock gave warning of twelve; so she threw the door wide and went in.

It was, as Lucy had said, a great, ghostly room. Everything in it was black and massive; heavy curtains fell before the lofty windows; dim pictures of ancestors and ancestresses started out of the gloom like phantoms as the candle's flickering rays penetrated the gloom. Two great mirrors were set in the wall opposite each other The chill air of the room made the new-comer shiver as she walked round a high black cabinet, set down her candle on the slab before the nearest mirror, and felt in her pocket for the apple.

"I wonder if any of
"'These knights and these dames
Come down from their frames'"

and walk the house at the witching hour of midnight?" Bertha soliloquized, surveying the portrait of a bewigged old gentleman in a flowered silk doublet, who seemed to be eyeing her with interest from the wall behind.

A healthy disbelief in the supernatural is an excellent steadier of the nerves. Not many young ladies would have commenced eating as coolly as Bertha did when the first stroke of twelve rang through the house. She was rather ashamed of the silliness of the proceeding and laughed at her own reflection. standing in modern furbelowed dress, apple in hand, beneath those ancient pictures.

Three, four, five, six. Still no stir, no appearance. Still her eyes vainly explored the shadowy space behind her, doubly reflected in the twin mirrors. "Look over your right shoulder all the time," Lucy had said. What was it that at the stroke of seven suddenly drew her gaze, as by magnetic attraction, to the left, and gave her a curious, uneasy sensation as of someone watching her, or of another presence in the room? There was nothing in the parlor. Ah! but in the glass behind her was mirrored the door through which she had come. It was hidden from her as she stood by the bulky black cabinet; but in the mirror's depth she saw plainly a crouching form appear for an instant in the gloom of that doorway, and an ugly, sinister face look in. Another instant and it was gone; and Bertha's heart seemed to stop beating, and the apple fell to the floor.

It was a wonder she did not scream in her first surprise. She was not afraid of the dead, but she certainly was of the living, and the shock caused by that momentary glance made her faint and cold with terror. Mechanically she picked up the apple. No ghost could have been whiter than she as she faced the mirror again.

How much thinking can be done in a second! It seemed to Bertha that an age was compressed into the time occupied by the last four strokes of twelve. The first glance had shown her the whole peril of the situation. Two girls and a helpless old man in a lonely house two miles from a village, and at least one from the nearest neighbor! One robber already in the house, probably another outside —for she leaped at once to the conclusion that she had really seen a figure lurking in the shrubbery. How many more might be about she dared not think, but that the one in the house had just followed her she had no doubt. She shuddered at the remembrance of her own light words uttered not ten minutes ago: "He will follow me to the east parlor, and I shall see how he looks."

What was to be done? There were no firearms in the house but her father's pistols, and she doubted if these were in a condition to use, for Mr. Morris's careless, improvident security was too well known to his family. Her father asleep above with unlocked doors—scarcely an inner lock in the house was in order—Lucy waiting for her sister in the kitchen (she would not dare give her sister any hint of the fearful discovery). What a position! Would the burglars be satisfied with the silver below stairs? No, surely; there was jewelry and money to tempt them in the chambers. And if her father were aroused, as he was sure to be, there might be murder as well as robbery. Oh, what should she do? And how should she go through the halls again with that uncanny follower, who no doubt had been listening grimly to all their nonsense in the kitchen about Hallow-eve magic?

It was all she could do to keep up an appearance of indifference as she closed the east parlor door and began to retrace her steps. It seemed as if that crouching figure was ready to spring at her from every shadowy corner. Still, she compelled herself to move slowly, and even to go on eating the apple. Anything was better than to excite suspicion. When she came opposite the dark recess under the stairs, she dared not glance that way; but listening as she passed, with hearing quickened with apprehension, she was certain she heard a stealthy movement. Again it required an effort to control the impulse to run and scream. She did close the kitchen door rather hastily, and came into Lucy's presence with a face so different from the one with which she left it that the latter exclaimed:

"Oh, Bertha! you're white as a sheet!"

"White? Nonsense! I'm only cold. The room was like a tomb."

"Bertha!—Lucy's voice dropped to an awe-stricken whisper—"did you see anything?"

"I saw all I expected to see—the walls and furniture. I didn't see anything else," was the unnecessarily loud reply.

"You didn't Oh dear!" said inconsistent Lucy. "Well, then, let's go to bed."

"Dont' go just yet," Bertha said, feeling that she must gain time somehow.

"I must, I'm dreadfully worn out."

"Well, then, you'll have to go alone. I shall stay up a while."

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"Why, what for? How unreasonable!"

What for, indeed! Bertha's brain was in such a whirl that she thought she was going crazy as she sat by the fire, trying to warm her trembling hands.

"Let's try some more magic," she said, desperately. "Hallow-eve only comes once a year. I don't feel in the least sleepy. Let's roast some chestnuts. That will be good fun."

"Chestnuts? Those that were gathered were all left outside in the storehouse. I know, for I wanted some to-day, and it rained too much to get them."

An idea darted into Bertha's head. She rose to her feet, saying, in careless tones, still intended for the listener who she was sure was just outside the kitchen door, "Well, come and get them now, then."

"Go out-doors at this time? Have you lost your wits? For mercy's sake, what makes you speak so loud?" She ended querulously.

Something in her sister's face checked her here, and brought her to her feet in obedience to an imperative motion from the latter, who already had taken the key of the outer door in her hand.

"Why should you be afraid?" Bertha said, forcing a laugh. "Nothing ever happens here. It's bright moonlight. We'll lock the door and be back in a few minutes with the chestnuts." And again checked the query on Lucy's white lips.

In a moment they were outside.

Then without a word of explanation Bertha seized her sister's hand, saying, in an agitated whisper, "Don't stop to ask why. Run with me as fast as you can!" and she started swiftly down a side path, almost dragging her half-paralyzed sister with her.

If they were only not followed at once! It seemed to Bertha the only chance lay either in getting help or in drawing the robbers away in pursuit. She knew that the outlaw in the house would soon discover their flight, but she was most apprehensive of the accomplice concealed outside.

On she went at desperate speed, under wet branches and over sodden ground. Lucy kept at her side with difficulty. But just as they struck the main avenue near the street gate Bertha looked behind, and this time could not supress a cry of alarm. A man's figure was dashing down through the moonlight in full pursuit. Lucy looked also, uttered a scream of terror, tore her hand from her sister's, and rushed away among the thick trees on the right. Bertha did not stop. She knew the man would not follow Lucy. He would pursue the one running toward the village, and stop her at all hazards. And the nearest house was at the cross-roads, a mile away!

She had been a famous runner in her girlhood. Remembering that her pursuer was heavy and thick-set, she took courage as she sped like an arrow along the lonely moon-lit road. On and on, past woods, past fields, past meadows, she ran as she had never run before, still spurred to fresh efforts by the quick footfalls behind.

On and on. Still the man behind her held his own, and even seemed to gain at times. Her brain whirled, her feet faltered, but the next turn would bring her in sight of the cottage, so again she took heart.

But her pursuer was also desperate. Despite her exertions he came nearer and nearer. She could hear his muttered curses and hard-drawn breath as she struggled on, still many rods distant from the cottage gate. Oh, better die than be caught and be at the mercy of that ruffian!"

It was just then that she became aware of another sound, sharp and distinct, ringing through the night silence—the tramp of a horse on one of the cross-roads. It was surely approaching. With her last reserves of breath she uttered a wild scream for help that brought a volley of oaths from the miscreant, who had seemed to be almost overtaking her.

The tramp changed to a gallop. Faster and faster it came on, and presently a rider dashed around the corner. Bertha recognized the tall form bending forward in the saddle, the eager gray eyes, and martial bearing. Colonel Dudley!" she cried, and the next moment only saved herself from falling by grasping the fence. Her deliverer was off his horse in a moment, uttering an exclamation of wonder.

"Miss Morris! Miss Bertha! What does this mean?"

It was not so easy to tell. Her pursuer had dashed into the woods at the first sight of the colonel, and she was near fainting; nevertheless, she managed to make the situation understood. The colonel wasted no words. He simply took her in his arms and carried her to the cottage door, around which his sturdy knocks soon brought the entire family.

"Mr. Johnson, get your gun, and saddle your horse, and follow me as soon as possible to our neighbor Morris's. There are robbers in his house. Bring your sons with you, or let them come on foot. Meanwhile your wife must take care of this young lady;" and before anyone had recovered from their astonishment the colonel was off, riding at a great pace down the road.

Bertha was too much exhausted to be vividly conscious of anything during the hour that followed. She let the women take care of her, but did not attempt to answer questions or to move until one of the sons of the family came riding back in haste.

"It's all right," reported this messenger; "leastaways the robbers is gone and nobody's hurt. But the young lady was found fainted out under the trees, and the silver's all taken. The feller in the house didn't have time to take no more. I'm to ride to town and get the village out to hunt him and the feller that run after you."

To use the conventional phrase, Bertha woke the next morning and found herself famous. The whole village was agog, and the greatest efforts were being made to capture the robbers. The carriage and horses were at the door waiting to take her home. There everything was in confusion. Lucy was in bed, and Mr. Morris, in a state of wild excitement, was actually dressed and downstairs. It appeared that Colonel Dudley had found a back window open and the robbers gone, and that Mr. Morris aroused and taking the colonel himself for a burglar, had actually crawled to the head of the stairs and shot at him, fortunately without effect.

Bertha had hard work to restore the distracted household to order. Late that evening, when Colonel Dudley rode over to announce the capture of the burglars and the regaining of most of the silver, the elder Miss Morris was still occupied with her father, whose efforts had brought on an agonizing attack of rheumatism. From Lucy's lips, however, the colonel heard the whole story of Bertha's adventure, and it is needless to say that he was greatly amused and amazed.

"So you dared not go into the cellar, Miss Lucy?" he said, rather quizzically. "Were you not even tempted by the possible sight of your true-love?"

"To tell the truth, I had been too unsuccessful with the lead. Bertha, I suppose, was curious to see if Fortune would smile upon her again."

"What was your sister's fortune?" Colonel Dudley asked, a little too eagerly. "What shape did the lead take for her?"

"The shape of a soldier's cap and musket," was the demure reply.

When the nine days' wonder of the attempted robbery had been talked over, the little village had another sensation, which was a matrimonial engagement between the two principal actors in that night's drama—Colonel Dudley and Miss Bertha Morris. And the first present which the bride expectant received from her fiancee was two little gold charms for a watch chain—one a tiny musket, the other an old-fashioned three-cornered soldier's cap.

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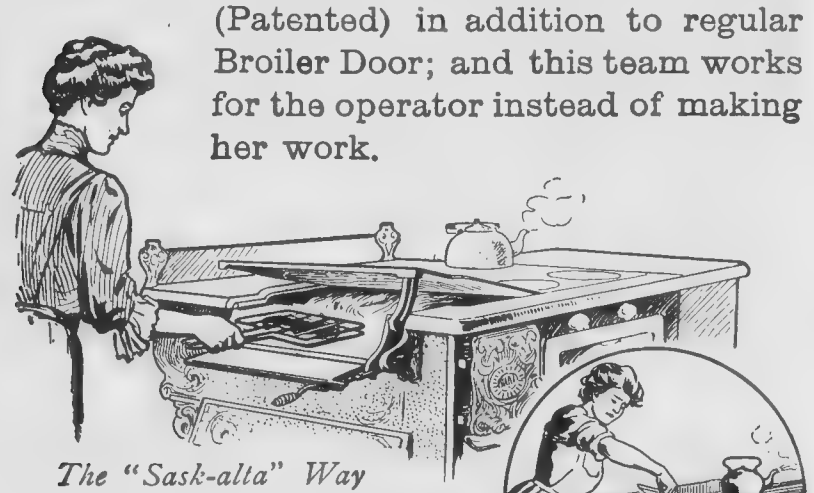

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Another way produces unevenly broiled meat and unevenly toasted bread and taxes the patience of the housewife. This way is represented by most Ranges. The reason: Some Ranges have "only" a Broiler Door, others have a contrivance like that illustrated in top small drawing; both of which enjoy the distinction of tiring the arm that holds the broiler and tiring the eye that directs the arm.

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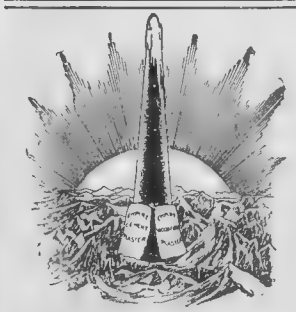

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A Departmental Case.

By O. HENRY.

IN Texas you may travel a thousand miles in a straight line. If your course is a crooked one, it is likely that both the distance and your rate of speed may be vastly increased. Clouds there sail serenely against the wind. The whippoorwill delivers its disconsolate cry with the notes exacty reversed from those of its Northern brother. Given a drought and a subsequently lively rain, and lo! from a glazed and stony soil will spring in a single night blossomed lilies, miraculously fair. Tom Green County was once the standard of measurement. I have forgotten how many New Jerseys and Rhode Islands it was that could have been stowed away and lost in its chaparral. But the legislative ax has slashed Tom Green into a handful of counties hardly larger than European kingdoms. The legislature convenes at Austin, near the centre of the State; and, while the representative from the Rio Grande country is gathering his palm-leaf fan and his linen duster to set out for the capital, the Panhandle solon winds his muffler above well-buttoned overcoat and kicks the snow from his well-greased boots ready for the same journey. All this merely to hint that the big ex-republic of the Southwest forms a sizable star on the flag, and to prepare for the corollary that things sometimes happen there uncut to pattern and unfettered by the metes and bounds.

The Commissioner of Insurance, Statistics and History of the State of Texas was an official of no very great or very small importance. The past tense is used, for now he is a Commissioner of Insurance alone. Statistics and history are no longer proper nouns in the government records.

In the year 188— the governor appointed Luke Coonrod Standifer to be head of this department. Standifer was then fifty-five years of age, and a Texan to the core. His father had been one of the State's earliest settlers and pioneers. Standifer himself had served the commonwealth as Indian fighter, soldier, ranger and legislator. Much learning he did not claim, but he had drank pretty deep of the spring of experience.

If other grounds were less abundant, Texas should be well up in the lists of glory as the grateful republic. For both as Republic and State, it has busily heaped honors and solid rewards upon its sons who rescued it from the wilderness.

Wherefore and therefore, Luke Coonrod Standifer, son of Ezra Standifer, ex-Terry ranger, simon-pure Democrat and lucky dweller in an unrepresented portion of the politico-geographical map was appointed Commissioner of Insurance, Statistics and History.

Standifer accepted the honor with some doubt as to the nature of the office he was to fill and his capacity for filling it—but he accepted, and by wire. He immediately set out from the little country town where he maintained (and was scarcely maintained by) a somnolent and unfruitful office of surveying and map-drawing. Before departing he had looked up under the I's S's and H's in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" what information and preparation towards his official duties those weighty volumes afforded. A few weeks of incumbency diminished the new commissioner's awe of the great and important office he had been called upon to conduct. An increasing familiarity with its workings soon restored him to his accustomed placid course of life. In his office was an old, spectacled clerk—a consecrated, informed, able machine, who held his desk regardless of changes of adminstrative heads. Old Kauffman instructed his new chief gradually in the knowledge of the department without seeming to do so, and kept the wheels revolving without a slip of a cog.

Indeed, the Department of Insurance, Statistics and History carried no great heft of the burden of state. Its main work was the regulating of the business done in the State by foreign insurance companies, and the letter of the law was its giude. As for statistics—well you wrote letters to county officers, and scissored other people's reports, and each year you got out a report of your own about the corn crop and the cotton crop and pecans and pigs and black and white population, and a great many columns of figures headed "bushels" and "acres" and "square miles," etc. —and there you were. History? The branch was purely a receptive one. Old ladies interested in the science bothered you some with long reports of proceedings of their historical societies. Some twenty or thirty people would write you each year that they had secured Sam Houston's pocket knife or Santa Anna's whisky-flask or Davy Crockett's rifle—all absolutely authenticated—and demanded legislative appropriation to purchase. Most of the work in the history branch went into pigeon-holes.

One sizzling August afternoon the commissioner reclined in his office chair, with his feet upon the long, official table covered with green billiard cloth. The commissioner was smoking a cigar, and dreamily regarding the quivering landscape framed by the window that looked upon the treeless capitol grounds. Perhaps he was thinking of the rough and ready life he had led, of the old days of breathless adventure and movement, of the the comrades who now trod other paths or had ceased to tread any, of the changes civilization and peace had brought, and, maybe, complacently, of the snug and comfortable camp pitched for him under the dome of the capitol of the State that had not forgotten his services.

The business of the department was lax. Insurance was easy. Statistics were not in demand. History was dead. Old Kauffman, the efficient and perpetual clerk, had requested an infrequent half-holiday, incited to the unusual dissipation by the joy of having successfully twisted the tail of a Connecticut insurance company that was trying to do business contrary to the edicts of the great Lone Star State.

The office was very still. A few subdued noises trickled in through the open door from the other departments—a dull, tinkling crash from the treasurer's office adjoining, as a clerk tossed a bag of silver to the floor of the vault—the vague, intermittent clatter of a dilatory typewriter—a dull tapping from the state geologist's quarters as if some woodpecker had flown in to bore for its prey in the cool of the massive building—and then a faint rustle and the light shuffling of the well-worn shoes along the hall, the sounds ceasing at the door toward which the commissioner's lethargic back was presented. Following this, the sound of a gentle voice speaking words unintelligible to the commissioner's somewhat dormant comprehension, but giving evidence of bewilderment and hesitation.

The voice was feminine; the commissioner was of the race of cavaliers who make salaam before the trail of a skirt without considering the quality of its cloth.

There stood in the door a faded woman, one of the numerous sisterhood of the unhappy. She was dressed all in black—poverty's perpetual mourning for lost joys. Her face had the contours of twenty and the lines of forty. She may have lived that intervening score of years in a twelvemonth. There was about her yet an aurum of indignant unappeased, protesting youth that shone faintly through the premature veil of unearned decline.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the commissioner, gaining his feet to the accompaniment of a great creaking and sliding of his chair.

"Are you the governor, sir?" asked the vision of melancholy.

The commissioner hesitated at the end of his best bow, with his hand in the bosom of his double-breasted "frock". Truth at last conquered.

"Well, no, ma'am. I am not the governor. I have the honor to be Commissioner of Insurance, Statistics and History. Is there anything, ma'am, I can do fer you? Won't you have a chair, ma'am?"

The lady subsided into the chair handed her, probably from purely physicial reasons. She wielded a cheap fan—last token of gentility to be abandoned. Her clothing seemed to indicate a reduction almost to extreme poverty. She looked at the man who was not the governor, and saw kindliness and simplicity and a rugged, unadorned courtliness emanating from a countenance tanned and toughened by forty years of out of doors. Also, she saw that his eyes were clear and strong and blue. Just so they had been when he used them to skim the horizon for raiding Kiowas and Sioux. His mouth was as set and firm as it had been on that day when he bearded the old lion Sam Houston himself, and defied him during that season when secession was the theme. Now, in bearing and dress, Luke Coonrod Standifer endeavored to do credit to the important arts and sciences of Insurance, Statistics and History. He had abandoned the careless dress of his country home. Now, his broad-brimmed black slouch hat, and his long-tailed "frock" made him not the least imposing of the official family, even if his office was reckoned to stand at the tail of the list.

"You wanted to see the governor, ma'am?" asked the commissioner, with the deferential manner he always used toward the fair sex.

"I hardly know," said the lady, hesitatingly. "I suppose so." And then, suddenly drawn by the symathetic look of the other, she poured forth the story of her need.

It was a story so common that the public has come to look at its monotony instead of its pity. The old tale of an unhappy married life—made so by a brutal, conscienceless husband, a robber, a spendthrift, a moral coward, and a bully, who failed to provide even the means of the barest existence. Yes, he had come down in the scale so low as to strike her. It happened only the day before—there was the bruise on one temple—she had offended his highness by asking for a little money to live on. And yet she must needs, woman-like, append a plea for her tyrant—he was drinking; he had rarely abused her thus when sober.

"I thought,' moaned this pale sister of sorrow, "that maybe the state might be willing to give me some relief. Iv'e heard of such things being done for the families of old settlers. I've heard tell that the state used to give land to the men who fought for it against Mexico, and settled up the country, and helped drive out the Indians. My father did all of that and never received anything. He never would take it. I thought the governor would be the one to see, and that's why I came. If father was entitled to anything, they might let it come to me."

"It's possible, ma'am," said Standifer, "that such might be the case. But most all the old veterans and settlers got their land certificates issued, and located long ago. Still, we can look that up in the land office, and be sure. Your father's name, now, was——"

"Amos Colvin, sir."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Standifer, rising and unbuttoning his tight coat, excitedly. "Are you Amos Colvin's daughter? Why, ma'am, Amos Colvin and me were thicker than two hoss thieves for more than ten years! We fought Kiowas, drove cattle and rangered side by side nearly all over Texas. I remember seeing you once before, now. You were a kid, about seven, a-riding a little yellow pony up and down. Amos and me stopped at your home for a little grub when we were trailing that band of Mexican cattle thieves down through Karnes and Bee. Great tarantulas! and you're Amos Colvin's little girl! did you ever hear your father mention Luke Standifer—just kind of casually—as if he'd met me once or twice?"

A little pale smile flitted across the lady's white face.

"It seems to me," she said, "that I don't remember hearing him talk about much else. Every day there was some story he had to tell about what he and you had done. Mighty near the last thing I hear him tell was about the time when the Indians wounded him, and you crawled out to him through the grass, with a canteen of water, while they——"

"Yes, yes—well—oh, that wasn't anything," said Standifer, "hemming" loudly and buttoning his coat again briskly. "And now, ma'am, who was the infernal skunk—I beg your pardon, ma'am—who was the gentleman you married?"

"Benton Sharp."

The commissioner plumped down again into his chair, with a groan. This gentle, sad little woman, in the rusty black gown, the daughter of his oldest friend, the wife of Benton Sharp! Benton Sharp, one of the most noted "bad" men in that part of the state—a man who had been a cattle thief, an outlaw, a desperado, and was now a gambler, a swaggering bully, who plied his trade in the larger frontier towns, relying upon his record and the quickness of his gun play to maintain his supremacy. Seldom did anyone take the risk of going "up against" Benton Sharp. Even the law officers were content to let him make his own terms of peace. Sharp was a ready and an accurate shot, and as lucky as a brand-new penny at coming clear from his scrapes. Standifer wondered how this pillaging eagle ever came to be mated with Amos Colvin's little dove, and expressed his wonder.

Mrs. Sharp sighed.

"You see, Mr. Standifer, we didn't know anything about him, and he can be very pleasant and kind when he

View of Elm Park, Winnipeg.

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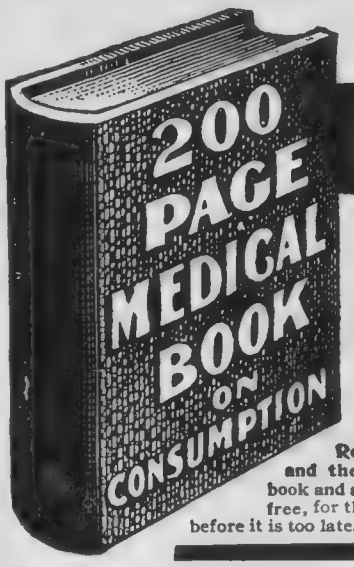

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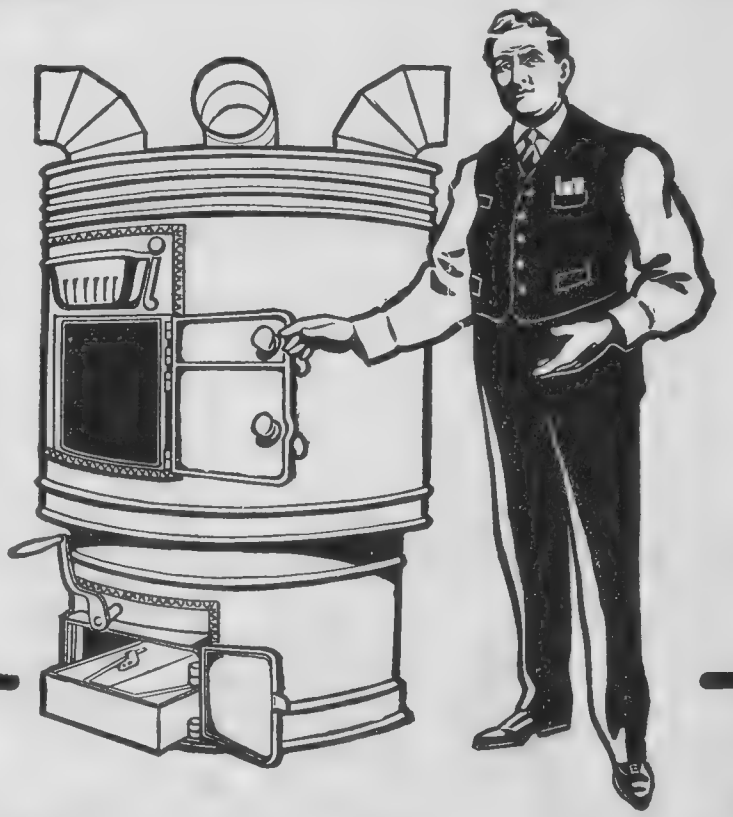

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wants to. We lived down in the little town of Goliad. Benton came riding down that way, and stopped there a while. I reckon I was some better looking than I am now. He was good to me for a whole year after we were married. He insured his life for me for five thousand dollars. But for the last six months he has done everything but kill me. I often wish he had done that, too. He got out of money for a while, and abused me shamefully for not having anything he could spend. Then, father died, and left me the little home in Goliad. My husband made me sell that, and turned me out into the world. I've barely been able to live, for I'm not strong enough to work. Lately, I heard he was making money in San Antonio, so I went there, and found him, and asked for a little help. This," touching the livid bruise on her temple, "is what he gave me. So I came to Austin to see the governor. I once heard father say that there was some land, or a pension, coming to him from the state that he would never ask for."

Luke Standifer rose to his feet, and pushed his chair back. He looked rather perplexedly around the big office, with its handsome furniture.

"It's a long trail to follow," he said, slowly, trying to get back dues from the government. There's red tape and lawyers and rulings and evidence and courts to keep you waiting. I'm not certain," continued the commissioner, with a profoundly meditative frown, "whether this department that I'm the boss of has any jurisdiction or not. It's only Insurance, Statistics and History, ma'am, and it don't sound as if it could cover the case. But sometimes a saddle blanket can be made to stretch. You keep your seat just for a few minutes, ma'am, until I step into the next room and see about it."

The state treasurer was seated within his massive, complicated railings, reading a newspaper. Business for the day was about over. The clerks lolled at their desks, awaiting the closing hour. The Commissioner of Insurance, Statistics and History entered, and leaned in at the window.

The treasurer, a little, brisk, old man, with snow-white mustache and beard, jumped up youthfully and came forward to greet Standifer. They were friends of old.

"Uncle Frank," said the commissioner, using the familiar name by which the historic treasurer was addressed by every Texan, "how much money have you got on hand"

The treasurer named the sum of the last balance down to the odd cents—something more than a million dollars.

The commissioner whistled lowly, and his eyes grew hopefully bright.

"You know, or else you've heard of, Amos Colvin, Uncle Frank?"

"Knew him well," said the treasurer. "A good man. A valuable citizen. One of the first settlers in the Southwest."

"His daughter," said Standifer, "is sitting in my office. She's penniless. She's married to Benton Sharp, a coyote and a murderer. He's reduced her to want, and broken her heart. Her father helped to build up this state, and it's the state's turn to help this child. A couple of thousand dollars will buy back her home and let her live in peace. The State of Texas can't afford to refuse it. Give me the money, Uncle Frank, and I'll give it to her right away. We'll fix up the red tape business afterward."

The treasurer looked a little bewildered.

"Why, Standifer," he said, "you know I can't pay a cent out of the treasury without a warrant from the comptroller. I can't disburse a dollar without a voucher to show for it."

The commissioner betrayed a slight impatience.

"I'll give you a voucher," he declared. "What's this job they've given me for? Am I just a knot on a mesquite stump? Can't my office stand for it? Charge it up to Insurance and the other two sideshows. Don't Statistics show that Amos Colvin came to this state when it was in the hands of Greasers and rattlesnakes and Comanches, and fought day and night to make a white man's country of it? Don't they show that Amos Colvins' daughter is brought to ruin by a villain who's trying to pull down what you and I and all old Texans shed our blood to build up? Don't History show that the Lone Star State never yet failed to grant relief to the suffering and oppressed children of the men who had made her the grandest commonwealth in the Union? If Statistics and History don't bear out the claim of Amos Colvin's child I'll ask the next legislature to abolish my office. Come, now, Uncle Frank, let her have the money. I'll sign the papers officially if you say so; and then if the governor or the comptroller or the janitor or anybody else makes a kick, I'll refer the matter to the people, and see if they won't indorse the act."

The treasurer looked sympathetic but shocked. The commissioner's voice had grown louder as he rounded off the sentences that, however praiseworthy they might be in sentiment, reflected somewhat upon the capacity of the head of a more or less important department of state. The clerks were beginning to listen.

"Now Standifer," said the treasurer, soothingly, "you know I'd like to help in this matter, but stop and think a moment, please. Every cent in the treasury is expended only by appropriation made by the legislature, and drawn out by checks issued by the comptroller. I can't control the use of a cent of it. Neither can you. Your department isn't disbursive—it isn't even administrative—it's purely clerical. The only way for the lady to obtain relief is to petition the legislature, and——"

"To the dickens with the legislature," said Standifer, turning away.

The treasurer called him back.

"I'll be glad, Standifer, to contribute a hundred dollars personally toward the immediate expenses of Colvin's daughter." He reached for his pocketbook.

"Never mind, Uncle Frank," said the commissioner, in a softer tone. "There's no need of that. She hasn't asked for anything of that sort yet. Besides her case is in my hands. I see now what a little, rag-tag, bob-tail, gotch-eared department I've been put in charge of. It seems to be about as important as an almanac or a hotel register. But while I'm running it, it won't turn away any daughter of Amos Colvin without stretching its jurisdiction to cover, if possible. You want to keep your eye on the Department of Insurance, Statistics and History."

The commissioner returned to his office, looking thoughtful. He opened and closed an inkstand on his desk many times with extreme and undue attention before he spoke.

"Why don't you get a divorce?" he asked, suddenly.

"I haven't the money to pay for it," answered the lady.

"Just at present," announced the commissioner, in a formal tone, "the powers of my department appear to be considerably string-halted. Statistics seem to be overdrawn at the bank, and history isn't good for a square meal. But you've come to the right place, ma'am. The department will see you through. Where did you say your husband is, ma'am?"

"He was in San Antonio yesterday. He is living there now."

Suddenly the commissioner abandoned his official air. He took the faded little woman's hands in his, and spoke in the old voice he used on the trail and around camp fires.

"Your name's Amanda, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. I've heard your dad say it often enough. Well, Amanda, here's your father's best friend, the head of a big office in the state government, that's going to help you out of your troubles. And then here's the old bushwhacker and cowpuncher that your father has helped out of scrapes time and time again wants to ask you a question. Amanda, have you got money enough to run you for the next two or three days?"

Mrs. Sharp's white face flushed the least bit.

"Plenty, sir—for a few days."

"All right, then, ma'am. Now you go back where you are stopping here, and you come to the office again the day after to-morrow at four o'clock in the afternoon. Very likely by that time there will be something definite to report to you." The commissioner hesitated, and looked a little embarrassed. "You said your husband had insured his life for $5,000. Do you know whether the premiums have been kept paid upon it or not?"

"He paid for a whole year in advance about five months ago," said Mrs. Sharp. "I have the policy and receipts in my trunk."

"Oh, that's all right, then," said Standifer. "It's best to look after things of that sort. Some day they may come in handy."

Mrs. Sharp departed and soon afterward Luke Standifer went down to the little hotel where he boarded and looked up the railroad time table in the daily paper. Half an hour later he removed his coat and vest and strapped a peculiarly constructed pistol holster across his shoulders, leaving the receptacle close under his left armpit. Into the holster he shoved a short-barreled .44 caliber revolver. Putting on his clothes again, he strolled down to the station and caught the five-twenty afternoon train for San Antonio.

The San Antonio *Express* of the following morning contained this sensational piece of news:

"BENTON' SHARP MEETS HIS MATCH.

"The Most Noted Desperado in Southwest Texas Shot to Death in the Gold Front Restaurant—Prominent State Official Successfully Defends Himself Against the Noted Bully — Magnificent Exhibition of Quick Gun Play.

"Last night about eleven o'clock Benton Sharp, with two other men, entered the Gold Front restaurant and seated themselves at a table. Sharp had been drinking, and was loud and boisterous, as he always was when under the influence of liquor. Five minutes after the party was seated a tall, well-dressed, elderly gentleman entered the restaurant. Few present recognized the Hon. Luke Standifer, the recently appointed Commissioner of Insurance, Statistics and History.

"Going over to the same side where Sharp was, Mr. Standifer prepared to take a seat at the next table. In hanging his hat upon one of the hooks along the wall he let it fall upon Sharp's head. Sharp turned, being in an especially ugly humor, and cursed the other roundly. Mr. Standifer apologized calmly for the accident, but Sharp continued his vituperations. Mr. Standifer was observed to draw near and speak a few sentences to the desperado in so low a tone that no one else caught the words. Sharp sprang up, wild with rage. In the meantime Mr. Standifer had stepped some yards away, and was standing quietly with his arms folded across the breast of his loosely hanging coat.

"With that impetuous and deadly rapidity that made Sharp so dreaded, he reached for the gun he always carried in his hip pocket—a movement that has preceded the death of at least a dozen men at his hands. Quick as the motion was, the bystanders assert that it was met by the most beautiful exhibition of lightning gun-pulling ever witnessed in the Southwest. As Sharp's pistol was being raised—and the act was really quicker than the eye could follow—a glittering .44 appeared as if by some conjuring trick in the right hand of Mr. Standifer, who, without a perceptible movement of his arm, shot Benton Sharp through the heart. It seems that the new Commissioner of Insurance, Statistics and History has been an old-time Indian fighter and ranger for many years, which accounts for the happy knack he has of handling a .44

"It is not believed that Mr. Standifer will be put to any inconvenience beyond a necessary formal hearing today, as all the witnesses who were present unite in declaring that the deed was done in self-defence."

When Mrs. Sharp appeared at the office of the commissioner, according to appointment, she found that gentleman calmly eating a golden russet apple. He greeted her without embarrassment and without hesitation at approaching the subject that was the topic of the day.

"I had to do it, ma'am," he said, simply, "or get it myself. Mr. Kauffman," he said, turning to the old clerk, "please look up the records of the Security Life Insurance Company and see if they are all right."

"No need to look," grunted Kauffman, who had everything in his head. "It's all O.K. They pay all losses within ten days."

Mrs. Sharp soon rose to depart. She had arranged to remain in town until the policy was paid. The commissioner did not detain her. She was a woman, and he did not know just what to say to her at present. Rest and time would bring her what she needed.

But, as she was leaving, Luke Standifer indulged himself in an official remark.

"The Department of Insurance, Statistics and History, ma'am has done the best it could in your case. 'Twas a hard case to cover according to red tape. Statistics failed, and History missed fire, but if I may be permitted to say it, we came out particularly strong on Insurance."

Unkissed Children

This world's a rare and joyous place
For those who deem it so,
With smiles enough for every face—
This is no tale of woe.
But yet, when all's been done and said,
Some little children creep,
At cuddling time, unkissed to bed
And sob themselves to sleep.

Their daddy's off to work, somewhere,
Their mammy's tired and worn,
Both burdened down with carking care
From the first break of morn.
Each love-starved young one on the list
Has troubles by the heap,
Yet each must go to bed unkissed
And sob himself to sleep.

Oh, world of sunshine mixed with storm,
Oh, world of tears and joy,
Oh, world of frozen hearts and warm,
Oh, world of man and boy!
Less were your sorrow, less your dread,
If, when night's shadows creep,
Each little lad were kissed to bed
And smiled himself to sleep.

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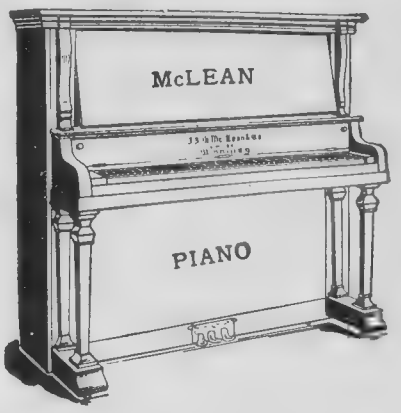

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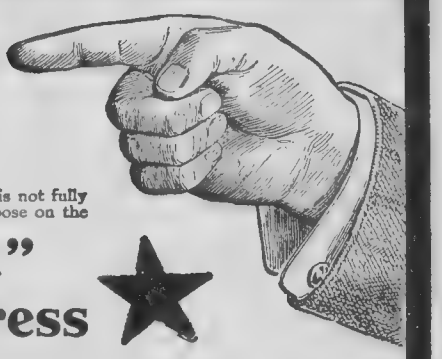

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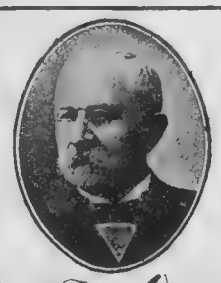

Herculez Sanche

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The Sapphire Chain.

By Caroline Ticknor.

Mrs. Royal Cordover's jewels were on her nerves far oftener than on her dainty person. Her husband, who adored her, had also an extravagant fondness for precious stones, and upon every birthday, Christmas, or wedding anniversary, he freely indulged his taste for purchasing gems to adorn his pretty wife.

When she remonstrated, he always answered: "My dear, I do it instead of buying horses, automobiles or old editions! and then precious stones are always as good as cash."

"Yet the responsibility wears on me, Royal. I'm never half so happy as when my jewelry is locked up in the safety vaults."

"Now, my dear, wear the jewelry and let alone responsibility" her husband invariably retorted. "Gems are almost alive, and it is cruel to shut them up in the darkness; they need the light and companionship of handsome women like other people."

The chain of sapphires was the most costly of all Mrs. Cordover's ornaments—in fact, ten times more costly than any other. M. Verier, the well known Paris jeweler, had for years worked untiringly to gather together the marvelous collection of perfect stones which formed this string of flashing blue.

"It is superb, but it is like a millstone round my neck," the owner often murmured, as she unwound the chain upon returning from some social function.

The sapphire chain had certainly achieved a reputation of its own, and famous gems, like famous people, are a responsibility to have about one. Its goings and comings were chronicled and noted in various daily papers; it figured conspicuously in graphic accounts of social festivities, and no column containing memorable details of feminine magnificence was quite complete without it.

It was regarding the sapphire chain that Mr. and Mrs. Cordover had their first serious quarrel. She had said with decision: "If I go to Chicago with you, just to attend a ball given by your friends, I refuse to be burdened with valuable jewelry."

To which her husband had replied: "I can trust Sophie to look out for your jewels. If you go to that ball you certainly must do yourself and me credit. What, appear in that sapphire velvet dress without the chain to match! Nonsense! And the discussion had waxed more and more earnest until it had at last ended in tears and anger.

It was seldom that any difference occurred in which Mrs. Cordover, fragile pink-and-white Dresden china that she was, failed to carry her point, yet upon this particular occasion the papers which chronicled the ball spoke of the "priceless sapphire chain" worn by the wife of the great financier.

Whatever disagreement had previously occurred in connection with the transportation of Mrs. Cordover's jewelry, that lady parted from her husband in New York in specially high spirits. "Don't worry about anything," he had said before he stepped off the train, and she had answered quite recklessly:

"I don't intend to. Sophie has the responsibility and I am going to enjoy myself."

Sophie had been a tried and trusted maid in the Cordover family for fifteen years and needed no admonishing in any line. She idolized her mistress and watched over all of her possessions with jealous care. The little Russia-leather bag containing that lady's jewels and toilet silver was to the maid a sacred trust—she guarded it as she did the family honor, or her own rosary, which had been blessed by Pope Leo XIII.

"The woman dropped upon her knees and uttered an exclamation: 'Jim,' she cried under her breath, 'you sent those brutes out.'"

Upon the night of the ball Sophie arrayed her mistress in the blue velvet gown, clasped on her diamond ornaments and fastened the sapphire chain in place; then having seen her safely to her carriage where she was joined by friends, the maid returned to their rooms in the big hotel. Sophie's room, which adjoined that of her mistress, was warmed by a small open fire, over which she sat plying her knitting-needles. Gradually the small grate became more and more vague and misty, and then it melted altogether from the maid's weary vision. She dozed, but was aroused by a curious, disturbing noise, and listened—it seemed to her that some one was rattling the door knob in the next room. Could it be possible her mistress had returned already? The maid stepped hastily into the other room and turned on the electric light. Then she paused for a moment—somebody was fumbling with a key outside the door. That puzzled her, for Mrs. Cordover had taken no key

with her, and the door was locked on the inner side.

Sophie unlocked the door. Outside, a slender woman dressed in black and with a rather childlike, appealing face, shaded by a large drooping hat, was feebly endeavoring to fit a key into the keyhole. She gave a smothered exclamation as the door opened and put her hand over her heart.

"You gave me such a start! I thought this was my room!"

"What is it?" Sophie said, eyeing the figure with suspicion.

"I think I am a little faint and dizzy. That must be why I came to the wrong door." The strength in her tone suddenly died out and she swayed to one side. "A chair," she gasped; "some water."

Sophie threw the door open and caught the swaying form, which staggered toward a lounge and lay there, pale and motionless. As the maid hurried to the electric bell a feeble voice remonstrated:

"No, no, I shall be better soon—then I can reach my room all right. I will rest here a moment with your permission."

"I have no right to give permission." Sophie again approached the bell.

"Wait," the newcomer said, sitting up with an effort, "I am almost myself again. These slight attacks pass off as suddenly as they come over me." She rose to her feet, steadied herself, and moved slowly toward the door. As she did so she glanced at the long mirror above the dressing-table.

"I do look pale," she murmured. The she uttered a slight exclamation. "How curious!" she said. "That is a picture of a friend of mine." She pointed to a little silver frame which Mrs. Cordover always carried with her. "Royal Cordover; I did not dream that he was staying at this hotel."

"He is not here," Sophie replied, reassured. "Mrs. Cordover is alone. She's at a ball tonight. She came on purpose for it."

"Indeed! I'm so delighted to know that she is here. I shall look for her to-morrow. It will be like old times to have a talk with her." The stranger's glance swept the dressing-table, where stood the open leather bag displaying empty jewel cases.

Sophie eyed her distrustfully. "Mrs. Cordover leaves early. Shall I give her your name in case you miss her?"

"I shan't do that," the other answered, lightly. "Tell her I've a surprise in store for her. When does she leave?"

"We take the ten o'clock express in the morning."

Sophie stared after her retreating figure. "I don't like her," she meditated. "She don't seem a real lady, but still she knows the family." Knowing the family," was with Sophie sufficient to offset many deficiencies in manners, if not in morals.

The maid dozed for a second time and when she awoke again, her mistress stood outside the door. She stepped in hurriedly. "I'm perfectly exhausted. It was a great big tiresome affair and I'm so nervous, Sophie!" She sank into a chair.

"Wait until I bring you some hot bouillon." While she was sipping it the maid described tht visit of the lady.

"I can't think who it can be," Mrs. Cordover mused. "I shall know when I see her. Sophie. it may be just imagination," she went on, after a few moments, "but I had an impression that two unpleasant-looking men followed me through the hotel corridor when I was starting for the ball, and when I came away I seemed to recognize their faces again as I waited a moment for my carriage. If I had been alone I should have been alarmed, but my friends only laughed at me and said my sapphire chain had made me nervous; perhaps it was merely imagination."

"If you feel nervous I'll take the jewelry down to the office," Sophie suggested.

"No, it is not worth while, we leave so early in the morning. I'm not worried about the jewelry, but annoyed at the idea of being followed in this big city where I am a stranger."

At three minutes before the hour the following morning, Mrs. Cordover. accompanied by Sophie, passed through the gate and hastened down the platform to board the ten o'clock express; they had been several times delayed on their way to the station.

"I'm glad our section is engaged, this train seems crowded now," Mrs. Cordover said as they paused to inquire of an obliging colored porter which was their car.

As they started to step aboard some one touched Sophie's arm. "Just a word with your mistress," a voice cried, breathlessly. "It is the lady!" Sophie said, quickly, and Mrs. Cordover paused on the step.

"I must have just a word," the newcomer went on with cordial emphasis. her hand extended.

The other responded mechanically, eyeing her blankly. "Who is it?" she asked herself. "I certainly do not recall her."

"It is so nice to see you again after so many years," the stranger went on volubly. "Don't you remember me?"

"I cannot say I do." Mrs. Cordover made a motion to step aboard. "Perhaps you're coming too," she said.

"No, I am seeing off my sister. She's in the car behind. You will remember her; you really must step in and speak to her!"

Mrs. Cordover hesitated. She felt helpless before the other's decisiveness. "Sophie," she said, "take the things to our seats and I will join you in a moment."

"If the train starts you can walk through, as it is just the car behind your own," said the stranger as she led the way.

In the confusion which ensued Mrs. Cordover found herself well in the cestre of the car. Then, as she paused the other said: "Wait just an instant till I find my sister," and disappeared.

Sophie in charge of the bags, shawls and umbrellas, was quietly awaiting her mistress. when the strange lady addressed her.

"Quick, quick!" the speaker gasped. "Your mistress, Mrs. Cordover has fainted in the next car. Hurry! Where is your flask? I'll take charge of your things!" Sophie still held the Russia-leather bag. "Stupid! what are you waiting for? She may be dying for all I know!"

At such a terrible suggestion Sophie forgot all else. She dropped the hand-bag, flew to a travelling case from which she pulled a flask, and rushed in the direction of the car behind.

The train had been a moment late in starting. Now the bell struck, and as the cars moved slowly through the station a slim woman in black holding a Russia-leather bag alighted on the platform. She was not, however, the last to leave the moving train—two men, who had been seated in the section adjoining Mrs. Cordover's, swung themselves off behind her.

And Sophie, vigilant guardian of the possessions of the mistress—what was her feeling when, having reached the door of the car behind, she saw no other than Mrs. Cordover herself approaching, in full possession of health and faculties? She turned and dashed back to the seats she had deserted to find that the lady in black had disappeared, and with her the bag of jewels. One thought alone inspired Sophie, to catch the woman and get back the bag. She rushed back through the car, pushed by her startled mistress, whom she met at the door, jumped off the train, now moving rapidly, and, true to her feminine inheritance, alighted backward and was thrown violently upon the platform. A moment later, instead of following the stolen bag, she was supported, stunned and dazed, into the waiting-room. Here, after a few moments, she regained her consciousness, and, hastening to the telegraph operator, wired the news to Mr. Cordover.

Not many minutes later a westward-bound express was speeding on its way. Among its passengers was a trim little woman dressed in black. Her

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eyes, as she half closed them, glittered triumphantly, and her childlike and bland expression gave way to one of cunning and shrewdness. She leaned back in her seat and watched the landscape. "Jim Watson couldn't have put that scheme through any better himself," She meditated. "I guess his wife's as smart as he is at several little tricks. To think I should have been right on the spot to catch the famous Cordover sapphires. It's a while since I have tried my hand at any little game, but seems to me I'm not so rusty."

The car in which she rode contained only a sprinkling of passengers, and she had chosen a seat far in the rear. There were vacant seats all about her, but the one in front of her was occupied by two unprepossessing-looking men, who kept staring back at her insolently. As they continued to annoy her she finally got up, determined to take a seat across the aisle. As she rose, the two men did the same, and almost before she realized what had happened, they had turned over the seat in front of her and had planted themselves, one opposite and one beside her.

"What does this mean?" she cried, indignantly. "I shall call the conductor." She jumped up quickly, but a strong arm jerked her into her place, Just then she caught the eye of the conductor who was approaching. She beckoned to him frantically, struggling meantime to extricate her arm from a tight grip which was upon it. "Help, Help!" she cried, indignantly. "these men have brutally insulted me and—"

"Be quiet," one of the men said, threateningly, while his companion turned to the astonished railway official. "This woman is crazy," he said, delib-Don't notice anything she says. We should have had her in a private section, but she seemed quiet when we came aboard; she has excited times when it is hard to manage her."

"They want to rob me—it is a lie!" the woman cried, but the conductor only looked anxiously in the direction of the other passengers. Then he remarked: "If she is troublesome you had better remove her to a private section. There are several empty ones in the next car."

"No, no," she gasped, "I will be quiet, I promise you," she sank back doggedly into her seat, the Russia-leather bag still clutched firmly in both her hands.

"I'll hold your bag for you," one of the men said, reaching out.

"You mean to rob me of it?"

One of the men regarded her with an insulting leer. "I think that bag has changed hands once to-day already." The woman shrank back perceptibly. "We watched your little game aboard the ten o'clock express. It is a game that two can play at."

The woman bit her lip and eyed them sullenly. "How long do you think you can keep up your game about my being crazy?"

"As long as you kick up a row. We saw you steal the bag and we have taken you in charge. You're in the hands of justice." The speaker winked at his companion.

"And you were after the bag yourself; you are not detectives!"

They measured each other in silence for a while. One of the men spoke finally: "You've done a pretty piece of business for us and we will treat you square. You're in our power, but you keep quiet and hold your tongue, and you will not be bothered; yet mind you, if you start to make a fuss, we'll have that private section quick as a wink."

The woman closed her teeth and glowered at them sullenly. One of the men deprived her of the bag, and she made not the slightest effort to retain it. Her game was up and she turned coldly to the window, and gazed out at the scenery. And when, after many hours, the train was nearing Minneapolis and her two companions took leave of her, she neither turned her head nor glanced in their direction.

The woman's pent-up indignation, however, found a vent when, late that evening, she was being rapidly driven in the direction of a modest dwelling in an outlying district of the city. Her husband, who was accompanying her, listened indulgently to her tirade. Jim Watson had the keenest respect for his wife's capabilities, her shrewdness and her acquisitive proclivities filled him with constant admiration, and when she stormed he never interfered until a calm ensued. While she went on with ever-increasing vehemence he only whistled faintly, but at the tale's conclusion he broke forth with a genuine enthusiasm.

"You don't say, Rosey, you put that deal through all alone, and nabbed the stuff all yourself!"

"Indeed I did, and I've have had it here this minute if I hadn't been robbed by that low trick, and fooled by idiots who hadn't sand enough to work the thing themselves," she cried frantically.

"Never mind, Rosey. Don't tell the hackman. I'm interested in the chase myself—perhaps its not up yet."

"Not up," she replied, wonderingly. "What do you mean?"

"Wait till we get home, Rosey."

After an ample supper and a few cigarettes that lady's ruffled spirits were smoothed somewhat, and she discoursed with a degree of moderation regarding her Chicago outing. When at last, to the husband's discriminating eye, she seemed properly mollified, he rose and beckoned to her.

"Rosey, come here, I want you to tell me what you think of a couple of men who are waiting to see me." he touched a spring which opened a trap-door revealing a kind of ventilator underneath. Through this one could gaze down into the room below.

The woman dropped upon her knees and uttered an exclamation. "Jim," she cried under her breath, "you sent those brutes out. I'd like to kill them." Below, on either side of a small table, on which rested a whiskey bottle and a couple of glasses, sat her traveling companions.

Jim Watson laughed and patted his wife's arm reassuringly. "Never mind, Rosey, the lion's share belongs to you. Let's go down and have a peep at the Cordover jewelry." she drew back angrily. "No." she said, "go near those brutes! Never!" Then curiosity prevailed. "Jim," she said, pettishly, "I've often told you I ought to know your men by sight. You see what comes of you fool cautiousness. I think I will look at the jewelry."

The express from Chicago was half an hour overdue. Royal Cordover, pale and tense, was pacing back and forth outside the gates in the big, chilly station. One needed but to glance at him to see that he was laboring under some heavy nervous strain. For the twentieth time he scrutinized the bulletin board and read the words: "Chicago express thirty minutes late." The minutes since he came had seemed like hours, and they dragged by intolerably. He had experienced a series of dreadful days since the departure of his wife. There had been a panic in the stock-market, and for a while he had despaired of stemming the rushing tide that had risen against him; for two days he had feared to see himself completely ruined, but the crisis had now almost passed and he felt it was possible to extricate himself. He should, however, need to tax his resources to the uttermost. His mind reverted to the sapphires—as he had said, they were as good as cash at any time. Then came the crushing news by wire telling him of the theft.

Since the receipt of Sophie's telegram, twenty-four hours earlier, he had not left a stone unturned in the direction of their recovery. All the police had been advised and they had placed able detectives upon the track. Every moment that Cordover could spare from business had been devoted to wiring and telephoning; he had been harassed by glaring headlines in the morning papers which had exploited the loss but had not soothed his feelings, while pictures of himself and family grinned at him from every sheet. And now, in a most miserable mood, he was awaiting his wife's arrival.

At last the tardy train made its appearance. Royal Cordover headed the line of those waiting to meet the incoming passengers. He espied his wife among the first to emerge through the gates.

"Royal, how pale you look," she cried, with keen anxiety.

"I have been worried about you and the jewelry."

"And Sophie?" his wife questioned. "have you heard from her? She jumped off the moving train after the woman who stole my bag."

"She is all right; she wired me about the loss and I've made every possible effort to trace the thief. The morning papers are full of the affair. I'm about sick with this on top of the panic in Wall Street. . . . Here is John with the carriage," he added, as he left the station.

As they rolled homewards Mrs. Cordover placed her hand gently on her husband's arm.

"Royal," she said, "you made me take the jewelry."

"I know it."

"You told me not to worry."

"I was a fool."

"I did not say so, Royal, and I have never been a woman who said 'I told you so.' Have I?"

"No, but say it now and get it off your mind."

"Well, Royal, if you'll acknowledge that my way generally is best. I'll tell you something."

"Go on, I'm listening."

"In spite of your commands, I had decided it wasnt wise to travel with my jewelry, and a brief consultation with the jeweler resulted in the clever substitution of paste for all my gems. Everything I had with me was imitation, and you will find my sapphires securely stored in the safety deposit vaults."

Facts and Figures.

New York City has provided new flat houses for 586,000 tenants during the last five years.

The Postmaster-General of Great Britain has an army of 200,000 employees, 50,000 of whom are women.

What is said to be the highest dam in New England is being erected near Ellsworth, Me., in Union River. It will be 60 feet from base to crown, with a bulkhead 11 feet above that, and will cost about $600,000.

New York City department of water, gas and electricity is one of the few departments that actually makes money, receiving about $3,000,000 more in the year than it expends.

The largest parish in England is Lydford, which comprises a large portion of Dartmoor. It covers 60,000 acres, and the rectory is 20 miles by road from two outlying hamlets.

Germany exports more than 3,000,000,000 lead pencils every twelve months. They are shipped to foreign countries at the rate of over 10,000,000 a day counting six days to the week.

The begging business is more thoroughly organized in China than anywhere else. The beggar chief of Soochow, who is the king of the Chinese beggars, has an income said to be $15,000 a year.

Two Good-Night Verses---By Eleanor C. Hull.

The City Child's Good-Night.

Good-night, dear, noisy, happy street!
The clanging bells and hurried feet,
When I am safely tucked in bed
And all the daytime thoughts are fled;
Are just like music to my ears,
And drive away the night-time fears.

Good-night, dear street. Your lights so bright
Shine in my window all the night,
And company they are to me.
But oh! how lonely it must be
Beyond the city and the park
When everything is still and dark.

The Country Child's Good-Night.

Good-night, dear hills! So still you lie
Against the bosom of the sky,
I know you must be fast asleep,
And all night long the stars will keep
Their tender watches over you,
So must I soon be sleeping, too.

Good-night, dear hills, for now I go
To slumber, trustfully and slow;
But bedtime must be cheerless, gray,
To those who can't look out and say,
(My heart with pitying it fills!)
One good-night to the friendly hills

THREE SHORT WORDS

THAT IS ALL YOU NEED.

Just say "I WANT IT" and it will be sent right to you, no matter in what part of America you live, Everything Prepaid. You don't need to give any references, don't need to tell any history, don't need to write a long letter or tell one single word about your trouble unless you wish. Just say "I WANT IT"—three short words—and give your name and address, so we will know where to send it. That is all. We want to send it to you if you need it and will use it. We are glad to send it to you, glad to give you a chance to try it, to show you what it is, to let you see what it will do. We are glad to depend on you to pay for it if it benefits your health, if it makes you physically a better man or woman. If it does not, you don't pay a penny and we cannot ask for a cent. We leave it all to you, but you must write for it, must say the "three short words" so we will know you want it and send it to you. If you don't care to write a letter, use the coupon printed on this page. It tells us you want it and we will send it.

DON'T PAY A CENT

UNTIL YOU KNOW, until you see, until you feel, UNTIL YOU ARE SURE. We cannot ask a penny from you until you know we have done the work, until you are willing to send it to us, until we have earned it of you as pay for what Vitæ-Ore has done for you. We take all the risk—we stand to lose all. You take no risk—you cannot lose anything. We Match Our Remedy Against Your Ailment. You must know it has helped you; you must feel better, stronger and healthier, from using it for one month, or you don't pay for it. YOU DON'T PAY FOR PROMISES, you pay for only what has been done. You pay for the work, not words, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction, you don't pay for it—not a penny! You Are To Be The Judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether health is returning to your body.

IF YOU CANNOT SEE IT **if you cannot feel it, if you cannot be sure of it—that ends the matter and you pay nothing. How can you refuse to try it when you alone have the entire "say so?" How can you hesitate to accept our offer immediately if you are ailing and need help? What excuse have you? Read our trial offer, read what Vitæ-Ore is, read what it does, and do not delay another day before writing for a One Dollar Package on Trial.**

Bad Complication of Diseases.

WESTPORT, TENN.—I write to let you know what Vitæ-Ore has done for me. I was all run-down; had Stomach and Heart Trouble, Liver Complaint and Rheumatism. I was so weak that I could hardly walk and could not work at all. I had such pain in my breast and side that I could hardly lie down at night. I weighed 128 pounds when I got sick, but fell off so that I weighed only 110 pounds. I was under the doctors treatment for some time, but he did not do me any good. I just grew worse all the time until I commenced taking Vitæ-Ore. I had read the thirty-day trial offer in my paper and it was so fair that I sent for a dollar package on trial. The first package helped me some and I sent for more medicine. I kept on using it until I had used five packages. Vitæ-Ore has cured me. I now weigh as much as I ever did, can work all day and feel that I am in better health than I have been for years. W. C. PARISH.

Old People Should Use It.

There is nothing so certain in life as the weakness of old age. The young MAY need a tonic, but the old MUST use one. Old age, like youth, makes demands upon the blood for nourishment of the body, but loss of appetite and impaired digestion deprive the blood of the nutriment which should be its portion. Sound, unbroken sleep is as much needed in age as in youth, to repair waste tissues, but fortunate indeed is the elderly man and woman who can sleep soundly throughout the entire night. The enlarged volume of waste products, due to the increasing tissue-breakdown of old age, requires additional activity in the kidneys to eliminate them from the system and the kidneys of the aged are apt to be refractory.

Vitæ-Ore serves as an aid in most every disordered condition incidental to old age. It increases the appetite and desire for food at the same time that it improves the power to digest and assimilate it, so the blood may be enriched by the proper nutriment. By its beneficial action in the system it induces a sounder and more refreshing sleep, and assists the kidneys to perform the requisite action. It helps to prevent the rheumatic condition of the joints usually coincidental with age and by its general upbuilding powers to prolong vigor and activity to a ripe old age.

This is Our 30-Day Trial Offer!

If You Are Sick **we want to send you a full-sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 0 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a word from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what Vitæ-Ore is, and write today for a**

$1.00 Package On Trial.

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

For Both Internal and External Use.

Three in Family Cured.

GORRIE, ONTARIO.—We owe much to Vitæ-Ore, my husband, my brother and myself, and in recommending it to our friends and neighbors we try only to repay a small part of the debt. For many years I suffered with a sore back; it hurt me to bend it to pick up something from the floor; at times the pain would be so bad I could hardly move. Then Sciatica developed and the misery I suffered was indeed something terrible. I tried every medicine and treatment which I thought would do me any good, but got very little benefit. I was almost without any hope of relief when I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement and I procured a trial package only as a last resort. It was offered so fairly that I thought there might be some good in it, and I knew I did not have to pay for it if it did not do some good for me. By the time I had used half of the package I felt that at last I had found the right remedy, and I continued with it until I was sure the benefit was lasting. This was three years ago and I am still cured today. My husband, who had been afflicted with Stomach Trouble, began its use upon seeing what it accomplished in my case, and it produced the same beneficial results for him, doing him more good than all of the medicines he had taken.

I was then so impressed with its wonderful powers that I sent a package to my brother in Manitoba, who had been given up as incurable with Rheumatism and Dropsy, and who, also had a very bad running sore or ulcer on his leg. Before he had taken the entire package I had sent him, the sore was almost entirely healed and his health began to return. He had not been able to work for years, but after using altogether three packages, his health was so remarkably improved that he was able to return to his regular work. His wife writes me: "We cannot say too much in praise of Vitæ-Ore; it has made a new man of George."

I send my husband's and my own photograph, and am glad to add our testimonials to the long list who say, "Vitæ-Ore has cured me."

MRS. EDW. GALBRAITH.

Use This Coupon

If You Do Not Wish to Write a Letter.

THEO. NOEL CO., Vitae-Ore Bldg., CHICAGO.

Gentlemen:—I have read your advertisement in WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, and want you to send me a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay $1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent by mail, postpaid:

NAME _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

Street or Rural Route _____

Pay No Money Unless It Benefits!

IF YOU SUFFER FROM **Rheumatism, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, or are just Worn-Out, send for a 30-day trial treatment of Vitae-Ore right away and see what this remedy will do for you. SENT PREPAID AND DUTY FREE. ADDRESS US AS FOLLOWS:**

Theo. Noel Co., Limited H. M. Dept. Vitae-Ore Bldg. **Chicago, Ill.**

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Largest sale of High Grade Tea
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A FULL LINE OF TAXIDERMISTS SUPPLIES

WE BUY ALL KINDS OF RARE BIRDS AND MAMMALS

WRITE FOR PRICE LISTS

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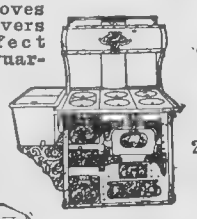

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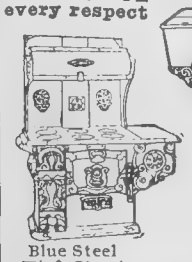

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MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR.

Correspondence

Interest in our correspondence department is on the increase if the number of letters received by us from correspondents is a fair index, as regards the popularity of this feature of our magazine.

Just as soon as our readers tire of this department and inform us to that effect, we will then in that case discontinue the publication of letters on the matrimonial question and substitute for it another feature equally as interesting.

In the meantime we will continue publishing letters received and present to our readers an entirely new grist of them.

If you desire to form the acquaintance of any lady writer writing in the correspondence columns of this magazine address the Western Home Monthly, enclosing in a sealed envelope with stamp attached letter intended for such writer as you may designate and we will forward it through the mail to the party you so intend it for. When writing us, please give full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

"A Daisy From Alberta.

Alberta, Oct. 1, 1908.

Editor.—I have for some time been an interested reader of your popular magazine. My opinion of it is that it is an excellent magazine; I am certain that it is appreciated by its innumerable readers.

This is my first letter to the correspondence column. I am very interested in it. Some letters are excellent and some are very silly, I must say. For instance, where a girl or boy tells how handsome or clever, etc., they are. Why don't they just give their appearance, etc., and that's sufficient. The other party can judge for himself the remaining portion.

As for me, I am what they call "sweet sixteen (will not say never been kissed). I am 5 feet 6 inches tall, fair complexioned, with medium dark grey eyes, and light hair. Now they can judge to suit themselves whether I am handsome or not. I may add, I have a medium figure; that is, neither stout nor slim, and also that I stand straight. Now I do not wish anyone to think I am offering the slightest bit of praise toward myself. I am not; I merely tell the truth and that's all. I am not a trifle ashamed to say I am a farmer's daughter; on the other hand, I am proud of it. I milk, tend poultry, etc., and at the same time keep house, cook, etc.

I am not thinking much on the matrimonial subject, but I should be overpleased to hear from some of the young men who are so very afflicted with it. It might be profitable for them to write me.

For sports, I am fond of skating, baseball, etc. I sing, play the organ some, and dance some. Hoping to see my letter published, I am,

"A Daisy Bell."

A Voice from the Windy City.

Chicago, Oct. 4, 1908.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber to your paper, yet I have read it for several months. We receive the paper at the office, as we do advertising in it, and in leisure moments I take pleasure in reading same. I am particularly interested in the correspondence corner and find some of the letters very interesting, others amusing.

I am a city girl, and hope that "Bank Clerk" will find a girl "who had the misfortune of being bred in city" that will prove to him that he is mistaken when he says "one country girl is worth ten from the city. I have every respect for a country maiden and have a great regard for her, but it isn't fair to say she is worth ten of us.

I am a stenographer, and have a good position. Maybe I'm not an expert housekeeper but there is no trick in keeping a home clean, and I don't believe you have to be a country girl to be neat, and be able to work. Hoping to see this letter in print and wishing you and your magazine every success. I am,

"A City Girl."

Young Lady with Analytical Mind.

Milton, N. S., Oct 6, 1908.

Editor.—The other day while looking over some magazines and papers which were tucked away in a cosy nook I happened to find two copies of the W. H. M. Now you will understand by this that I am not a subscriber to your magazine, but soon will be.

Now, Mr. Editor, I would very much like to have a little chat with some of your readers if I may. Shall I begin by sending my condolence to "Goldy." Big feet are very convenient sometimes but small feet are more easily tucked away, especially in a crowded street car. Have you not found that true, "Goldy?"

I should also like to pass my compliments to the person who signs himself "Bill."

It seems to me that "Buster" is very young to be tired of baching; why, I should say that he is hardly old enough to be far from his mother's apron strings.

Goodness, "Juggler," you seem to have a good opinion of yourself. Now, "A Cranky Old Bach" is just the opposite and I should say very clever to be able to manage his own cooking at his advanced age in life. Now, to tell the truth, I, for one, do not believe he is anywhere near forty.

I wonder if I will take up too much room if I say a few words to "Lord Byron No. 2?" Well, supposing I am not, I will continue.

Now, "Lord Byron," will you not reconsider certain parts of your letter? Now own up, are not some men more extravagant than women, especially the husbands who have a suit for every day in the week with two or three caps and half a dozen ties, etc., to match each one, and, whose dear little wife owns but one every day suit and one laid away carefully for special occasions, and, worst of all, has to ask her adorable husband for every cent she needs (if she happens to have inherited none of her own) and, as he slowly shoves his hand in his pocket and pulls out, shall we say a few hundreds, and as he passes his dear little pet about one dollar, gently whispers, "Don't spend it carelessly, dear." Say, "Lord Byron," what kind of a man is this? Now, perhaps you Western boys are saints; if so, kindly pardon all my terrible blunders.

By the way, I wonder if only the women are gossips; is so, do tell me what men find to talk about when they happen to meet, shall we say in the little store round the corner while waiting for the day's mail to be sorted? Did I hear you say "business?" Well, perhaps so, but generally a little gossip leaks in somewhere.

I judge from your etter that you are no lover of music and therefore would not enjoy a quiet evening at home enlivened by a little music and a few of the dear old songs, after your day's work is over.

I might also say that you have a good deal to learn yet, although you have travelled, and in the end will perhaps be surprised to find that most of the unmannerly and disobedient children are due to their indulging dad, who thinks their little tricks and sayings "awfully cute," and when mother tries to correct them always takes their part without thinking of the future of the little dears. I might say in closing that your motto is very good, and will you forgive me for remarking that when you marry (if ever you do, just supposing, you know) I hope you will find a wife who will keep the place nature has assigned to her—whatever that may be (?). Good gracious, girls, do let's change "Lord Byron's" ideals of woman!

Now I hope this letter is not too long to find a place in your popular magazine—and not the waste basket as I fear it will. I will thank you in advance for space and will sign myself

"Gordon."

A Real Snap for the Boys.

Winnipeg, Oct. 17, 1908.

Editor.—As an enthusiastic reader of your valuable journal, I should like to join your correspondence circle. I feel awfully sorry for those poor dear bachelors out West and would dearly love to make one of them happy. I am 18 years of age, pretty, extremely tender-hearted and if I could come in contact with the right man I would gladly add my own seven or eight hundred dollars to the common fund. I have not been in Winnipeg very long, but am very much impressed with the beauty of the place, I can play the piano, sing and dance. I should like to hear from some readers, especially farmers or young homesteaders who are lonely and want a companion. Wishing the W. H. M. all success.

"Baby Bug."

Would Correspond for Pastime.

Ontario, Oct. 28, 1908.

Editor.—Am a new subscriber to the W. H. M. and consequently have received only three copies, but have become very interested in your correspondence column. Most of the letters are very amusing to me, especially those along the matrimony line, though I do not approve of advertising for a husband or wife.

Have just passed my twentieth birthday and think there is lots of time for marrying yet. A person wants to be sure she has met the right one before she takes the all important step. As I heard a young man remark the other day, "this married life is not what it is cracked up to be."

Suppose I ought to give some description of myself, as it seems to be in order. Am a little over 5 feet, with light brown hair and blue eyes. Am a stenographer and like my work very much. Have been in this town for about two years and have been at the one place for almost that length of time. I love to read, roller-skate and play croquet especially. I also do quite a lot of embroidery work.

Would like to correspond with "A Pearl of Great Price," Portage la Prairie, Man., if she would write first. Would also like to hear from any girls and Western boys who would care to write for pastime. Just love to receive letters, and, of course, would answer any I received. Am strongly opposed to chewing and drinking, and would not care to hear from any who did so. Am a Methodist and therefore would like to hear from "A Pretty Man," Glenemma, B. C. Would also like to hear from "The Yankee Kid,"

Unionville, Mich., if they will write first as I am rather bashful. Hoping I will not be overlooked in the crowd, will sign myself

"Little Rosebud No. 10."

Looks Good to Us.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 18, 1908.

Editor.—Have been a constant and interested reader of the W. H. M. for some time. I have taken great interest in the correspondence column and am always sorry when I come to the end. This is my first letter to your paper but I have been thinking of writing for some time. As it is the custom to give a description of one's self, I am 18 years old, weigh 139 pounds, 5 feet 8 inches tall, light curly hair, blue eyes. I hope this will meet the eyes of some boy between 20 and 23 who would like to correspond with me. I am very fond of music and play the piano myself. I would like to correspond with "Post Stamp Bob" and "Miles Standish" in March number if they will write first. Hoping to see this in print,

"Arrah Wanna No. 2."

Widows Not Excepted.

Heward, Sask., Oct. 20, 1908.

Editor.—I am a subscriber to your magazine and always look forward to its coming. I think that the correspondence column is a good way to get acquainted in this wonderful North-West. I would be pleased to hear from any of the fair sex over 25, young widows not excepted.

I am a bachelor with half a section, clear of encumbrance and near town, and am tired of living alone. If it is my good fortune to get a wife with an agreeable temperament and reasonable I would make it very pleasant for her as I have batched long enough to appreciate a good wife. I am fond of dancing, music and concerts and can play several instruments. I am 35 years old, and 5 feet 10 inches in height, blue eyes, weigh 152 pounds and I smoke a pipe occasionally. All letters answered promptly.

"Living in Hopes."

Would Be Very Kind to Right Girl.

Manitoba, Oct. 28, 1908.

Editor.—Having been an interested reader of your excellent paper for the past year I thought I would like to write a few lines to the correspondence columns of the W. H. M.

I am an Englishman and have been out in this country a little more than two years. I am 24 years of age, 5 feet 4 inches in height (little but good; excuse the conceit). I am a most agreeable fellow and would be very kind to the right girl if I could only find her. I would not want her to do any outside chores, such as milking or feeding pigs, although I would like a girl who has been raised on a farm. She must be able to cook well, make good lemon pies and ice cream, for you know they say a man's heart lies next to his stomach.

I am very fond of music and dancing and am somewhat of a player on the piano. I like to go to all the picnics in the summer. I would do my best to make the right girl happy if she would only come along. Some may think I am getting to be an old bachelor but I think 24 or 25 years of age is soon enough for any girl or fellow to get married as they begin to have some sense then. Wishing your paper every success.

"Greenhorn."

Dotty Dimples of Prince Albert.

Prince Albert, Sask., Oct 12, 1908.

Editor.—I thought I would try my luck as I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, the arrival of which is looked forward to with eagerness by all in our home. The correspondence column is instructive as well as amusing.

Living on a farm some ten miles from Prince Albert, there is very little amusement or recreation, therefore I find the current magazines, monthlies and weekly papers dear friends to help me pass a few spare moments in the evening.

Having a great respect and admiration for the lonely bachelors of our great and glorious West, I wish to whisper a word for their benefit. I think them grand fellows and any man who toils and labors alone and unaided on our prairies is surely worthy the name, and I hope they will gain homes and happiness in the future.

But listen, lads, there is no need to go East to get a wife. The correspondence column is ever open to you but I do not think it is very successful at uniting so-called soul affinities. You had better cast a reflective eye on your circle of girl friends or those of your settlement. No doubt there will be some sweet girl waiting and willing to make you happy. Besides you will have the opportunity of studying your future wife. In our neighborhood there are a number, quite a number, of old maids who have been over-looked. Who is to blame, may I ask? They are all good Christian girls; in other words, diamonds in the rough.

A description seems to be the order of the day. I am a farmer's daughter, although I have tried city life too, having spent several years in New York City. My age is 20 years. I am 5 feet 5 inches in height. Have eyes of brown and hair of the same color with the much desired golden gleam. Weigh 120 pounds and my friends call me a bonny lassie. Freckles, numerous, large and of a rich golden brown are located at intervals on my face. Have splendid teeth, owing, no doubt, to chawing a great deal too much. I see no harm in smoking, playing cards or dancing, but I'm yours truly with Carrie Nation on whiskey. Am fond of a jolly time and know how to enjoy the same. I am a telephone operator and stenographer by occupation, but having spent the greater portion of my life on the farm, know how to work. I see no use in talking about the dirty rough work but am willing to do whatever comes my way. I would be pleased to hear from "Lonesome but Hopeful" in May issue if he would write first. Letters from any of the girls or boys would be welcome and answered, too. My address is with the editor. If you find space for such a poor effort as this you will give the greatest pleasure to one of your earnest, admiring friends.

"Dotty Dimples."

A Satisfied Englishman.

Hector, B. C., Oct. 28, 1908.

Editor.—I hope soon to be able to get your valuable paper right along. It is the best five cents' worth on this continent.

I have only been in the country a few months and am delighted with it, like most Englishmen. I have roamed nearly the whole world and mixed with many nations. Although other countries have many interesting sights, for the traveller, they do not offer the opportunities Canada does for the building of happy homes, an ideal country for the man or woman of grit.

I have done better in Canada than anywhere, earned more money, feel better, and have had just as good a time as I did in the Orient, and still success is staring me in the face.

I think the Canadian girls are A 1, well disposed, jolly and industrious. I am like the baby in Pears' soap advertisement, "he won't be happy till he gets it"—the soap. I shall not be happy till I get one—a girl. If any of your lady readers would care to correspond I shall be delighted to answer their letters. This is all that is wrong with me. I can't smoke, don't drink intoxicants, have got a bank account, a chunk of land and good health, the last three are Canadian profits, considering I came into the country broke it's not bad, is it? Wishing one and all success,

"A Mountain Bachelor."

Kind Words for the W. H. M.

Sifton, Man., Oct. 16, 1908.

Editor.—I have been reading your valuable paper for some time and have decided to say a few words if you will permit the space in your paper. In my opinion your paper should be found in every Canadian home, as it brings pleasure and interest to its readers.

I am a young man, age 23, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weigh about 150 pounds, total abstainer. I live out in the country and enjoy it much better than in a city. I have a steady and lucrative position.

I would like to correspond with any lady under 20 years, and if any would write to me I shall feel greatly honored and will endeavor to answer them to the best of my ability. If any of the fair sex want to write to me they will find my address with the editor.

"Spectator."

We're All Enjoying Good Health.

Manitoba, Oct. 26, 1908.

Editor.—I was reading the letters in your paper so I thought I would write or rather try and write a letter also. I hope you will think it worth printing.

Everybody gives a description of themselves. I am a farmer's daughter, and the youngest at that. I am 5 feet 5 inches tall and weigh 119 pounds. I have a lot of dark brown hair, blue eyes and a good healthy complexion. I can hunt cows, milk, keep house, and pitch hay if necessary. I can drive horses but cannot ride horseback. I can walk and shoot with either of my brothers and am very fond of reading, skating, card playing and just love to dance. I also like to write letters and receive them. I will exchange post cards with anybody who may wish it. I have no intentions of getting married for I have not found the right one yet. I do not see how any girl or man could go and marry without first being perfectly sure of each other's feelings. I would not marry for love alone, but want to be sure I had something to live on as well. I do not expect a palace, but I do expect a home. I am very sorry for the poor bachelors but I don't think they need all be so lonesome. Let them write to their lady friends down where they came from. There are very few but who have some friends left behind. If anyone cares to write to me, my address is with the editor. I will close, hoping you are all enjoying as good health as I am.

"A Wild Manitoba Rose, Age 21."

Would Exchange Photos.

Lunenburg, N. S., Oct. 24, 1908.

Editor.—Though not a subscriber to your valuable magazine, I am a constant reader and enjoy the paper very much, especially the correspondence column.

I agree with some of the readers and think if those lonely bachelors were everything they should be, why no doubt they could get a wife before advertising for one; nevertheless, the correspondence page affords a lot of harm-

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"New Process" Blades are sold in nickel plated boxes, absolutely damp-proof, which hermetically seal themselves every time they are closed. This box, when empty, makes a handsome waterproof match case. Twelve "New Process" Blades (24 razor edges) are packed in each box. Price, $1.

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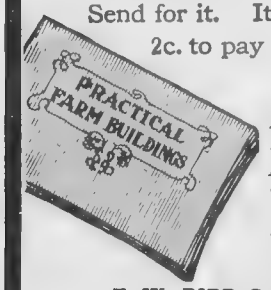

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less amusement; that is, if some of the writers are not too serious.

I am not writing with the idea of matrimony, but simply to gain a few correspondents as I live in a very secluded place, therefore have plenty of time to answer all letters received.

I will give a brief description of myself. Am a girl of 16 years, have hazel eyes, brown hair and am about 5 feet tall. I would like correspondents, preferably young men about 18; also like to have among them train men. Will exchange pictures with anyone writing me. My address is with the editor.

"Molly Carew."

Born in Manitoba, Therefore Useful?

Moore Park, Oct. 20, 1908.

Editor.—Being a reader of the W. H. M. I am naturally interested in the correspondence columns, but merely from a friendly point of view, as some of the letters amuse me very much and I should love to know the writers personally.

We Canadian girls admire the young homesteaders. They are the pillars of our country, or at least have it in their power to be, if they live right and vote right—in short, be manly men.

I love to read Ralph Connor's books describing the wild, free life of the foothills and Selkirks. Every homesteader should have a "library" of good helpful books; they are better companions than tobacco, smoke, liquor and cigarettes, which are their worst enemies.

The old saying is, that self-praise is no recommendation, so you "curious" boys and girls will have to be contented with knowing that I am out of my teens and about seven years from thirty, with one wisdom tooth, dark brown eyes and hair to match, 5 feet 5 inches tall, 118 pounds, never stopped a clock or broke a camera, born in Manitoba so know how to be useful.

Purely friendly letters are all that will be answered. Address with the editor. Thanking the editor in anticipation of seeing this in print.

"Modest Pansy Saucebox."

Lonely English Mabel.

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 25, 1908.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber but have been a reader for some time. Some of the letters seem very sensible, especially from the older men. They describe more what they can give and wish to make a woman happy, and not what they expect from a wife so much. I think consideration and kindness appeals to most women far more than the almighty dollar, at least it does to me.

I am not an angel, only an ordinary English woman, aged 28, good cook and housekeeper, and would do my best to make a home comfortable.

I have been out here nearly a year and find it very lonely. Should any Englishman (a gentleman in every sense of the word), between 28 and 40, care to write I shall be pleased to hear from him. I don't mind how plain if he has brains (not having any myself), and a real good sort. No one who is a crank or drinks need answer, though he is quite welcome to smoke. I think chewing a most exasperating habit. Everything artistic appeals to me so would like some one of the same temperament. I am tall and fair, and can pass very well in a crowd. I should like to hear from someone living in the Okanagan district, Kelowna, etc.

"Lonely Mabel."

A Lonely Widow at 24.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 28, 1908.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber to your paper. I have the pleasure of reading it from a friend who gets it. I like reading the correspondence page, some of the letters are very amusing.

I thought I would write to pass a lonely hour away. I pity the poor bachelors out here who have no one to talk to when they come in from a day's work; it certainly must be lonesome for I am lonesome as I have not been out here from the east very long.

I am 24 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weigh 144 pounds.

I would like to get a letter from the fellow who calls himself "White Pine" in your January number, or any one wishing to write. I will answer all letters with pleasure. Hoping to see this in print and wishing your paper every success. "A Lonely Widow."

Would Not Marry Solely for a Home.

Manitoba, Oct. 12, 1908.

Editor.—With great interest have I been reading for the past few months the valuable and edifying columns of your worthy magazine. Though intensely interesting throughout, I think the correspondence columns of your paper hold for the young people a greater attraction than is elsewhere to be found. I think it only right that by some means the young people be brought more in touch with one another and I know of no better way than through the columns of your magazine.

Strange it seems to me that matrimony should be the chief topic, however, I suppose since others are giving their opinion I am entitled to give mine. I really do not approve of striking right out with a motive of "catching something in some way be it great or small." Of course, it is quite possible, perhaps even probable, that the outcome of some of the acquaintances thus brought about will be matrimony, but be that as it may, I can not see how anyone could expect to live in peace and happiness with one whose only motive in marrying was to have a home and someone to care for them, and surely we are running a great risk when we seek a partner in this way. Considering the capriciousness of humans, are we not taking a leap in the dark any way? However, I do not expect all others to see as I do, but it is well to weigh the matter carefully and regard it as a most sacred transaction, worthy of at least a second consideration.

As regards the use of tobacco and liquor, many and various seem to be the opinions expressed. The latter I thoroughly denounce, not looking on it with any possible degree of allowance. As for the tobacco, I also abhor the use of it but can as readily excuse a young man for the temperate use of tobacco as a young lady for chewing gum.

A description is hardly necessary as few may care to know me further. However, I would say that I am 20 years old, over 5 feet tall, and as for beauty you may call and see for yourself. Please forward enclosed letter to "Bank Clerk," B. C. Thanking you for your space I will leave my address with the editor. "Ameretta."

Two Canadian Roses.

Victoria, Oct. 21, 1908.

Editor.—We have been enthusiastic readers of your valuable paper for some time and enjoy reading the correspondence column very much, and thought we would like to write. We certainly feel sorry for some of the poor bachelors who cannot find a helpmate, but are quite sure if they were to come further West they would find young ladies as thick as peas in a pod.

We will now endeavor to tell you who we are and where we live. In the first place, we are two old maids. One is 20 years of age, 5 feet 7½ inches tall and weighs 154 pounds. The other is 21 years of age, 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 111 pounds. We are both fair with blue eyes, and, of course, very good looking. We are also very musical and enjoy a good time. We live in the city of Victoria, you no doubt have heard of it before this.

If any lonely bachelors would care to correspond with us for a pastime they will find our addresses with the editor. Hoping this will escape the waste paper basket, and wishing the magazine every success. "Canadian Roses."

Homestead and Room for Two.

Glenview P. O., Alta., Oct. 15, 1908.

Editor.—I am a subscriber and interested reader of your first-class paper and intend to make use of your correspondence columns as I am tired of batching. I am Irish, so not a beauty, but would pass in a crowd; 6 feet tall, weigh 150 pounds, 21 years old and dark hair, do not drink or chew tobacco or the rag in any form. I have a well improved homestead where there is room for two. I hope to hear from some of your girl readers shortly as I don't intend to wait long. "Tipperary."

A Sensible Letter.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 22, 1908.

Editor.—Here is another bachelor asking for just enough space for a few lines in your ever interesting paper. I have been a very interested reader for some time, but it is quite recently that your paper has become a monthly visitor in our shack. The short stories alone form a very pleasant pastime to its numerous readers and one only needs to look over the correspondence columns to know just how interesting and popular that part of your paper has become.

The matrimonial question is being dealt with most fully in these columns. Some of the letters are of my opinion while others differ greatly.

I think "Alexy Ann's" letter was very good. "Lalla Rookh" thinks it would not be ladylike for her to write first. I do not think it would be out of the way and I would like very much to hear from her and would answer promptly.

A number of the bachelors are describing the girls that they would want for a life partner. I do not think that she should be asked to do any outside work unless it was a case of necessity, which is sometimes the case. I think the girl has sufficient to do who would keep the house neat and tidy as well as herself and greet you with a smile when you came in for your meals, even though you were a little late. One who could enjoy an hour in the afternoon at fancy work or in reading a book that contains good sound reading or at the piano if she cared for it. I think when one sits down to a good meal of well prepared victuals, in a neat and well kept house, that he will consider she has earned at least a few moments' recreation in the afternoon, and would not allow her to put that time in by doing work that he ought to do.

Mr. Editor, yours must be a trying position, reading all the correspondence and selecting the ones most suitable to print. A great many of the letters I am sure will be hard to read as many of we bachelors have not had the chance to be good at spelling and with the pen.

In closing I will give a description of myself as I see it is customary. I am a Canadian, 5 feet, 10 inches in height, dark brown hair, and weigh 160 pounds. Like many of my brother bachelors, I enjoy a smoke, although I am not by any means a slave to the habit. I would like to correspond with some of the young ladies from 18 to my own age, 22, and will be sure to answer.

Would "Rosalyne" of Zealandia write or your correspondent from Logantown, Sask. My address will be with the editor. Hoping that this may miss the waste basket, I am, and will be for some time, "Cingalee"

Lone Widow Throws Out Line.

Britainville, Ont., Oct. 22, 1908.

Editor.—As my brother subscribed for the W. H. M. last winter I have been reading the letters in the correspondence column with much interest. I think that some write very sensible letters, but I don't agree with girls who don't like to do chores. I think milking cows and feeding pigs is all right when the men are busy or away. I would ward enclosed letter to "Huskey," like "Lonely" to write to me. Please forGuernsey, Sask. I will not take more of your valuable space.

"A Lonely Widow."

Catholics Not Wanted.

Saskatchewan, Oct. 20, 1908.

Editor.—As I am a constant reader of your valuable magazine I thought I would write a short letter to be published. I may say that the sort of a wife I would prefer would be a good smart cook and not over 26 years, not too hasty in temper and would be willing and be satisfied to live on a farm in Saskatchewan as I am one of those bachelor farmers. I think when a man gets married that he should be good to his wife and, of course, I certainly expect her to be kind also. I will answer all letters I receive promptly. No Catholics need write as I am Protestant, Presbyterian, but any good protestant girl I will be pleased to hear from so don't be afraid to write first. I am 26 years of age, sandy complexion, weigh 165 pounds, but won't say anything about looks. I am going to hunt up some photos when the girls write. I have a half section of land, 6 horses and 20 head of cattle. Hoping to hear from some of the fair sex and wishing your magazine unlimited success, I will sign "F. H. C."

"Blue Eyes" From Ontario.

Springvale, Ont., Oct. 24, 1908.

Editor.—As I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for some time, and especially of the correspondence columns, I thought I would join your writers.

I live on a farm. I am very fond of all outdoor games. I do not dance but I play the organ and piano. I am sweet sixteen, am 5 feet 8 inches tall, weigh 125 pounds, have blue eyes and light hair, and have never heard anyone say I was homely. I am not thinking of marrying yet but when I do my husband must not use strong drink or tobacco in any form. Would like to correspond with any boy or girl between 16 and 20 years old. My address is with the editor. Hoping to see this in print and thanking you for this space, I am "Blue Eyes."

A Strawberry in October.

Alberta, Oct. 24, 1908.

Editor.—I will try and send another letter and see if this one will be published, hoping you will accept my most sincere thanks for the letters you have forwarded me. I think your correspondence columns are some of the most important parts of your valuable paper, which I think is a perfect success.

I suppose that my letter will not be concluded before I give my opinion of the boys and that is, I do not agree with all, especially "A Juggler," who is always crowing "write, girls, I am dear." I wonder what he can be thinking of us. I am of the description he wants, but if he waits for my letter as the first, he has time to dream about it yet. I shall now close, wishing you and your correspondents success.

"The Strawberry"

A Letter from a Christian Young Man.

Alberta, Oct. 17th, 1908.

Editor.—It is with great interest that I have looked for each monthly issue of your paper. I think it is one of the best home papers in Canada for all the inmates of a home. The stories are of a pleasing nature and the pages that the World, Philosopher and Temperance take up are well worth the subscription price, to say nothing about the pages of interesting correspondence from young people all over the fair Dominion of ours and also the old land and our cousins over the line.

There is one thing that pleased me in the August number of the W. H. M. and that was the number of Christian young ladies who have come forward in response to a letter like that of "Bank Clerk's." I had noticed that they had satisfied themselves before by saying that correspondents must be abstainers.

Free Medicine for Sick Folks

Every Sick Person who reads this paper should take advantage without fail of the Generous Offer of Dr. King to Give Free Trial Treatment To All Who Suffer

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Dr. King's Proof Treatment Is Sent To You Absolutely Free. You Pay Nothing, You Make No Promises; Just Take The Medicine That Makes Sick People Well.

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Remember that Dr. King treats all diseases: Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Chronic Colds and Coughs, any disease of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder, or Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Disease, Nervousness, Neuralgia, Malaria, Congestion, Sores, Grippe, Female Diseases, Tape Worm, General Debility, Eye and Ear Troubles or any Chronic Disease, no matter what ails you, Dr. King's proof treatment is free to you.

Dr. King's medicines are not patent medicines. They are especially prepared for every disease, and every worn-out, discouraged sufferer unable to find relief, should send now without delay for Dr. King's free proof treatment. Do not suffer another day, but write to him at once, addressing Dr. E. P. King, 527 Security Trust Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

Don't Let Sickness Ruin Your Home.

To be sick is the most selfish thing in the world. It's a disgrace to go about suffering and complaining and imposing your troubles on your family when you might just as well be cured. You may not be at fault for your trouble, in the first place, but as a sensible person you will agree that when a famous doctor, such as Dr. King, offers free medicine, it's a plain duty to accept his generous offer. It's a duty to yourself and a duty to your family and your friends. Just because your family are glad to help you and want to do all they can to aid you is no reason why you should longer put off writing to Dr. King.

There is many a home which has been ruined by sickness—broken up and destroyed and scattered over the face of the earth. You know that your home is not all that it would be if you were well and strong. Why don't you act now and do your part? It's not much to do. It isn't very much trouble surely to spend five minutes writing to Dr. King when that act may mean health to you. That's all it costs you. Just a letter, and his free proof medicine will come to you, all charges prepaid. Isn't your home worth that much? Write to-day to Dr. King, 527 Security Trust Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind., and secure his Free Medicine.

Your Doctor Doesn't Know

Maybe he doesn't understand your troubles. Maybe he never had a case before which is just like yours. It's more than likely. You probably have complications which baffle him and so he has to keep on guessing, hoping to eventually strike upon the remedy which will help you. Perhaps because he doesn't understand your trouble he is just treating symptoms. He hasn't had the world-wide experience of Dr. King and so he cannot help you. But you can't afford to go on suffering while he is experimenting on you. Then why not come to a master physician who treats more cases of disease a month than an ordinary doctor might in ten years? He knows. He has treated people who had the same trouble you have, who have suffered just as you suffer, who had the same complications. He has so much faith in his medicine that he will gladly send you his free medicine without your paying him a cent. Your doctor never made you that sort of an offer. Dr. King is not afraid. He is sure of himself and what he can do for you. It doesn't cost you a cent, remember; write today.

Free, absolutely and positively free medicine sent to every suffering man and woman who reads this paper, no matter what their trouble may be, just to prove what he can do for worn-out, discouraged sufferers who have been unable to find relief.

This is Dr. King's generous offer. When a doctor has so much faith in what his proof medicine will do for the sick that he freely and gladly sends it to all who will write to him we think that any sick person who fails to take advantage of his offer wrongs himself and everybody around him. He asks nothing in return for his gift to sick people. He is a true physician and a generous, good man, to whom fame and honors have come, but who is always ready with aid and advice to sick people whether they are rich or poor.

He Treats The Cause

Dr. King believes that he can cure sick people. He has faith that he can cure you. His vast experience has shown him that to cure disease he has but to cure the cause of the ailment. He treats his patients for the causes of their trouble, not just for mere symptoms. That is why he cures so many people when other doctors fail. All he asks is a fair, square trial of his free proof medicine. He does not ask you to risk a cent. He is willing to back up his confidence in his medicine and his ability to cure you at his own expense. He says: "If I cannot help you, I do not want your case or your money. I will send you my free medicine to prove what I can do. Find out whether I am going to make you well before you engage me as your physician. What other doctor in all the world has been sure enough of himself and his medicine to make sick folks such an offer as this and send his trial medicine by mail prepaid?"

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Dr. King treats all diseases. He is a specialist in all diseases, not merely one or two. He can treat you not only for the main trouble that afflicts you, but for the complications and other diseases you have as well. He treats all ailments and we do not suppose there is any other doctor who has treated so many sick people as Dr. King. Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Chronic Colds and Coughs, any disease of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder, or Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Disease, Nervousness, Neuralgia, Malaria, Congestion, Sores, Grippe, Female Diseases, General Debility, Eye and Ear Troubles, or any Chronic Disease.

Dr. King's medicines are not patent medicines. They are not cure-alls. His medicines are especially prepared for every disease. He is a reputable physician whose medicines have a record of cures which has made them famous. When he accepts your case it is just as much in his care as if you were to go to his office or he was to go to your home. Distance does not matter. He can treat you as well in your own home as though you were in the same room with him. Address Dr. E. P. King, 527 Security Trust Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

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No matter what your ailment, whether you are a victim of some disease of the throat or lungs, or have asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, chronic colds and coughs, any disease of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and bladder, piles, rheumatism, gout, skin disease, nervousness, neuralgia, malaria, congestion, sores, grippe, female disease, tape worm, general debility, eye and ear troubles or any chronic disease, just pin your faith to Dr. King. Do not delay longer. Let Dr. King be your physician. Write to him to-day and accept the free proof medicine which he so generously offers to all who suffer. You run no risk. You place yourself under no obligation of any kind. If you really want to be cured send today.

Suffered Forty Years. Cured By Dr. King.

It doesn't matter to me how long you suffered or what other doctors say. What I can do is proven by what my medicines do for sick, suffering men and women. Read this letter from A. P. Holm of Motley, Minn.:

"I was certainly in a very bad condition when I began the use of your remedy. I have tried other physicians and used a number of patent medicines, but have never been able to find anything that would afford relief. At the present time I am not in need of medical attention, as I am enjoying good health."

Don't delay any longer; just sit down and write to Dr. King now for his Free Trial Medicine. It doesn't cost anything. You run no risk. Write today.

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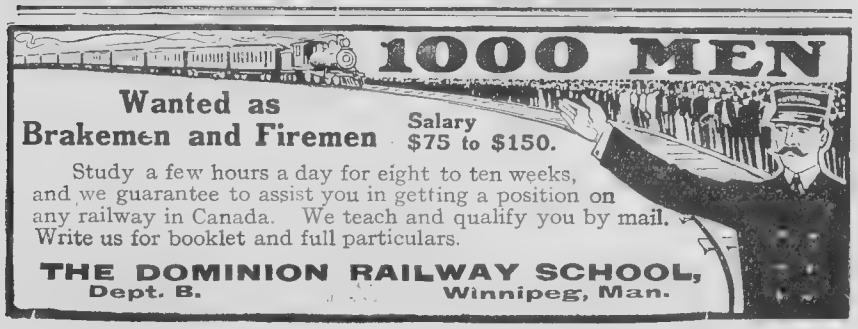

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The Cranberry Chase Mystery.

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"YES" said Inspector Ford, lighting up, "it was the queerest job I ever handled. It was a licker. How? Well, every way—but you shall judge when you've heard the tale. All I will say at present is that it's too strange to be true.

"The case briefly stated was this. Cranberry Chase, a mansion in North Staffordshire, had been entered while the family were away, some articles of silver stolen, and the housekeeper murdered. The unfortunate woman had evidently been disturbed in her sleep. Rising hastily, she had slipped on a dressing-gown and thrust her feet into slippers. Probably she was in the act of leaving the room when she was attacked.

"Her assailant had tied her hands behind her, a towel being used for the purpose, while another had been stuffed into her mouth as a gag. It had been forced into the throat, and she had died from suffocation.

"That the murderer was someone who knew his way about the house was pretty certain, while the fact that the silver—a teapot, some forks, and half-a-dozen spoons—which was stolen was the property of the murdered woman, helped to fasten suspicion upon the man who was subsequently arrested. The plate belonging to the Chase had been sent to the bank at Northwood during the absence of the family. The servants were on board wages at the time, only a maid, a young woman of twenty being left.

"The girl, however, had gone to Birmingham in the morning to visit a sister, and had received permission from the housekeeper, Mrs. Harding, to stay overnight.

"On her way through the station the maid, it seems, met the wife of the suspect, stopped for a gossip, and mentioned the fact. Of course, when it came out that the wife knew of the girl's absence, it made the case so much the blacker against the husband.

"No arrest had been made, however, when I came on the scene—I was only Sergeant Ford then, of Scotland Yard. But such information as was in the hands of the local men was placed in my possession, and after following up the clues I had no hesitation in applying for a warrant for the arrest of Joe Thurgood—the man whom everybody had fixed on as guilty of the crime.

"The evidence seemed without a flaw, yet after I had him in custody I began to doubt. In the course of my ten years' experience I had had a good many criminals through my hands, and, having kept the prisoner under close observation, I had formed an opinion. The facts I admit all pointed one way, and that way led straight to the gallows. My own opinion, however, was that the prisoner had been caught in some infernal network of circumstances, which he was powerless himself to break through.

"The man was the keeper of an alehouse in the village, and had an evil reputation as a poacher, though he had never been convicted, and his wife, a niece of the murdered woman, had been in service at the Chase.

"The match had been strongly objected to by Mrs. Harding, who had done all she could to break it off. She had not succeeded, but the two women had been at daggers drawn for twelve months.

"'My bit of silver won't come her way, so she needn't look for it,' Mrs. Harding was reported to have said quite recently. While Mrs. Thurgood, according to the same authority, had advised Mrs. Harding not to be too sure about it, as stranger things had happened than that. It was no secret that they were on very bad terms.

Meantime evidence looked very black against Thurgood.

On the eventful evening people had seen him on the river as late as 10 p.m. The river was the Trent, which formed the boundary of the Chase on the east.

"It was dark, and Thurgood was rowing upstream. That would be the direction of the Chase, which was

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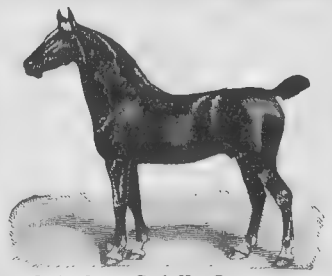

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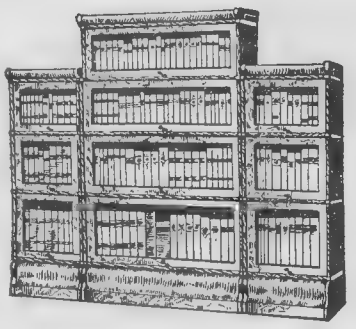

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three miles above Lutford Bridge. A bloodstained handkerchief, moreover, that was picked up in the housekeeper's room had been identified as Thurgood's, while a spoon and a memorandum book belonging to Mrs. Harding had been found in the kitchen of the alehouse.

"If evidence was worth anything, Thurgood was guilty, and it would have puzzled me to say why I thought him innocent. But I did. How came it then that circumstances were arrayed so strongly against him. Evidently there was a mystery somewhere.

"One thing that struck me during the proceedings at the Police Court was the look of horror which had overspread the features of a witness named Wilcox—a butcher in business at Northwood, the town three miles from the village. Wilcox was the man who had seen Thurgood on the river—the man who had picked up the blood-stained handkerchief at the Chase. His testimony told heavily against Thurgood, but the look I saw in Thurgood's face was not the consciousness of the man 'found out'; it was the consciousness of the man who had been trapped, and can see no escape.

"Wilcox, though one of my own witnessess, did not impress me very favorably. He gave his evidence with too much animus. This made me curious, and I kept an eye on him. Outside the court I saw him talking to a good looking buxom piece of goods, whose cherry-colored ribbons I remembered to have seen in the space reserved for the public.

"The woman was looking rather sober, while the man was talking rather earnestly. As I approached, however, they moved slowly away, the man throwing a backward glance at me over his shoulder. I knew that glance, I had seen it a good many times in the faces of a good many criminals. It was the glance of an uneasy conscience—and it puzzled me. Wilcox was a big man in Northwood, and I could imagine no circumstance that would connect him with the crime. Nevertheless, I determined to make a few inquiries about Mr. Wilcox, and the lady I had seen with him in Courthouse Lane.

"The woman was a Mrs. Waters, wife of a grocer and provision dealer in the town, between whom and Wilcox there existed a pretty close friendship. But I discovered also that Mrs. Waters was 'tar'ble put about' at the idea of anybody making inquiries about her — for I took care she should hear of it. Likewise I found that on two occasions since the remand, she had met Wilcox, apparently by arrangement, when he was driving, and he had picked her up.

"Wilcox himself was fast getting the face of a man with a secret to hide I detected an anxiety to avoid me. That there was something between him and the woman—something which bore on the crime at the Chase. I was convinced. But what? I puzzled over it for days.

"I recalled Wilcox's hostility to

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Thurgood in the box, and Thurgood's look of stupefied horror at Wilcox, and, thinking the clue might be found there, I procured an interview with the prisoner. I had been pressing him to tell me what he had been doing on the night of the murder, but without success. When an idea occurring to me, I said—'Why, of course! Wonder I didn't think of it before. You were at the same old game, Thurgood—poaching?'

"I saw in a moment that I'd hit it. 'And you're running the risk of losing your life, because you're afraid of losing your license.'

"'But they won't hang an innocent man, Mr. Ford,' he said simply. 'And I'm innocent.'

"'I believe you, Thurgood,' I said. 'But the law makes mistakes sometimes. And there's no denying that things look very black against you.' And then I went on to question him about Wilcox.

"What he told me was this. Some months ago, in the dusk of the evening, he had seen Mrs. Waters leave a certain cottage on the Derby Road. The cottage belonged to Wilcox, whose trap was standing outside the Jolly Butchers, scarce half-a-mile away, when Thurgood passed. And when Wilcox had threatened to have him pinched for poaching he had retorted about Gipsy Wood's cottage.

"I was disappointed. My inquiries had elicited nothing but the suspicion of a vulgar intrigue, which could have nothing to do with the crime. I went up to London, and three days later found a letter on my desk addressed to 'Detective-Sergeant Ford, Scotland Yard.' The envelope bore the Liverpool postmark, and the address, like the letter, was typed. The letter ran—

"'Dear sir,—The man in custody for the murder at Cranberry Chase is innocent. I am the guilty man. But I never intended to murder the old woman. I went after old Parker's plate, as I wanted 'a bit' to take with me when I left England. But as you know I was disappointed. It was at the bank. If the old lady had not started screaming I shouldn't have meddled with her. I picked up the towel intending to stop her mouth, but unfortunately shoved it too far down her throat. However, I cannot leave the country without letting you know that the man you've got for the Cranberry Chase job never did it.—Robert Robins.'

"'Robert Robins!' I said. 'Who the dickens is he? And how was it I'd never heard the name down at Lutford?' Anyway, whoever the writer was, his letter deepened my doubts about Thurgood. I got out my notes, and went over the whole case from the beginning.

"Suspicion had fastened upon Thurgood, because of his evil reputation

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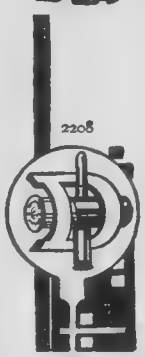

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as a poacher; his wife's quarrel with her aunt over marrying him; her own knowledge of the Chase, and of her aunt's bit of silver; and the man's refusal to account for himself on the night of the crime. But what struck me in the face was the fact that practically the only witness, apart from circumstances, was Wilcox.

"The house had been entered by a window in the servants' quarters. Footprints had been traced from this window to the river, and Wilcox swore he had seen Thurgood on the river just about dark, confirmation being forthcoming in the evidence of another witness, who proved that a boat which prisoner kept at Lutford Bridge was not there on the night of the murder.

"The man's own explanation to me, however, was that he used the boat for poaching, which was how he was employed on the night in question. But the most damaging piece of evidence was the handkerchief which Wilcox had found in Mrs. Harding's room. It was identified by Mrs. Thurgood. She had missed it in the wash, she said, a week before the murder, and 'blowed her man up for losin' it.'

"As I reviewed them now, I thought the circumstances were rather peculiar. The handkerchief had not been found till three days after the murder. Wilcox, a well-to-do tradesman at Northwood, was going into Lutford, and offered the coroner's man a seat in his trap. At the house he seemed to have had the run of the place, and while in Mrs. Harding's room the constable in charge swore that he saw Wilcox pick up the handkerchief. He was stooping to tie the lace of his shoe, when he saw it at the back of an old-fashioned chest of drawers, where he voluteered the explanation it might have been thrown or kicked, and hooked it out.

"It occurred to me now as very funny that the only evidence against Thurgood found on the spot should have been found by Wilcox, who had no business there, and had shown animus in the box.

"The silver spoon and the memorandum book, however, were another matter. They had been found in a drawer in Thurgood's kitchen. But it was a week after the murder before Thurgood's place was systematically searched. The kitchen was open to everybody using the house. The drawer had no lock on it. Anybody could open it. The spoon was the only bit of silver found on the premises. If the man had got rid of the rest, why did he leave that solitary spoon in a place where it was bound to be discovered? But if Thurgood was innocent, who was guilty? Robert Robins? Till I got the typewritten letter I had never heard of him. Why had he waited nearly a month after the murder before he left England? And what was the object of typing a confession which carried his written signature at the foot? How, above all, did he manage to get it typed?

"Next day I went back to Staffordshire.

"'Robins!' said the inspector at

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Northwood, to whom I applied for information. 'Yes, I can tell you about him. But it's nothing to do with the Cranberry Chase, has it?'

"I gave him a non-commital reply, and at the end of ten minutes observed quietly—'So Robins was well acquainted with Wilcox and Waters, eh?'

"'Too well acquainted,' said the inspector. 'That was why Robins had to go. Waters had the grocery contract and Wilcox the meat for the schools and the big asylum over at Horton. Robins was stores clerk, and between them they made a pocket. But it all happened more than six months ago.'

"'And what became of Robins? Was he married?'

"'No, he went to live at Lutford but shifted after a week or two at Bushhill; then he came back here. He never stayed long anywhere. He left his last place, I believe, in a bit of a hurry—without notice. He was getting in low waters. That, by the by, would be the same week as the murder.'

"I did not know what to think, but I said, 'And you don't know where he went?'

"'Most people,' was the answer, 'were too glad he'd gone to trouble about where. Mrs. Waters for one.'

"'Oh!' I said.

"'Yes, but I'm afraid we're only raking up scandals.'

"I thought of the cottage on the Derby Road. 'Does she belong to Northwood?' I asked carelessly.

"'No,' he answered. 'I believe she comes from Leeds—was in a wholesale house there; shorthand clerk.'

"'And typewriter,' I suggested.

"'Very likely. She does the business circulars and correspondence for Waters.'

"I couldn't see my way through the maze yet; but my brain was working rapidly—working very much in the dark, but conjuring shapes out of the darkness.

"'There's a big cattle market,' I said, 'at Liverpool.' It was at Liverpool that the typewritten letters had been posted. 'I suppose Wilcox attends there occasionally?'

"He looked at me very hard before replying. Then he said, 'I think most of his meat is bought locally.'

"'Well,' I said, 'do you happen to know, or can we find out, if Wilcox was absent from the town on the 21st?' The 21st was the day the letter was posted.

"'I don't quite see what you're driving at, Sergeant Ford,' he said, a little curiously; 'but Mr. Wilcox was away on the 21st. I called at the shop myself to see him, and was told he'd gone to Manchester.'

"I smiled. 'Not Liverpool? Do you know Robins' handwriting?' I said; 'his signature?'

"'I've seen it,' he answered. 'I think I should know it.'

"'And Wilcox—can you get me a specimen of his fist?'

"'Yes; in five minutes. He's purveyor to the police.'

"'Thanks. Now,' said I, 'do you recognize that as the signature of Robins?' And I produced the type-

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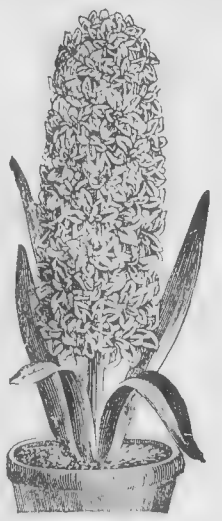

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GLOVES

written letter. At the end of half an hour we were convinced that the signature, which was really little better than a clumsy imitation, had been forged by Wilcox.

"'What does it mean, Sergeant?' asked the astonished inspector.

"'I am not sure myself yet,' I replied. 'But I'm going to find out.'

"A day or two later I received a report from the man I had brought down from London to shadow the woman. Mrs. Waters, he said, had developed nervous hysteria since my reappearance in the town. She was in the hands of the doctor. Her whole manner had changed completely. Her eyes, too, had in them the frightened, startled expression of a woman who had been thoroughly scared. She had met Wilcox, however, almost every day at the cottage on the Derby Road, amongst other places, and Wilcox had made several calls at the grocer's shop.

"Wilcox, I knew, had been trying to find out what had brought me back to Northwood. The Assizes were still two months ahead; the man, no less than the woman, was obviously uneasy. Having done his part to prove Thurgood guilty, no sooner was the prisoner committed than he sent me the letter which purported to be the confession of Robins. It was evident that Wilcox must have some strong personal interest in the crime at the Chase, which was shared by the woman. Of Robins I could learn little, except that he was a 'rotter' who had gone from bad to worse. One thing, however, I did learn. A travelling tinker had met Robins on the Derby Road. It was falling dusk. The tinker was coming into Northwood; Robins was coming out. It would be, he thought, about a mile from the gypsy's cottage, and three days before the murder at the Chase. That was the last that was seen of Robins.

"It provided me food for thought, and started me off on a fresh trail, which led far enough away from Joe Thurgood and the job at Cranberry Chase. But fate intervened before the end, and—however, you shall hear.

"Learning that Mrs. Waters had been ordered away—'Nervous breakdown,' said the doctor—I determined to put on a bold front and act at once. I called on Mrs. Waters. 'Mr. Robins', she said. 'Yes, of course, I knew him.'

"Mrs. Waters was nervous and fidgetty. 'Well,' I said, looking at her keenly, 'I've received a letter

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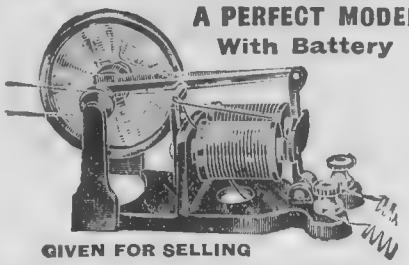

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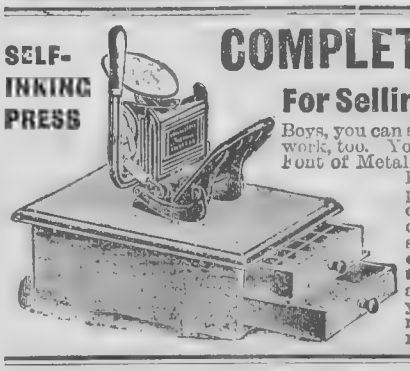

Boys, you can start a little print shop and turn out some real fine work, too. You will find everything needed—a Self-inking Press, Font of Metal Type, Reglet, Ink, Tweezers, Cards, Composing Pallet, a two-drawer Oak Cabinet, and very complete instructions. All this you can get by selling only $3.60 worth of **lovely Christmas Postcards;** 25 designs, **all gems of art;** many richly embossed on solid backgrounds of gold; **all brilliantly colored.** They are worth 5c. **At 6 for 10c you have only to hand them out and take the money.** Try them and you will soon have this splendid outfit. Just say you will do your best to sell the cards, and write your name and address plainly. The Gold Medal Premium Company, Xmas Card Dept. 24W, Toronto.

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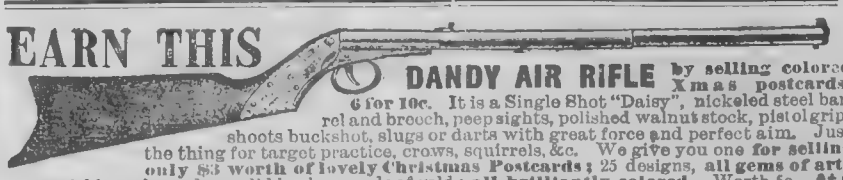

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purporting to come from him. Can you tell me if that is his signature?' And I laid the typewritten letter before her.

"'Why do you ask me?' she said. I saw her hand go to her heart, and noticed that she had changed color. 'Surely——

"'Because,' I said quietly, 'you ought to know, Mrs. Waters. You typed the letter, and Wilcox signed it. He took it with him to Manchester, went on to Liverpool, and posted it there. Robins had no more to do with the murder than—you had.'

"She gave me a quick, nervous glance, and something I saw in her eyes prompting me, I said, 'Do you know Gipsy Wood's cottage on the Derby Road?'

"She went pale as death. Her mouth twitched, but words refused to come.

"'Did you meet Robins——?' Before I could finish she gave a scream and fell forward.

"Next day I received Mrs. Waters' confession. She thought I knew more than I did. Robins, she said, had discovered the relations between her and Wilcox, and had blackmailed them to such an extent that at last they determined to get rid of him. The uncertainty of his movements and the fact that he had no connections in the county, made it less risky. She made an appointment at the gipsy's cottage. But Wilcox, who was a powerful man, had his trap waiting in Dark Lane, and Robins was knocked down and strangled.

"Wilcox drove away with the body, and buried it in a field which belonged to him; and where he had dug the grave the day before. Then came the murder at the Chase; and Wilcox, seeing an opportunity to keep the police busy till Robins had been forgotten, had turned them on to Thurgood. He had a grudge against the man, who, like Robins, knew a bit too much of the guilty couple.

"After the finding of the spoon, etc., in Thurgood's kitchen, Wilcox,

To be continued

Bole's Cough Cure

SOOTHING AND HEALING.
CURES COUGHS AND COLDS,
ASTHMA BRONCHITIS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

PRICE 25 CENTS

THE BOLE DRUG CO.
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
WINNIPEG
SOLE PROPRIETORS

TRAIN FOR BUSINESS

Most men train their brains and almost entirely negect their bodies. They do not seem to realize that keeness of judgment and clearness of thought depend as much on the body as on the brain itself. Any man can prove this to his own satisfaction by attempting to decide a weighty business problem while suffering with an acute attack of indigestion or a violent spell of biliousness.

The amount of work that the brain can do depends much on the healthfulness of liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in tablet form. They act directly on liver, bowels, kidneys and skin—and enable these vital organs to rid the system of all impurities. Thus the blood will be kept pure and rich, the brain active, digestion sound, and life made pleasant.

"Fruit-a-tives" are now put up in two sizes—the new 25c box as well as the regular 50c size. If your dealer does not carry them write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

No Disease is so Quiet and Stealthy in its Approach as Kidney Disease

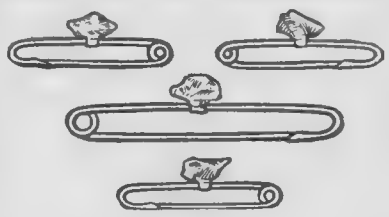
That is why it is so dangerous. It may become deep-seated before you realize the danger.

It is therefore of great importance to recognize the early warning symptoms: pain or dull ache in the back, bladder pains, smarting sensation when urinating, frequent or surpressed urination, sediment in the urine, etc., because in its early stage kidney disease is easily cured by DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mr. Elgin Brisebois, Vernon, Ont., writes:—I was troubled a great deal with kidney trouble. I had to get up four or five times every night, my urine contained a thick brick-dust sediment; I had a pain in the small of my back, and could not sleep at night.

I commenced using Doan's Kidney Pills and in a very short time I was all right again. I am very thankful to have found a cure so speedy in its action.

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c. per box or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



$1.80

OFT times just an inexpensive gift—yet in perfect taste—is wanted.

FOR a young lady nothing would be nicer than this pretty four-piece Waist Set shown here. It is made in the finest quality gold plate—and each pin is mounted with a genuine lustrous baroque pearl.

For $1.80

THIS set will be mailed post paid to any address in Canada.

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

RYRIE BROS.
LIMITED
134-136-138 Yonge St.
TORONTO

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

A Cook Book Free.

The Gold Standard Mfg. Co., of Winnipeg has handed us for publication one of many letters they have received from readers of the Western Home Monthly who are now users of Gold Standard goods. The writer of the following letter writes about a cook book and selected recipes she received from the Gold Standard Mfg. Co. and so pleased is she with both the cook book and the quality of Gold Standard goods that she sends the names of a number of friends whom she thinks should be using them. The letter is as follows: Lougheed, Oct. 15, 1908. Gold Standard Mfg. Co. Dear Sir.—I received your "selected recipes" a few days ago. Many thanks for it. I have used quite a lot of your flavoring extracts and jelly powders and that is one reason why I sent for your cook book. I always had such perfect satisfaction with your goods; the extracts are so nice and strong. I will send you some names of people I know use a lot of goods of this class. If your goods are not already down east it will not be long before they are, for such exceptionally good goods cannot be confined long to the home market. Here are a few names of grocery stores in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia: A. D. Gillis, James McArthur, Barker's White Store, Fred Pettas, Hugh Sutherland, Angus Chisholm. Names for "selected receipes": Mrs. D. A. McPherson, Black Diamond Post Office, Lineham, Alta; Mrs. A. B. Anderson, Okotoks, Alta; Mrs. Edward Vathrine, Olds, Alta; Mrs. Silverthorn, Olds, Alta; Mrs. Fletcher, Olds, Alta; Mrs. C. Strickland. Lougheed, Alta; Mrs. J. Chipman Reid, Trenton, Picton Co., N. S; Mrs. D. Muirhead, King's Head, Picton Co., N. S." The attention of readers is directed to the Gold Standard Mfg. Co. advertisement appearing on another page. At the bottom of their ad. will be found a coupon which you can fill out according to directions and secure a cook book "free."

The Edison Business Phonograph in the Class Room.

Among the many improvements of the last few years comes the perfecting of the business phonograph and its adaptation to the handling of the work of an amanuensis. Besides being a labor-saving device in office routine, it is also a boon to the shorthand and typewriting classes. Every experienced shorthand teacher knows that it is impossible for the human voice to produce the volume of dictation, making the necessary repetition to insure speed and accuracy. To attempt to dictate to a dozen or more machine operators is "killing." Such dictation is "the work of a machine," and that machine is the Edison Business Phonograph. The Wheat City Business College of Brandon have installed a complete equipment for class dictation. The phonograph reproduces with perfect clearness the spoken words of the dictator. The speed of the dictation may be increased or decreased at the will of the instructor. By the old method the teacher's attention, during dictation, was entirely centred on the printed book, while with the phonograph he is free to move among his class, examine the work, correct outlines, give a hint here and there—in short, is engaged in actual teaching—the machine does the mechanical dictation. Moreover, the machine does not become tired after a few hours' work, but is as fresh on Friday night as on Monday morning; thus the students may receive an unlimited amount of dictation at any speed, which is impossible by the human voice. The Wheat City Business College is the first shorthand school in Canada to install the Edison Phonograph for class dictation. The Principals will be pleased to answer inquiries concerning their stenographic department, or to receive visitors who are interested in the Business Phonograph.

Christmas Books.

The Christmas season is near at hand, bringing in its train a demand for articles of various kinds, books, etc., suitable for Christmas gifts.

William Bryce, publisher, Toronto, makes a point every year to print a series of books which make most appropriate gifts for boys and girls. This year they have printed a number of books suitable for young folks, among which are the following, viz: "Young Canada," beautifully illustrated throughout with strong colored cloth binding, the cover printed in gilt, the book containing about five hundred pages. The price for "Young Canada" is one dollar. "Every Boy's Volume" is the title of another book, it contains about three hundred pages and is profusely illustrated throughout, with fine half-tone engravings, strong binding, oil cloth cover, printed in handsome colors. Price 50c. Another book entitled "The Child's Own Magazine," contains some one hundred and fifty pages, beautifully illustrated, containing a number of child stories, strong binding, heavy cardboard cover, outside front cover printed in colors and showing a handsome picture that will appeal strongly to a child of refined tastes. The price of this magazine is 25 cents.

If your dealer cannot supply you, a card addressed to Wm. Bryce, Publisher, Toronto, Canada, giving the name and address of your news dealer, will ensure your getting your order filled.

Of Value to Horsemen.

Do you turn your horses out for the winter? If so, we want to call your attention to a very important matter. Horses which have been used steadily at work, either on the farm or road, have quite likely had some strains whereby lameness or enlargements have been caused. Or perhaps new life is needed to be infused into their legs. Gombault's Caustic Balsam applied as per directions, just as you are turning the horse out, will be of great benefit; and this is the time when it can be used very successfully. One great advantage in using this remedy is that after it is applied it needs no care or attention, but does its work well and at a time when the horse is having a rest. Of course it can be used with equal success while horses are in the stable, but many people in turning their horses out would use Caustic Balsam if they were reminded of it, and this article is given as a reminder.

Good Chance for Live Folks.

Through the enterprise of one of our advertisers, the farmers of the Canadian West are offered this winter a rare chance to get into poultry raising on most attractive terms. With no immediate cash outlay, and without even paying the usual rather high freight charges, our readers can secure the famous Peerless outfit—a Peerless Guaranteed Incubator of the latest model, and a Peerless Brooder, identical with those which have helped so much to make a success of the Poultry Yards of Canada Limited, that concern which operates at Pembroke, Ont., the largest and best paying poultry enterprise in the Dominion. It should be understood that this offer to repay the freight charges on Peerless outfits ordered before November 15th is distinctly a special offer, made to encourage the growth of the poultry industry in the western regions of Canada. No locality in the country has larger possibilities for poultry farming; and the Peerless people are specially keen to capture the bulk of the incubator and brooder business in these parts. They have made their outfits right, priced them right, and fixed the terms so they ought to suit everybody. With the free freight offer they now make, for a little while, they certainly have a proposition that will bring the business their way.

"Absorbine is all You Claim for it."

Mr. Owen Mohler, Thornville, Ohio, writes under date of May 11, 1908: "I used your Absorbine on a horse that had a sore shoulder that had left a bunch and it entirely removed the bunch. It is all you claim for it. I would not do without it." Absorbine stops lameness, kills pain, removes bog spavins, thoroughpins, splints, wind puffs, shoe boils, enlarged glands, and similar bunches without blistering or removing the hair, and horse can be used. $2.00 per bottle at all druggists or express prepaid upon receipt of price. W. F. Young, P. D. F., 138 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass., or Canadian Agency, Lyman, Sons & Co., 380 St. Paul St., Montreal, Que.

Marlin Rifle Model 20.

The makers of this well known rifle have the following to say to the public about this firearm, viz: To combine the accuracy of the best target rifle—the unequalled Ballard accuracy—with the simplest, strongest, safest repeating mechanism and develop a beauty of outline and balance that would add to the pleasure of handling the gun, has been our constant study during 27 years' experience as specialists in the manufacture of repeating rifles. The result is our Model 20. Extremely accurate, quick and easy of operation, perfect in outline and balance, its an arm we can recommend to all gun lovers—it's the gun to buy and enjoy. Better order now for the supply is limited. For full description of all Marlin repeaters, send three stamps for catalog to The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

Nervous Prostration, Heart Trouble.

Mr. E. Graham, 62 Robinson St., Toronto, Ont., writes Oct. 16, 1905: "I hereby certify that I have used Oxydonor No. 2 for more than a year for Nervous Prostration and Heart Trouble. I feel now fully restored to health, and from careful observation, I have no hesitation in saying that my complete recovery is entirely due to the application of Oxydonor." The foregoing is one of hundreds of testimonials received, testifying to the curative powers of Oxydonor. If you are interested write for Free Book giving full information and many reports of self cures. Address D. H. Sanche & Co., St. Catherine, St., Montreal.

Vetterli Rifles

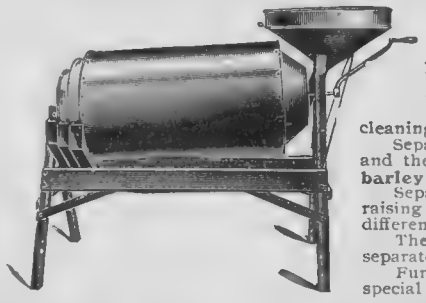
We have just secured a large lot of these rifles at an exceptionally low price and are thus enabled to reduce the price to **$4.00 each.** They are all in excellent condition, and are of the following description: Seven-shot repeater, bolt action, 41 calibre, and fitted with 1000 yard sights, and loops for sling strap. They are an excellent arm for **deer** or **wolf** shooting, and at the price are the greatest bargains in rifles ever offered in Canada. We will refund money to purchaser if not entirely satisfactory.

Cartridges for above rifle $2.50 per 100.

The Hingston Smith Arms Co. Limited

P.O. Box 2982 **Winnipeg, Man.**

Beeman's 1909 Model "JUMBO" Grain Cleaner



Guaranteed Capacity on Wheat 100 Bushels Per Hour.

Sold on trial. If not the most rapid and perfect grain cleaner, can be returned.

Just the machine for cleaning **grain for market** on account of its large capacity and perfect separation, and an absolute necessity in **cleaning grain for seed.**

Separates wild or tame oats from wheat or barley and the only machine that will successfuly separate **barley from wheat.**

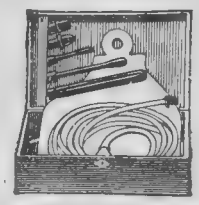
Separates frosted, shrunken or sprouted **wheat** raising the quality from one to three grades making a difference in price of from 10 to 30 cents per bushel.

The Jumbo **clean all kinds of grain** and seeds and separates perfectly all foul seed.

Furnished with bagger if desired. Write to-day for special offer. Agents wanted.

BEEMAN & CO. **127-129-131 Higgins Ave.** **WINNIPEG, MAN.**

GILSON MFG. CO. LTD. 114 York St. Guelph, Ontario.



IF IT'S MADE OF **RUBBER**

We Have It.

Write us and mention your wants.

INDIA RUBBER SPECIALTY CO.

Box 1008. Montreal.

SHARES

IN GOOD COPPER MINES

Have Made many Fortunes in the Past

The following are a few instances of Profit from Copper:

$100 invested in Green Consolidated Copper Stock in 1901 is now worth	$ 8,700
$100 invested in United Verdi Copper Stock is now worth	80,000
$100 invested in Boston and Montana in 1896 is now worth	1,886
$100 invested in Wolverine in 1893 is now worth	5,000
$100 invested in Calumet and Pittsburg in 1903 is now worth	5,000
$100 invested in Calumet and Arizona in 1902 is now worth	10,000

$100 invested to-day in Mascota Copper Stock will bring you large profits.

RICH PROPERTIES IN MEXICO

The Mascota Copper Company own twelve rich properties in Mascota district. State of Jalisco, Mexico, and two of them are fully equipped with modern machinery and undergoing active development at the present time.

TO BUILD SMELTER

For the purpose of erecting a smelter to treat ore now on the dumps, a small allotment of fully paid and non-assessable treasury stock is now offered at

FORTY CENTS PER SHARE

This allotment is limited and will not last long.

$2.50 SECURES 25 SHARES

Mascota Copper can be secured now for cash, or on the following plan:

$ 10 buys	25 shares,	$ 2.50	cash, balance in 3 monthly payments.
20 buys	50 shares,	5.00	cash, balance in 3 monthly payments.
40 buys	100 shares,	10.00	cash, balance in 3 monthly payments.
100 buys	250 shares,	25.00	cash, balance in 3 monthly payments.
200 buys	500 shares,	50.00	cash, balance in 3 monthly payments.
400 buys	1,000 shares,	100.00	cash, balance in 3 monthly payments.
1,000 buys	2,500 shares,	250.00	cash, balance in 3 monthly payments.

FREE TRIP TO MEXICO

Visit the Mine and investigate for yourself at our expense

First class railway fare, with Sleeper, from Winnipeg to Ameca, Mexico and return, via St. Paul. Write for particulars. Also Prospectus and Engineer's Report.

S. W. BEATTY, Investment Securities, **23 AIKINS BUILDING, WINNIPEG**

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

SEEING AND SEIZING. Some men have been born blind and some have been born asleep with their eyes open. The latter look wise but see nothing. Opportunities pass by unseen, unnoticed, and unused. To see and at the same time to seize the passing opportunity is a sign of genius. It is better than a college course or a university education—at least in the commercial realm. Read this:

"The great Rothschilds' fortune had its broad foundation laid by the genius of that member of the family who, mounted on a fleet horse, kept so close to Wellington at the battle of Waterloo that the Iron Duke muttered a threat to hang 'the skulking Jew' if he did not keep his distance. Rothschild waited only to see the beginning of Wellington's victory and Napoleon's rout; then spurred his steed to Brussels; there he took a carriage to Ostend.

A wild storm was raging, but he paid the boatman $500 to ferry him to Dover, and he was in London eight hours before the official news of the great victory. In that eight hours he made millions of dollars and by the use of that opportunity laid the foundation for the greatest fortune the world has ever known."

SITTING LONG IN ONE PLACE. "N. R. G." are the favorite letters of the successful business man. If you repeat them rapidly you will discover that they sound a good deal like "Energy." Try it—"N. R. G." To which suggestion we add the words of the novelist, Mr. Crawford. Mr. Crawford said last year: "What a novelist needs in order to succeed is energy above all else. But he also needs to be very poor. No man with money will work hard enough when he is young to succeed. He needs to begin early, work hard, and sit long in one place. If he has money he won't sit long in one place."

GLADSTONE'S COURAGE. Gladstone possessed courage. The courage of cleanness, the courage of conscience, the courage of character, the courage of Christian training, the courage of true manliness. Listen! "You call that witty," said Mr. Gladstone once, when someone related to him the saying of a well-known politician to the same effect; "You call that witty—I call it devilish." Listen again! A man who, in a London club, told a story which reeked with gross indelicacy, was put to shame by the question: "How many thousand pounds would you take to tell that to Gladstone?" Such a man is an honor to his country, a star in the crown of a Christian civilization and an inspiration to coming generations.

HE DIED CLIMBING. Great generals have been defeated again and again, but failing to recognize defeat they conquered in the end. The main thing is to win the last battle. The general who wins his last battle is sure of his place in history. Watch your defeats—your victories will take care of themselves. Never say die. Never admit defeat. Never give up. While there is life there is hope. Up, then, and at it! At a certain place in the Alps there is a monument to a guide who had perished when attempting to make the ascent of the mountain. The simple inscription on the stone is, "He died climbing." It is a noble tribute to a heroic man. He was in the line of his duty. His face was forward and upward. Higher and higher was his aim, not in a vain ambition, but in the way of duty. "He died climbing."

MONEY AND WALKING STICKS. Sam Jones, the famous Evangelist, is dead and gone. He was an eccentric genius. Some people disliked him but nobody ever went to sleep under his preaching. His sermons were always practical. The "application" in his sermon was always found at the close of each paragraph—or rather sentence. He made his points as he passed along. Here is one of his best illustrations:

"I don't want to run a three or four-hundred-thousand dollar concern for my board and lodging and clothes. I've got too much sense for that. John Jacob Astor was walking on Broadway one day, and two fellows were walking behind him, and one says: 'Jim, would you attend to all old Astor's business for your meals and clothes?' Jim said: 'No; I'm no fool.' 'Well,' says the other, 'that's all old Astor gets.' He owned twenty thousand houses in New York, and he couldn't live in more than one of them to save his life, and I live in that many myself, and I get along as well as he did. I'm not bothered with the thing. Money is like walking-sticks; one will help you along, but fifty on your back will break you down."

MONEY MATTERS. Time is money. Money is character. Character is destiny. If these three short sentences seem, to you, to lack logical connection then remember the suggestive words of Sir Bulwer Lytton. He says, "Never treat money affairs with levity, for money is character." Money is character. How you get it. How you keep it. How you invest it. How you spend it. How you hoard it. How you give it. How you use it. How you are influenced with it. Yes, money is character!

THE CHURCH AND CIVILIZATION. The value and meaning of our civilization is spelled out in the splendid proportions of the noble institutions which adorn modern society. The Church, the Common School, an unfettered press and an unchained literature, and that best of all institutions—the Christian Home. In this paragraph we cull from an exchange a brief cutting telling of a suggestive fact concerning the organization of one of the American territories: "The first legislature of the Territory of Idaho was composed exclusively of infidels. One of its earliest acts was one exempting church property from taxation. There was then no such property in the territory. 'But,' said they, 'we must have churches.'" What a wise company of agnostics.

WHISKEY DID IT. I am a subscriber to twenty or more leading publications. I have a desire to know what is transpiring in the world and a deep thirst for some fact or illustration which may brighten up a sermon or add interest to this particular department of the Western Home Monthly. The following incident will serve you in your next address on the subject of Prohibition. Read it! A professor of Greek in one of our leading universities published a volume on certain features of the ancient Greek dialects. It was a book technical in its nature, and intended only for scholars. Soon after it was published there appeared a criticism, in which several errors made by the professor were pointed out. The criticism was signed by a guard on the Sixth avenue elevated road of New York City. A reporter hunted him up and found an accomplished Greek scholar. "I was the best Hellenish of my year at Dublin," said the guard sadly. "But how does it happen that you are doing this kind of work?" queried the reporter. "Whiskey," was the only answer he got.

EARLY MARRIAGE. Henry Ward Beecher believed in early marriage, perhaps because his own had brought him so much happiness. I have just received a volume of "Beecher Illustrations" and on one page I find these words: "I tell you, there are pleasures which many young married people miss. I would not give up the first two years of my married life for all I have now. I live in a big house, with a brown stone front, and very fairly furnished; but, after all, among the choicest experiences of my life were those which I passed through in Indiana, when I hired two chambers up-stairs; when all my furniture was given to me, and was second-hand at that; and when the very clothes which I had on my back had been worn by Judge Birney before me. We were not able to hire a servant. We had to serve ourselves. It was a study every day how to get along with our small means—and it was a study never to be forgotten."

TOLSTOY'S EARLY FAILURES. When the insect skips from flower to flower it is after honey—and gets it. But many a youth moves so swiftly from project to project that no progress is recorded. How many a fond father has worried over a boy (the centre of all his hopes) who has seemingly been swept along from pillar to post without any conception of the value of stability or endurance. May we not hope that many such may finally find the true meaning of life and the value of one direct and determined aim and purpose. Says the Congregationalist concerning Tolstoy: "In his youth Tolstoy was not a diligent technical student. His career at the University of Kazan was a failure. Taking up superficially and rapidly dropping one subject after another, he matriculated the mathematical faculty, dropped mathematics for medicine, dropped medicine for law, dropped law for Oriental languages, and finally left the university without a degree. In later life he overcame this inability to apply himself steadily to a given task. When he finally set out on his search for the "meaning of life," he devoted himself to that quest with an intensity that nearly wrecked him, body and mind."

A GREAT PREACHER'S ILLUSTRATIONS. Earnestness is a winning quality. In maiden or youth earnestness commands respect. An earnest speaker, all things being equal, never fails to command attention and consideration. Cultivate earnestness, and let the church member and professor of religion be sure to count it among the cardinal virtues.

Dr. W. J. Dawson tells the sad but thrilling story of Charles Peace, who attained an infamous fame in England a few years ago as burglar and murderer, a man who seemed to be absolutely depraved in every part. As he was being led to the scaffold to expiate his crimes under human law, the prison chaplain offered him what are called "the consolations of religion"; the wretched man turned upon him and said, "Do you believe it? Do you believe it? If I believed that, I would crawl across England on broken glass on my hands and knees, to tell men it was true."

EVEN A CUP OF TEA. The greatest hero is the man who is master of himself. The greatest battle is the battle which is fought within. The greatest character is the character which is built on will power. The highest form of education is an educated will.

"Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the biographer of Nathaniel Hawthorne, states a fact which shows that, while yet a young man, he gave close attention to the direction his character was taking. A lady, in whose home he frequently took tea, said to him one evening: 'Now, Mr. Hawthorne, I am going to play Mrs. Thrale to your Johnson. I know you are a slave to my tea.'

To this playful compliment Hawthorne made no response. But it led him to note that he had learned to use the good lady's excellent tea as an indulgence, and that he was, in truth, becoming its thrall. Shrinking with manly dread from the thought of enslavement to that or any other sensuous appetite, he resolutely abstained from tea drinking for the next five years."

Hawthorne was wise. Test yourself at the point where you have the least suspicion of weakness. Be master of yourself.

YOU ARE BEING WATCHED. Mr. Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, tells a rather startling story out of his own experience as a reporter. He was being watched by the president of the United States when he least thought of it. Here is his own account:

"One of the speeches he was to report was that of President Hays. Not being very expert in his stenography, he failed to get a large part of the speech. So after dinner was over, he sought the President, explained his plight, and asked if he would give him a printed copy of the speech. The reporter found the eyes of the President curiously fixed upon him, as he said, 'My boy, can you wait a few minutes? I want to speak to you.' Of course it was easy for a boy to wait for the President of the United States. After 15 minutes the President beckoned and said abruptly, 'Tell me, why did you refuse wine at the dinner this evening?' Though surprised Mr. Bok explained the resolution he had made that evening for the first time. Whereupon the President, reaching for one of the plate cards of the table said, 'I wish you to write your name and address on this card, please.' The result was that he got the only verbatim report of the President's speech, and also received the following: My Dear Young Friend:

I have been telling Mrs. Hayes this morning of what you told me at the dinner last evening and she was very much interested. She would like to see you and asks if you will call at where we are stopping in Brooklyn, this evening at 8.30. Very truly yours,

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

That was the beginning of a valuable friendship and led on to other acquaintances and friendships which amply repaid that young reporter for his faithfulness to a principle. No man will go without his reward for adherence to duty."

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

The articles illustrated are mere suggestions of dainty, artistic, practical and much appreciated little gifts for Christmas. Our catalogue illustrates many elaborate and expensive pieces. Our mail order department will be found very satisfactory in all gift selections. Dingwall Jewelry is the out-put of Dingwall workshops and of high quality. Send for catalogue.

1. Solid gold locket, **$4.50.**
1A. Same, gold-filled, **$2.00.**
2. Solid gold locket, **$3.50.**
2A. Same, gold-filled, **$1.00.**
3. Solid gold pin, 3 fine pearls, **$2.00.**
3A. Same, one pearl, **$1.50.**
3B. Same, plain, **$1.25.**
4. Gold-filled baby pin, **75c.**
5. Solid gold pin, **$1.00.**
6. Solid gold necklet, **$3.00.**
6A. Same, gold-filled, **$1.25.**
7. Solid gold necklet, **$4.2.5.**
7A. Same, gold-filled, **$2.00.**
8. Child's gold-filled bracelet, **$2.50.**
8A. Same, sterling silver, **$1.00.**
9. Solid gold brooch and watch chatelaine, **$3.50.**
9A. Same, gold-filled, **$1.00.**
10. Solid gold locket, **$4.00.**
10A. Same, gold-filled, **$1.00.**
11. 14 K. gold brooch, fine pearls, **$6.**
12. Solid gold cuff links, **$4.00.**
12A. Same, gold-filled, **$1.50.**
12B. Same, sterling silver, **50c.**
13. Solid gold cuff-links, **$4.00.**
14. Solid gold cuff-links, **$4.00.**
14A. Same, gold-filled, **$1.50.**
15. Pearl scarf pin, 14 K. **$4.00.**
16. Pearl scarf pin, 14 K., **$2.50.**
17. 14 K. gold riding-crop brooch, **$5.**
18. Pearl brooch and pendant, 14 K., **$9.00.**
19. Pearl Fleur-de-lis brooch, 14 K., **$2.75.**
20. Pearl brooch, 14 K., **$2.00.**
21. Pearl wish-bone brooch, 14 K., **$2.50.**
22. Solid gold signet ring, **$3.00.**
23. Child's solid gold signet ring, **$1.25**
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24A. Same, gold-filled, **50c.**
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26. Solid gold brooch, **$2.00.**
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28. Fine pearl crescent, 14 K., **$5.50.**
29. Fine pearl crescent, **$3.00.**
30. Solid gold signet ring, **$4.00.**
31. Pearl scarf pin, 14 K., **$1.50.**
32. Fine opal scarf pin, 14 K., **$3.50.**
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35. Solid gold cross, **$3.00.**
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36. Solid gold signet ring, **$10.00.**
37. Solid gold Masonic ring, **$7.75.**
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44. Fine diamond ring, **$25.00.**
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46. Fine garnet ring, **$2.00.**
47. Solid gold brooch, fine pearls, **$5.**
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49. 14 K. gold brooch, fine pearls, **$5.50.**

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$9.50 Wingold Ball Bearing Washing Machine

If you want the very best and the highest grade reciprocating washing machine made in the world, a machine which combines every good feature of all other swing washing machines with many special features not to be found on any other washing machine made, if you want a washing machine that will do a big washing quicker and better than any other swing washing machine, no matter what its name, make or price, and a machine which runs so easily as to require almost no effort at all, by all means order our Wingold Ball Bearing Machine,

THIS IS ABSOLUTELY THE BEST MACHINE

of the reciprocating or swing washing machine type that we have ever offered. While those who have bought our machines heretofore are perfectly satisfied with them and claim that we have sold them the best machines they have ever seen for the money. We have made many improvements by testing and trying new features, and have been able to bring our washing machines for this season up to a still higher grade of efficiency than before. Our Wingold Ball Bearing, our easy running wonder, represents the perfection of washing machine manufacturing. Nothing would please us more than to have you compare our Wingold Ball Bearing, easy running wonder with the highest priced machines made by others at any price, and we know that your judgment will be in our favor. Don't pay $15.00 to $18.00 for a washing machine. You simply throw money away if you do. **$9.50 is all you need to pay** for the best washing machine made.

Our Patented Features make it possible for you to wash anything in the Wingold which can be washed in any washer, a claim which cannot be made for any other reciprocating washing machine offered by others even at $15 to $18. Heavy blankets, rugs, comforters, carpets, mechanics' blouses and overalls, men's working clothes of all kinds pass through this machine with ease, and yet the Ball Bearing Wingold is so scientific in construction that the most delicate fabrics, even rare laces and delicate curtains are thoroughly cleansed without the slightest injury to the materials. **A Thorough Cleansing Washer.** A great clothes and labour saver. Even a child can run it. Guaranteed for five years, against defects. You have **Six Months' Free Trial** to test the qualities and if it does not do exactly as we claim, you may return it and we will refund both the price and any transportation charges you paid. Send us your order to-day. **Buy a Wingold Washer** and get away from the back breaking and spirit breaking washday. Before you buy a washer of any kind write for our wonderful washing offer. Do it Now. Dept. W.H.M.

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Within Four Miles of the City of Kelowna (Population 1,200) in the Famous Okanagan Valley.

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The BEST and CHEAPEST system for sending money to any place in the world. For full information and rates call on local agents of Dominion Express or C.P.R.

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Guaranteed Silver Nickel Stem wind Man's Watch for selling only $3 worth of **lovely Christmas Postcards**; 25 designs, **all gems of art**; many richly embossed on solid backgrounds of gold; **all brilliantly colored.** Worth 5c each. **At 6 for 10c. They go like wildfire.** Send your name and address plainly written. The Gold Medal Premium Co. Xmas Card Dept. 12W. Toronto.

What the World is Saying

Progress of the West.

It takes a great deal more wheat to make a grain blockade in the West than it did five years ago.—Toronto Globe.

A Fair-Sized Young Province.

Alberta is a modest young Province, yet it is twice as large as Great Britain, and about as large as Germany or France.—Salt Lake City Herald.

No Saintly Method for His.

A St. Paul bartender said in police court Thursday: "I will sell liquor to any man as long as he is able to hold on the bar and has the price to pay for his drinks!" We would like to be judge just five minutes with such a criminal at the bar.—Austin (Minn.) Transcript.

A Hair Problem.

Paris regrets to report that the supply of human hair is insufficient to meet the demand. When women who set the fashion make baldness popular the peasant girl will have a better chance of keeping her crown of glory.—Vancouver Province.

San Francisco's Earthquake Shocks.

Since the awful catastrophe of April 18, 1906, San Francisco has experienced hundreds of earthquake shocks. This is the report of the California Earthquake Investigation Commission. The newspapers had no word of these lesser vibrations.—Portland Oregonian.

Grainfields vs. Goldfields.

Everybody thinks of the Yukon as a great aid to trade in its palmy days, and so it was. Yet the total output of gold in the Yukon in the ten years, 1896-1906, was $104,000,000, while Western grain crops this year alone are worth at least $150,000,000.—Monetary Times.

Bank Branches in the West.

There are three hundred and fifty bank branches between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains. No wonder the banks have been looking for bright young men for their service. Promotions in Canadian banks would have been very slow if it had not been for these growing towns.—The Shareholder.

Mexico's Forgotten Towns.

The Geographical Commission appointed seven years ago to map the towns of Mexico has reported the discovery of 7,670 towns which were not officially known to exist and were subject to no federal control. While some of these places range from 5,000 to 15,000 population, most of them are presumably small villages.—New York World.

A New Saskatchewan Town.

A year ago the surveyors laid out the townsite of Guernsey, Saskatchewan. Now it is a thriving place, with a Board of Trade and two political clubs. Four grain elevators are being erected and the business and residential sections are growing fast. This is the way we are making history.—Regina Leader.

The Rainy River District.

There is a good farming area in the Rainy River district that is being steadily filled up. This is another link between the East and the West, in a district that people used to say would remain unpopulated and unproductive forever.—Toronto Star.

A Waiting Area.

A new railway line from Calgary to Red Deer would at once add 28,000 to the population of the West. The settlers would at once flock in to open up this fine district. Here is a country just waiting to be added to the Dominion of Canada.—Calgary Herald.

One of the New Towns.

Melville, Saskatchewan, is so called from the second given name of Mr. Charles M. Hays. Before the first train pulled into the station it had one hundred and thirty buildings. Like the man whose name it bears, it will be a factor in the West.—Hamilton Spectator.

A Big Stretch of Country.

It is nearly three times as far from the eastern limit of the wheat belt to the Rockies as it is from Toronto to Montreal, and it is practically all productive country. You know what the Toronto-Montreal stretch produces, so you can imagine what the prairies will do when they are settled.—Montreal Herald.

Speed Madness.

At the automobile race at Douglas, Isle of Man, ambulances and doctors were stationed every mile along the course to care for sufferers from the anticipated casualties. Automobiling is a rich man's recreation. When it is carried the length of racing with danger of life it might be better classified as a foolish man's sport.—London Spectator.

Fort Frances Secures a Park.

There is great rejoicing in Fort Frances because the town has secured Pither's Point for a park. Not so very long ago the Mayor of Fort Frances would not have taken Pither's Point if he could have obtained it by singing a good song. But then in those days there was no Mayor of Fort Frances to sing songs, either good or bad. —Duluth Tribune.

An Eye to Business.

Last year construction gangs were working in the mud east of Saskatoon. This autumn there are two passenger trains per week between Winnipeg and Saskatoon on the Grand Trunk Pacific line. Now that newly settled swath of country will jump right along. It will be needing a good many carloads of furniture, and dry goods, and hardware, and groceries.—Canadian Manufacturer.

Prohibition in the States.

Arkansas has "gone prohibition" by 12,000 and Maine has re-declared itself in favor of the exclusion of intoxicants. Thus far this year American saloons have been closed at the rate of thirty a day. In ten months five whole States have abolished the bar. On January 1 next 38,000,000 people will reside in no-license territory, as compared with 6,000,000 ten years ago. —Philadelphia Ledger.

The First G. T. P. Train.

The man who had the honor of pulling out the first regular train on the Grand Trunk Pacific was John Culber. Think of the joy he had in seeing the people welcoming the train as it sped along. The sending out of that train was like letting water into an irrigation canal. It means the cultivation and population of a wide strip of territory, twice as long as from Montreal to Toronto. It was an event worth celebrating.—Toronto News.

Penny Post with America.

Who can doubt that the increased private correspondence resulting from the reduction of rates will lead to a strengthening of the bonds of friendship between Great Britain and America. Three-quarters of the population of the States have, it has been said, English blood in their veins. We have sent more than ten millions of our young men and maidens to develop her resources since 1815. We are pouring in from 100,000 to 150,000 emigrants per annum. And the ties of combined interests thus created will be more enduring and conquering peace-powers than all the battleship building the two nations could accomplish.—Lloyd's Weekly News.

Cattle On a Thousand Hills.

It is no figure of speech to talk of the cattle on a thousand hills in Alberta. The last census shows just about a million cattle in the Province. That means a thousand herds of a thousand head each. Besides there were 226,000 horses, 154,000 sheep and 114,000 swine. Aside from its great grain production Alberta has immense wealth in its live stock interests.—The Wool Trade Review.

A Hundred Years of Peace.

Lord Grey, who was once called in Canada, "the governor of happy inspirations," proposes for the year 1914 a festival of a hundred years' peace between the United States and Canada. President Eliot conspicuously moralized, three years ago, on the significance of a boundary of 3,000 miles without a fort or gun. Elihu Root, speaking at Ottawa some months ago, dwelt on the same thought. It was for Lord Grey to propound a celebration. It is likely to be a popular idea on both sides of the invisible line.—Minneapolis Journal.

Lumber Brought Round Cape Horn.

The best pine lumber has reached such a price in the Atlantic seaboard cities of the United States that a steamship has been engaged to bring a cargo round the Horn from British Columbia. The distance is some 16,000 miles, and in making it the vessel will have to call at three ports for coal. It is not very long since lumber was only counted a cargo for sailing ships. The liners may be competing for it if present conditions continue for long.—Montreal Gazette.

The Spreading Fame of Nokomis.

You have heard of Nokomis, not the withered old hag of Longfellow's poem, but the beautiful and blushing young town at the crossing of the Canadian Pacific Saskatoon branch and the Grand Trunk Pacific main line. It was started a year ago, and has already gone several stages on the way to fame. It has a hospital costing $5,000, a school costing $12,000, and the Canadian Northern is heading a line this way. It is expected to be the metropolis of that rich district, Last Mountain Valley.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

Railway Extension in the West.

Here are the new lines of the Canadian Pacific, which have just been opened for traffic: The new Winnipeg-Edmonton line to Wilkie, 117 miles west of Saskatoon; the Moose Jaw projection, 123 miles; the Wolseley-Reston branch, 122 miles; the line from Weyburn to Stoughton, 89 miles, and the Sheho extension, from Foam Lake to Lanigan, 80 miles. With all these additions to the "hopper," as well as the completed 673 miles of the Grand Trunk Pacific, it would be surprising if there were not some choking in the "spout" between Winnipeg and Fort William.—Financial Chronicle.

A Pioneer Manitoba Farmer.

Mr. G. M. Yeomans moved with his family to Alexander, Manitoba, in the summer of 1873. His first two seasons' crops were licked up clean by grasshoppers. The next two seasons he had wheat to fatten hogs with, and he was the first farmer to ship live hogs to Winnipeg market from the West. In the winter of 1881-2 he sold five carloads of wheat to the St. Boniface Flour Mills, which was the first wheat shipped by rail from west of Portage la Prairie. In 1897 Mr. Yeomans' youngest son drew and cashed the first big wheat ticket in Alexander, $6,640, all his own growing on one farm in that season. That would be small farming now in 1908 at Alexander.—The Canadian Magazine.

Britain the Arbiter.

Not since Beaconsfield saved Constantinople by ordering a fleet to Turkish waters and summoning troops from India has Great Britain acted with so much energy as was evinced by the Asquith Government in despatching a squadron to Lemnos, opposite the mouth of the Dardanelles, and thereby putting an immediate end to the mutilation of the Ottoman Empire. The mere report of the move convinced the Athens authorities that they had no desire for the annexation of Crete, and it is likely to convince the Bulgarians, who have ports on the Black Sea, that the hour is not ripe for an invasion of Macedonia. What is more to the point, the naval demonstration can hardly fail to remind Austria-Hungary that she too is vulnerable and that she might be persuaded to change her mind as to submitting the Bosnian question to an European congress if her seaports of Trieste and Fiume were in the hands of British warships.—New York Sun.

A Clear Complexion

Some Valuable Pointers on The Best Way to Relieve Skin Troubles

Thousands of people have looked for a long time—in vain—for a sure cure for skin trouble. Some suffer from chronic pimples and blotches, while others are terribly afflicted with itching eczema, psoriasis and other torturing diseases.

A cure has now been found—a cure so simple that we want every sufferer to hear of it. The D.D.D. Company's announcement on this page tells about this cure, which has proved so effective in thousands of cases. Read their remarkable offer.

The D.D.D. Co. makes this offer in order to prove positively that their remedy will instantly relieve the itch and soon give an absolutely clear complexion.

This remedy known as D.D.D. Prescription is the discovery of the eminent skin specialist, Dr. Decatur D. Dennis, and after a careful investigation and reading of reports from eminent specialists as well as a study of actual cases, we must admit that at last the true cause and cure of skin diseases has been found.

We hear that hospitals in every part of the country where rich people go to be treated for skin trouble are now using this remedy. What seems most remarkable to us about this matter is, that the D.D.D. Co. offers to do exactly the same for you as is done in a hospital, and that positively without charge. While you are using the remedy you can write any time to the D.D.D. Co. explaining your symptoms and the specialists in charge will tell you what to do as to diet, bathing, and the like.

External Cure for the Skin

This is explained by the fact that D.D.D Prescription works on the only scientific principle of curing the skin through the skin. Formerly in the old school of medicine, skin diseases were supposed to come from the blood, but Dr. Dennis, after years of study discovered that eczema is due to a germ which lodges in the skin.

Not At All a Blood Disease

Common sense will show you that eczema is not a blood disease. There are two kinds of skin trouble—two entirely different varieties. In the one kind the system is diseased and the skin trouble is merely a symptom, as for instance, scarlet fever, measles, or small-pox; in the other class of skin diseases the skin trouble is not a symptom, but in itself constitutes the disease. Thousands of people are suffering from eczema when they are not sick in any other way. This shows conclusively that eczema is in the skin itself, not in the system.

Remedy Found at Last

To cure the skn through the skin, by killing and dislodging these germs, Dr. Dennis compounded from various harmless ingredients the great D.D.D. Prescription which the greatest authorities now recognize as a specific for skin trouble. To convince you they offer a large sample bottle free (you should send ten cents to help pay postage and packing) and we certainly advise you not to neglect this free offer. Better sign the coupon now.

AWFUL--AWFUL ITCH

Then Instant Relief!

You who have suffered Nameless Tortures from Burning, Itching Skin Diseases--There's Instant Relief and Permanent Cure For You.

STELLA HARTMAN Aged 5 years, 8 months — STELLA HARTMAN Aged 5 years, 10 months
(From photographs by C. A. Stenmer, photographer at Galveston)

These pictures show the results of two months' treatment with D. D. D. Prescription. My daughter had suffered for five years with terrible skin trouble, all kinds of doctors and remedies having failed. My heartfelt thanks for D. D. D.
M. A. HARTMAN, Galveston, O.

After days and weeks of agony—restless, suffering days and sleepless nights—you can have the itching instantly relieved—the skin cooled and refreshed—the eruption gradually taken away and the skin made soft, clear and white again—**a complete cure.**

Apply a few drops of that clean, mild vegetable compound—D. D. D. Prescription—to the afflicted parts and feel the relief **at once.** It seems hard to believe that after the failure of so many other preparations to help you, D. D. D. will drive away the torture so quickly—but we have thousands of letters from people who have proved in their own cases that D. D. D. will do just that. And **what D. D. D. Prescription has done for thousands it will do for you.**

Don't dose the Stomach—cure the itch where the itch is—in the skin. D. D. D. cures by killing the germs that cause the trouble. It works directly and instantly.

Free Trial Treatment

Let Us Prove What D. D. D. Will Do For You

We want to send you this large 25c. bottle free, so that the remedy itself can convince you. The instant relief you will feel, and the rapid disappearing of the eruption and torturing itch will be the best proof you can possibly have that D. D. D. is the cure for Eczema and all Skin Diseases. The first drop will give instant relief from the itch, and this bottle will be enough to make a marked improvement in your condition.

All we ask you to do is to fill out the coupon below and send it to us with 10c. to help pay postage and packing. We prepay the charges and the bottle costs us more than 10c. If you are willing to invest only 10c., we are willing to send the free sample and lose money on it for the sake of your future trade and your recommendation. For we feel certain you will be more than willing to recommend D. D. D. to your friends, when you find out how much it helps you.

A FEW OF THE THOUSANDS

in Canada and the United States who have been Cured by D. D. D. Prescription.

MRS. WM. NOXON, King St., Picton, Ont., Canada, writes: "I have used the D. D. D. Prescription and I feel safe in recommending it to all skin sufferers as a fine medicine. I suffered so much from eczema before I knew of D. D. D. that I feel more than grateful for what it has done for me."

Sign the Coupon and let us send you the free sample bottle—**then** you will know why others are so grateful.

MRS. H. E. JOHNSTON, of Hespeler, Ont., wants others to hear of her cure: "Your preparation has cured me of Eczema after doctoring with two doctors and trying different ointments from drug stores, that only made it worse. I feel as though everybody should hear of it so they might be helped."

MRS. D. McGILLIVARY, Nanton, Alberta, tells of her experience last spring: "I am glad to say I received the three One Dollar Bottles of D. D. D. and two cakes of Soap safely, and am delighted with the result of both Prescription and Soap. The Soap is all that is required to complete the treatment. The little boy of two years and a half is to all appearances cured of the dreadful Eczema."

"My baby girl at two months broke out with the same rash and I treated her with the D. D. D. and am perfectly satisfied she is cured, to our great joy. I feel sure it is a splendid remedy for all skin diseases and I can highly recommend it. I shall always try and keep a bottle as a household remedy, for we feel thankful to you for it. I shall be glad to recommend it to anyone suffering with skin trouble."

MRS. SARAH E. HOLLINGSWORTH, Picton, Ont., writes: "Every other remedy I had tried would help for a while, but D. D. D. cured completely. It also cured a friend of mine who suffered untold agony before using it, and whom no doctor could help."

MRS. HENRY HARVEY, Black Lake, P. Q., Canada, says: "I had been a sufferer from facial eczema for about ten years. I was treated unavailingly by several doctors and remedies. About two years ago I saw D. D. D. advertised. I at once decided to give it a trial and sent for a sample bottle, which cured me in a couple of weeks, and I have not had it since. D. D. D. has been a god-send to me as well as many others."

MRS. WILLIAM FOX, Chancery Lane, Brockville, Ontario, Canada, says: "Gladly I give you consent to use any letter I may have sent in praise of your wonderful D. D. D. Prescription. My little daughter's head still remains clear of the horrid scaly disease. Her father and I both notice how much brighter she is and her light hair is simply beautiful, so thick and glossy, after six years of suffering. It seems wonderful that less than four bottles of D. D. D. should have cured her after so much money spent on the X-Ray treatment, failed."

J. GILLESPIE, 570 Beverley St., Winnipeg, Canada, says: "I have found in my case D.D.D. does all that is claimed for it."

SIGN THE COUPON TO-DAY

And Get Instant Relief

Besides the sample bottle we will send you a Free Book of directions for treatment with regard to bathing, diet, and exercise, for every kind of skin disease, including pimples and blotches, scab head, eczema, psoriasis, salt rheum and barber's itch. We will also send you letters from a few of the thousands of people who have been cured by D. D. D. Prescription.

Signing and sending this coupon puts you under no obligation to buy anything. Send only 10c. for posting and packing the Free Sample Bottle.

D. D. D. COMPANY

23 Jordan Street, Dept. M. 8.

Toronto, - - - Ont.

CUT OR TEAR OFF COUPON AND MAIL RIGHT NOW.....

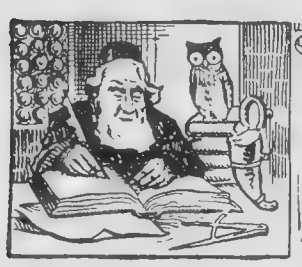
D. D. D. COMPANY
23 Jordan St.,
Dept. M. 8, Toronto, Ont.

Without any obligations on me please send by return mail, postpaid, your free bottle of D.D.D. Prescription, also free pamphlet on skin disease. I enclose only 10c for postage and will say I have never tried D. D. D. Prescription

Name.....

Address.....

Name of Druggist.....



THE PHILOSOPHER

The address which Lord Milner made to the Canadian Club of Winnipeg on Thursday, October 15, was admirable both in tone and matter. Apart altogether from the personality of the speaker, the address was one that could not but command the close attention of every thoughtful person who heard it, by its patriotic ring and the sane Imperialism that marked every sentence of it. But coming as it did from one who had played such an important part in great events so closely connected with the preservation of the Empire and the maintenance of British supremacy, force and influence were added to every word. Undoubtedly to many was borne in a new view of the relation in which Canada stands both to the mother country and to the Empire at large, and the result of that must be wholly good, since the very foundation of Imperial fabric rests upon the loyalty and good-will of the people of every part of it to the great confederation, the unity of which is symbolized and given practical effect to by the Crown. And since that is the case, the more intelligently and completely the people of the whole Empire realize the true facts, and the share which the widely scattered parts must take in the direction of Imperial affairs, the greater will be their progress, the stronger their security, and the more powerful the influence that the Empire will exercise among the nations. To the more complete understanding of this Imperial problem, Lord Milner's address was a valuable contribution.

LORD MILNER AT WINNIPEG.

"All life is a compromise," asserts a wise writer; and largely true, no doubt, as the assertion is of life as a whole, it is beyond question especially true of politics. Every man entering public life and allying himself with one party or another must needs, it would appear, fall in with the extreme way of stating his party's case. How often has not the Philosopher, during the progress of the recent Dominion general election campaign, wished that more public men would show themselves actuated by a sincere and whole-souled desire really to help the electors to judge calmly, dispassionately, and with full knowledge. Sir Edward Grey, the present British Foreign Secretary, in a recent thoughtful review article, says that the remedy is for the individual to keep his mind fresh and open and his thoughts free, holding that "the man who does so will not be less loyal to his party, if he understands what party means, and least of all will he disparage the British two-party system." Sir Edward says truly that as a means of carrying on representative government with security and continuity, the British two-party system, as it exists in this country, and in the United States, as well as in Great Britain, holds its own. It has the enormous advantage of reducing complicated questions to a simple issue of aye and nay before the public.

PARTY POLITICS.

The suggestion made by Mr. Thompson Seton that a World's Fair should be held in Winnipeg in 1912, in celebration of the centennial of the landing of the first party of Lord Selkirk's settlers on the banks of the Red River and the first planting of wheat in Western Canada, is one that should be taken up and carried out to a realization worthy of the memorable occasion which that centennial will be. It is not too soon now for public interest to begin to be aroused in the project. Newspapers should take the matter up.

THE SELKIRK CENTENARY.

In past ages a comet was a terrifying portent, a presage of dire disasters. The advance of astronomical knowledge has enabled us to be aware long beforehand of the coming of certain ones of these mysterious visitants of the system to which our terrestrial globe belongs. The one known as Halley's comet is due to reappear next May. It arrives every seventy-five years or so. It has been identified with the comet of the years 1835, 1759, 1682, 1607, 1531, and 1456. There are no reliable records of European observations previous to 1456, but it is also identified with the comet recorded by Chinese astronomers in 1378; and it is assumed that in the years 1305, 1230, 1006, and 835, in which comet visitations are chronicled, the people of those remote centuries looked in awe and terror at the self-same fiery tailed wanderer in the sky which we in May next shall regard only with curiosity. Milton saw it, and had it in mind when he wrote in "Paradise Lost":

A COMET DUE NEXT MAY.

> "Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
> Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
> That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
> In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
> Shakes pestilence and war."

"How comet-like it threatens while it shines," says Shakespeare of prosperity. The comet visitation of 1456 occurred just as the Turks had become masters of Constantinople and threatened to overrun Europe. To the daily prayers in the churches throughout Christendom was added the supplication, "Lord save us from the devil, the Turk, and the comet," and the Pope issued a bill upon that occasion. At Constantinople the occurrence of an eclipse of the moon at the same time that the comet appeared increased the portentousness of the event. In later times fear arose that the earth would be destroyed by collision with a comet. Scientific investigation, however, has showed the groundlessness of this fear, its extreme improbability, and the—so to speak—flimsy nature of a comet. As a matter of fact, the earth has been more than once enveloped in the tail of a comet, which was absorbed by our atmosphere without any appreciable effect.

So many and so marvellous are the triumphs of human achievement these days that nothing announced in the name of science and invention causes astonishment any more. "What next" is the usual comment, showing that the popular mind is prepared to accept as a matter of course any new discovery or invention, no matter how wonderful. Men sail through the air and beneath the waters of the sea, and converse through the ether, though a thousand miles apart; and now Mr. Marconi tells the world that the day is coming when we shall do our heating and run our engines by sun power direct, without recourse to coal, which is sun power in storage. Mr. E. W. Parker, of the United States Geological Survey, expresses the same opinion in the technical journal, "Mines and Minerals." Engines for utilizing sun power have already been invented, and we have at least the opinion of some wise men that they are to come eventually into actual everyday use. Perhaps we shall see sun power engines running the threshing-machines in the wheat fields of Western Canada, the solar heat which ripens the grain being harnessed and set to work in harvest time. Who knows?

A NEW USE FOR SUNSHINE.

In his earnest and most striking appeal to the people of Ontario early last month, on behalf of the tuberculosis sanitaria of that Province, Mr. H. C. Hammond, of Toronto, entered into a calculation to show that the productive lives cut off by the white plague in Ontario during the last ten years meant, so far as the loss can be expressed in dollars, a destruction of over $6,000,000. This striking method of presenting the ravages of consumption was followed by Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale University, at the great International Tuberculosis Congress at Washington later in the month. He estimated that the 138,000 deaths from tuberculosis in the United States annually cost in cash over $1,000,000,000. It is impossible, of course, to say that any such estimate is the exact truth; at the same time the attempt to emphasize the seriousness of the results of one form of disease by putting those results in terms of dollars has its interest. The annual losses by fire are annually figured out; and every one can appreciate what is meant by the enormous aggregate. The destruction wrought by the many devastating forest fires of the past few months has been estimated at many millions of dollars. The burnt areas stand as mute witnesses of loss. People have become accustomed to dealing with these things in terms of money. In regard to consumption, the humanitarian aspect rather than the economic has been emphasized. The loss to the family, and to the community, has been considered from a different point of view than that of cash value. While the exactness of Mr. Hammond's and Prof. Fisher's figures may be open to question, because of their novelty and the lack of an exactly ascertainable basis to go upon, the presentation of the subject from the money side may help to arouse wider interest in the warfare against the white plague.

FROM THE MONEY POINT OF VIEW.

Among the foremost men of power in the United States who are Canadians by birth stands Mr. James J. Hill, the great railroad builder. In his address at the dedication of a new building in connection with the Agricultural School at Crookston, during the past month, he said: "If I had my way, I would build a couple of warships less—yes, one less would be enough—and I would take the $5,000,000 which it would cost, and with it build a thousand schools of agriculture in the United States." Mr. Hill is right in his idea of the paramount importance of agriculture. It is true of Canada as it is of the United States that agriculture is the basis of the nation's political safety, as it is the basis of the nation's financial security. It is in the cities that the follies, and worse, which are a menace to the national welfare, take their rise. To promote agriculture is to promote the origin of wealth and of sanity, of pure blood and clear brain, of energy, and of right living.

THE FARMER AND THE NATION.

Despite the warnings so often disseminated by the papers and the magazines, we hear every now and then of such fatalities as the deaths during the past month of two members of a family living near Toronto Junction from eating what they believed to be edible mushrooms. Only the skilled botanist is unfailingly able to distinguish between edible and poisonous fungi. As a rule, the poisonous varieties grow in the woods, and the only ones safe to eat are found in the open. No Indian will eat any kind of fungus; and this hereditary prejudice has unquestionably saved many an aboriginal life. Among us palefaces there are ever present half-informed savants, the terror of the really educated botanist, who delight in inculcating the lesson they think they have learned—that nine fungi out of every ten are edible and harmless. Of the tenth they know little or nothing. Now, if they are themselves prepared to take a ten to one wager against their own suicide, it is, even if true, a very dangerous article of faith to spread broadcast among the community. The Indian prejudice is a very much safer thing than the rashness of such imperfect knowledge. Better that many millions of edible fungi should be left to rot on the ground than that a single human life should be endangered.

MUSHROOMS AND INDIANS.

So persistent are the Hindu hereditary ways of thought, faith, habit and custom that after generations of the enlightening influences of British rule in India, Hindu widows still lead lives of wretchedness and humiliation. The suttee, or self-immolation of Hindu widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands, was abolished by the British Government in 1829, and the aiding and abetting of that horrible religious rite was made legally the aiding and abetting of suicide, with extremely severe penalties. Yet it is stated that within the last three years at least five cases of suttee are now known to have occurred in different parts of India, one of them in the city of Calcutta itself. The position of a widow among the Hindus is that of a being who has lost all rights beyond those of mere existence; that was why in the old days widows voluntarily carried out the rite of suttee. The Hindu widow of today is in a position little better than that of the Hindu widow of old who failed to end her life by the suttee. She must sleep on the ground; she is allowed but one meal a day; she loses all authority in her household; she is shunned and flouted; she may not marry—that is to say, while British law allows her, of course, as it allows any other widow, to marry, Hindu custom, too strong for her to assert herself in violation of it, forbids her marrying; she is excluded from festivities and gatherings, even of her own family. Only by way of a rare exception is a Hindu widow saved from these thousandfold humiliations and injustices. This exception occurs when she has a son who has more brain and heart than the average Hindu.

WIDOWS IN INDIA.

OVER $4,500 IN PRIZES

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HOW MANY WHOLE KERNELS IN FIVE POUNDS OF No. 1 NORTHERN WHEAT?

We have selected five pounds of No. 1 Northern Wheat from the office of the Chief Grain Inspector, David Horn. It has been weighed and sealed by the Dominion Inspector of Weights and Measures, and will remain deposited in the vaults of the National Trust Co. until the competition closes, at 12 o'clock noon, March 31, 1909. Three judges, in no way connected with our office, will count the kernels and award the prizes as soon as the competition closes. No one directly or indirectly connected with the Nor'-West Farmer shall participate or take a prize. No person shall take more than one prize.

NOW is the time to record your estimate. **In case of a tie the nearest correct estimate first received gets the award.**

The names of the prize-winners will be published in our issue of April 20, 1909; and instructions will be asked for the shipping of the prizes. All prizes will be shipped f.o.b. Winnipeg.

In Sending Subscriptions, mail direct to the Nor'-West Farmer. Cut out the accompanying subscription blank, fill in the name, address and send in with the necessary amount to cover the number of years subscribed for. If you take advantage of more than one year's subscription, entitling you to additional **estimates** place these additional **estimates** on the lower white margin. Send money by registered letter, express money order or postal money orders. All checks must include exchange. Note carefully the conditions on the subscription blank. In sending in a number of names, write the additional names and addresses plainly on a separate sheet of paper.

LIST OF PRIZES

1st	**A COMPLETE THRESHING OUTFIT,** consisting of 16 h.p. Waterloo portable engine, a 28-42 separator, a Parsons-Hawkeye self-feeder, a Virden grain measure and bagger, a blower, 150 foot Durham rubber belt and a water tank, value	$3000.00
2nd	**McLEAN PIANO,** upright, supplied by J. J. H. McLean & Co., value	400.00
3rd	**COCKSHUTT DRILL,** 20 shoe, single disc, latest type, supplied by Cockshutt Plow Co., value	135.00
4th	**BRANDON SUB-SOIL PACKER,** supplied by the Brandon Machine Works Co., value	115.00
5th	**GRAY BUGGY,** finely upholstered, with top, supplied by Wm. Gray & Sons, value	110.00
6th	**MAGNET CREAM SEPARATOR,** capacity 350-400 lbs. per hour, supplied by Petrie Mfg. Co., value	100.00
7th	**CANADIAN AIRMOTOR WINDMILL,** 8 foot wheel and 30 foot tower, supplied by Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co., value	90.00
8th	**NEW ECLIPSE GANG PLOW,** either 12 or 14 inch bottoms, supplied by Stewart-Nelson Co., value	80.00
9th	**MAW-HANCOCK DISC PLOW,** two furrow, supplied by Jos. Maw & Co. value	75.00
10th	**ROYAL PENINSULAR RANGE,** thoroughly up-to-date cooking range, supplied by Clare & Brockest, value	65.00
11th	**P. & O. SULKY PLOW,** either 14 or 16 inch, supplied by Parlin & Orendorf Co., value	60.00
12th	**RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE,** supplied by the Raymond Mfg. Co., value	55.00
13th	**EDISON PHONOGRAPH,** with records, supplied by Winnipeg Piano Co. value	45.00
14th	**DEERE DISC HARROW,** supplied by John Deere Plow Co., value	40.00
15th	**WINGOLD KITCHEN CABINET,** supplied by Wingold Stove Co., value	35.00
16th	**WATSON FEED CUTTER,** supplied by John Watson Mfg. Co., value	30.00
17th	**F. WILLIAMS SHOT GUN,** English make, 12 gauge, supplied by Hingston-Smith Arms Co., value	25.00
18th	**SILVER KNIVES AND FORKS,** half doz. each, pearl handles, supplied by D. R. Dingwall Ltd., value	11.00
19, 20, 21 and 22	**WALTHAM WATCH** each, seven jewel movement, gold-filled case, either lady's or gentleman's as desired, supplied by Henry Birks & Sons and D. R. Dingwall Ltd., value each	10.60
23, 24, 25 and 26	**CYCLE SKATES,** either lady's or gentleman's, size optional, supplied by Canada Cycle & Motor Co., value per pair	2.50
The 100	Next Closest Estimates will each have the choice of one of the following books, each worth $1.50: "Steam Boilers, their Care, Construction and Operation"; the "Practical Gas and Oil Engine Hand-book" bound in leather; "Concretes, Cements, Mortars, Plasters and Stuccos"; and Modern Carpentry No. 2—Advanced Series."	
Then the next 100	Closest Estimates will have the choice of one of the following books, each worth $1.50: "Practical Gas and Oil Engine Hand-book" in cloth; "Farm Engines and How to Run Them"; and "Modern Carpentry and Joinery."	
Total Prize Distribution		$4,773.40

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2 years' subscription and	$ 2	gives you	3 estimates
3 " "	$ 3	" "	5 "
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8 " "	$ 8	" "	15 "
9 " "	$ 9	" "	17 "
10 " "	$ 10	" "	21 "

You May Get Several Persons

to club with you, the subscriptions to cover one year. These subscriptions and estimates must be received in one envelope, so that we may credit them properly.

5	persons	sending	$ 5	get	10	estimates	and each	have	1	year's subs.
6	"	"	$ 6	"	12	"	"	"	1	"
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8	"	"	$ 8	"	16	"	"	"	1	"
9	"	"	$ 9	"	18	"	"	"	1	"
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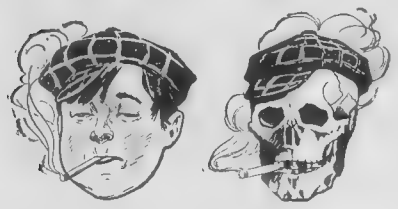

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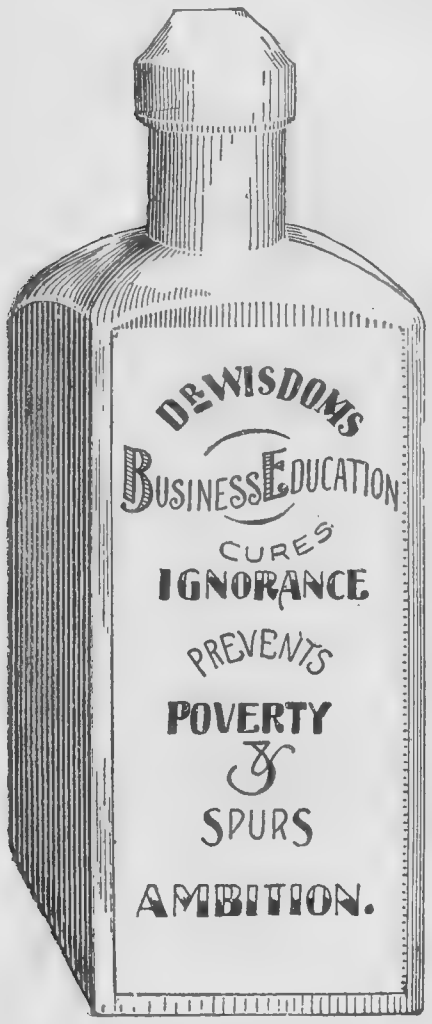

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Individuality a Sin.

By Helen Oldfield.

IN the old Persian fairy tale, the beautiful princess who climbed the steep black rocks of the desert, seeking the well of living water (a cupful of which waters, poured into a basin, becomes forthwith a perennial fountain), was assailed by many voices calling upon her to desist; voices beseeching, threatening, pleading, reviling, alluring, or terrifying. Even so is it with us all on the journey through life, and the straight path of duty is often beset with fear and temptation; while voices tender or terrible, are forever calling upon us to stop and stay.

Among such voices none is more alluring, to the man or woman with a purpose, than that of Individualism, the cult which maintains that each and every human being has the inalienable right, God given, to lead his or her own life, irrespective of all others, men, women, and children; that one's first duty is to oneself, ignoring the fact that no one can be true to oneself while false to any other.

It is not a new doctrine, despite its comparatively recent access of favor with press and rostrum. Although done over, so to speak, and freshly decorated, it is neither more nor less than the question of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" the disregard of responsibility, the "seeking one's own," careless of the needs, even of the rights, of others. Or perhaps it may assume another guise, that of genuine enthusiasm for all humanity, a zeal, "not according to knowledge," in that it suffers the fire to go out on one's own hearthstone, while aspiring to the unattainable stars.

There is an old story of a man who travelled far and long, seeking Happiness, returning after many years, worn and weary, to find her dead of cold and hunger at his long closed door. There be women nowadays, as well as men who make the same mistake.

There is something infinitely attractive, as well as persuasively plausible, in the theory that any talent, however small, is a divine gift to be cultivated and made the most of, that most being always chiefly, if not altogether, the aggrandizement of the individual, the exaltation and exploitation of self. To women especially it appears even as an angel unlocking the gates of Paradise, the herald of a gospel so sweet and entrancing, that they yield gladly to its fascinations, until they find themselves sailing out of smooth waters (which, though narrow and land locked, were safe) into a troubled sea, full of difficulties and dangers, with unsounded depth of darkness underneath its treacherous surface.

To married women it is most dangerous, since it sets itself from the beginning in opposition to all unity and harmony between husband and wife, to all submission of individual desires to the more important interests of the family. It says to the wife who feels herself to be a person of some power, not to say talent, "Why should you be the mere echo of your husband? Why should your intellect be merely tributary to his? Why should all the gifts and graces which fit you so well to shine in a wider sphere be absorbed in domestic drudgery and the care of children? Anybody can wash faces, sew on buttons and the like. You first duty is to yourself, and no other has the right to interfere with it. If you are content to be a household slave, if you feel that this is the highest, and truest, and best representative work of which you are capable, by all means do it; but if you are conscious in your secret soul of a talent, perhaps five talents, hidden in a napkin, in the name of the power which entrusted them to you, be up and doing, go forth and use them.

Send $6.50

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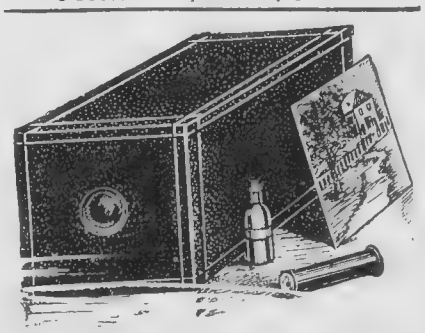

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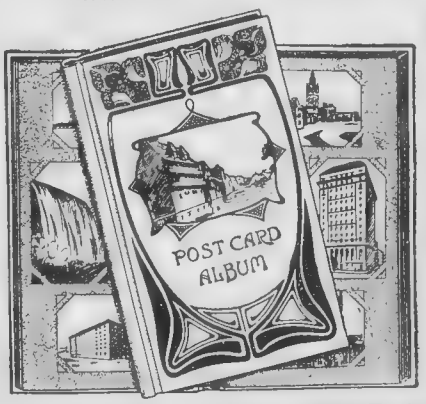

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It contains all the following Games, Tricks, etc., with full directions: Games of Authors, 48 cards; Set of Dominoes; How to Tell the Age of Any Person; Language of Flowers; Parlor Tableaux; Pantomime; The Clairvoyant; 275 Autograph Album Verses (new); 200 Conundrums or Riddles, with answers, (new). The New Book; 11 Parlor Games; Magic Music; 15 Magical Experiments; The Puzzle; Order of the Whistle; Window Trick; Nine Men Morris Game; Spanish Prison Game; Set of Kiss Cards; Assorted Comic Cards, and many other things. This Budget of Wonders will amuse and instruct your friends and the whole family. Get one and be popular. Sent post paid for only 10 cents in silver. Helfrich & Co., 35 Wisconsin Street, Chicago, Ill.

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New Designs, Strong Neat and Durable. Made of thoroughly seasoned hardwood, finished in golden oak. The following are some of the **Wonderful Values We Offer.** Don't buy chairs or furniture of any kind until after you get our **Big Catalog.** Write to-day, simply say, send me your New Big 1908 Catalog Free.
25% to 40% Saved. The best and most reliable furniture at **marvelously low prices.**

No. 30A—Our Special Kitchen Chair, a strong, serviceable hardwood chair for very little money. Has medium high back. Made of hardwood, finished golden, Weight, ten pounds.
Each .....42c.

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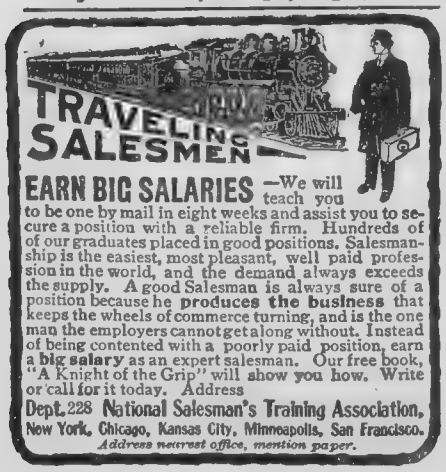
W. J. M. Glaves, Box 15B, Bright, Ont.



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New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco.
Address nearest office, mention paper.

Is it strange that an ill-advised and inexperienced woman, feeling what she imagines to be genius stirring in her breast, hearkening to this New Thought, should consider herself justified in seeking personal fame, personal recognition, personal honor? What wonder that she should justify herself in her own eyes for sacrificing to them, if it be necessary, family affections, family ties, the claims of husband and children? Perhaps she reasons that she can gain most for them by so doing; a grave error, since nothing whatever can atone to a home for the loss of its mistress, can compensate a child, especially a girl child, for the want of a mother's tender care.

No man, much less any woman, can serve two masters; she must inevitably love the one and hate the other. She who feels she has a vocation above the household had best not marry. Marriage, from its nature, exacts the subordination of self, or rather the absorption of self in love and thought for others. The vocation of wife and mother is fully sufficient to occupy the whole energy, all the talent, of any woman who makes it her life work and does it well. The mothers of all the great men of history, so far as we know, have been superior women, with strong personality and ability, which have been impressed upon their sons. The work accounted of most importance with builders is that of those who work out of sight, who lay the foundations and see that the drains are sure. The strength of a nation is in its homes; the citizens of the future, upon whom depends its weal or woe, are in the nurseries of today, and it is the women of those homes who

"Mold the future as mothers;
"Govern the present as wives."

"The prophet who hath a dream, let him tell a dream." If any woman feels herself to be called to a special work let her do that work, in God's name, but let her devote all her energies thereto, nor attempt at the same time to rear a family, lest the struggle to hold both, with the one hand and with the other she is buffeted and beaten, if not broken and torn apart. The woman who is not willing to lay herself, with all that she has and is, a sacrifice upon the marriage altar, had best keep away from it altogether, nor trick any man with vows which she cannot and will not fulfill.

Marriage is neither the sole nor yet the chief end of woman. All are not miserable who "sit by solitary fires and hear the nations praising them, far off." There is work to be done, work which has been done by women, whom no children, but the whole world, rise up and call blessed; women who heard the master's call and went forth to obey. Florence Nightingale, Frances Willard, Clara Barton, Jane Addams, and a host of others—what happy wife, what joyful mother of children can claim richer reward than they? Neither may any say that these, and such as these, have "lived their own lives," in the new thought meaning of the phrase. Rather have they been lives of noble self-sacrifice, lives given to the highest service of their kind. The highest moral conception of which humanity is capable is that of the subordination of the individual to the general good.

"Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant," is the teaching of Christ, who we are told "pleased not himself." Honor and duty have the first claim upon the individual, each and all, and the duty which lies nearest to our hand is that which we are required to do with all our might.

All humanity from the inherent nature of things, is interdependent. Every man and woman enters upon the earthly life as a helpless infant, perishing without the tender care of others, and, dying, must be carried by others to "the last long home." To love and to care for others is the one and only true life; selfishness, the worm at the root which blights the fairest flower, which withers the sweetest, most perfect fruit. The Gentiles, whom St. Paul commended as "a law unto themselves," did by nature the things contained in the law. And that law was far from being liberty, still less was it akin to license. They walked in the straight path from moral rectitude, and thus were blameless, when judged by the law. It is only strictest probity or dazzling genius which can be a law unto itself.

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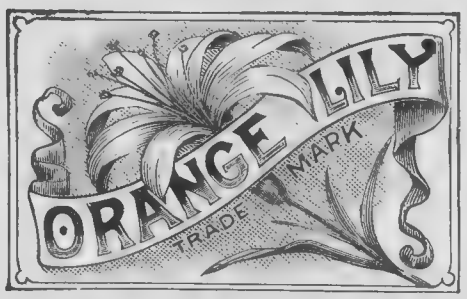

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I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

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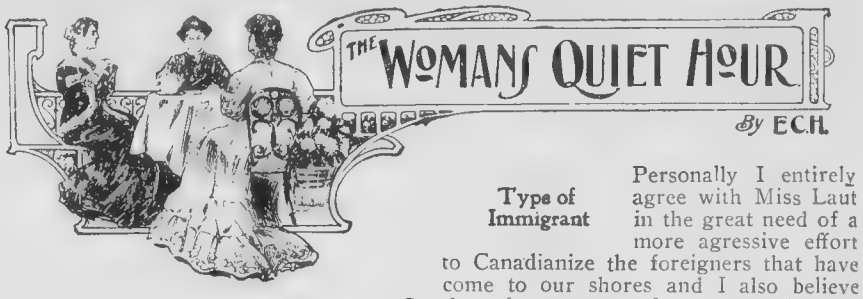

By E.C.H.

"Build thou more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past;
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

During the month I have been dipping into poems of the great Boston physician and felt suddenly, when I sat down to write, that to some of my readers, as well as to myself, there might be a new message in the familiar passage quoted above It is one of the things that never grows stale. The possibility of leaving the old behind and reaching forward to the new is the only thing that has kept many a woman sane on our great prairies in the days that have gone by.

Assimilating Foreigners

During the month the Women's Canadian Club of Winnipeg had the pleasure of entertaining at luncheon Miss Agnes C. Laut, the author who received her initial training in writing on the Manitoba Free Press and who left Winnipeg for New York some 11 years ago and who, in that time, has published eight books dealing more or less with the past of the great north land. The best known of her books are "Lords of the North" and "Heralds of Empire." Then there is the "Pathfinder," "Gamesters of the Wilderness" and others, whose names I have forgotten. Miss Laut is still under 40 and is a woman that, as Western Canadians particularly, we have cause to be proud. Miss Laut had a message for women, not only those of the Canadian Club who were reached by her voice, but for English speaking women all over the Canadian west and it was the words at the head of this paragraph—"assimilate the foreigners."

Miss Laut had returned from a trip down the Saskatchewan from Edmonton to Lake Winnipeg and her attention had been more especially called to this matter by noting that during 260 miles of her trip she had met only one person who spoke English. She met French, halfbreed, Galician, German and Doukhobor settlers in that space and not one of them could speak English. She pointed out that in the New England States there had been, years ago, a great influx of foreign population and the genuine New Englanders, more particularly the women, hed held aloof from them and refused to do anything to Americanize them. The result was that because these foreigners could live on a diet that would kill an Anglo-Saxon and because they were willing to do work that Anglo-Saxons did not want to do they throve and acquired money and power but they acquired nothing else, and were as foreign when they had been in the country 10 years as they were the day they arrived. The consequence was that the large cities and towns of the New England States whenever a crisis came were ruled by a foreign mob. In the Western States, where there had been really a larger percentage of foreigners go in the case was practically reversed. In every village and small town, women's national clubs had been formed and one of the duties of these clubs had been to nationalize the foreign women coming in. So well had they succeeded, that today there is no part of the United States where the foreign element has been so thoroughly assimilated and absorbed and Americanized as in Minnesota and the Dakotas.

Miss Laut urged the establishment of branches of the Women's Canadian club throughout the cities and towns of the west with this special end in view.

Type of Immigrant

Personally I entirely agree with Miss Laut in the great need of a more agressive effort to Canadianize the foreigners that have come to our shores and I also believe that the women of a community are the ones who can do this work best and most effectively.

The women of the Canadian West have before them a far more difficult problem than the native born American women of Minnesota and the Dakotas. In those states a very large percentage of the foreigners were Scandinavians, the most readily nationalized of all the immigrants coming to America, they have had no such problem as confronts the Canadian women who must deal with Galicians, Germans, Hungarians, Doukhobors, Italians, in fact Southern Europeans generally. But even this task is not impossible of achievement as has been abundantly proved by the work done by All People's Mission in Winnipeg and by the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church which is maintaining a training school for Galician girls in Edmonton and also a reading room for them.

There is no more striking proof of what can be done in this line than the diningroom girls at the Alberta Hotel in Edmonton. It is known among travelling men as one of the best equipped diningrooms in the west. Few of the travellers know, however, that practically all the girls in that diningroom are Galicians and that the head waiter came to the hotel a few years ago to do the roughest manual work, because she could not speak a word of English and therefore could only be employed in that way. These girls have splendid physiques, they are neat in their dress, extremely quiet and selfrespecting in their manner and very attentive to the wants of the guests. Indeed they are a splendid example of what a few years training and care will do to develop Canadians from people of this nationality.

The Club of One

While I approve highly of the forming of Canadian clubs in the small villages and towns, and indeed in the country districts also I believe very firmly in the good results of the club of one, that is that every woman in a village or town seek to know and help the foreign women of that town. Assist them in acquiring English and when they have made a little progress in the language carefully, little by little, bit by bit instill into their minds something of the history of Canada and something of the advantages that come to a woman from being a Canadian.

I think I can hear some woman say "that is all very fine for 'E. C. H.' sitting comfortably in Winnipeg, but how would she like to wrestle with a woman who did everything the opposite way to which you were accustomed and could not understand a word you were saying to her." Candidly I would not like it a little bit, but I have made one rule about foreigners and tried to live up to it. It is to remember that they are strangers in a strange land and to try and imagine how very badly I would shine at doing housework or any other work for that matter in Galicia, for example, for I do not know one word of any language but my own.

If an employer can once realize this I think it will help them wonderfully to be patient with these people and not do anything to antagonize them with Canada or Canadian ways. Many of us do not approve of the government having brought so many of these people in from Southern Europe, but they are here and the only wise thing is to make the best we can of them.

The Other Side

Writing of how hard it must be for the foreigners I am reminded of a story of a friend of mine who was superintending the erection of a large mill. I had gone to see the work and noted that a number of those employed were foreign-

ers. When questioned my friend said "I have 300 men and they speak every language under heaven and a few that no man can understand. Look at that follow," he continued, "the other day I asked him to bring me a shovel and he brought me a wheelbarrow, and you know you cannot hit a man over the head with a wheelbarrow," he ended with a laugh. The man in question was a tall, athletic looking fellow of about 30, very handsome but with the most dazed and wondering expression in his eyes I had ever seen. It quite haunted me. A couple of weeks later I went to see the work again and my friend reminded me of this man, and said come and have a look at him now. We went into a large shed where the fine oak finishing for the offices of the mill was being prepared. There stood the "stupid foreigner" but what a change. An interpreter had been found who could speak his language. I forget what it was, and this interpreter speedily found out the man was an expert cabinet maker. Given instruction in his own language, and put at the work he was accustomed to he was, to quote my friend, "a whirlwind to work and one of the very best men on hardwood finishing he had ever employed." Suppose he had not been discovered and had continued at the hard uncongenial toil of wheeling gravel would he have been likely to develop into a good citizen.

Agnes Dean Cameron

Miss Cameron is back from the northland as far as Edmonton and very shortly we hope to have pleasure in entertaining her in Winnipeg. At many of the points she visited she was the first white woman to penetrate. From an interview at Edmonton I have clipped the following and hope to give my readers some further news of this brilliant Canadian next month.

The trip down the Mackenzie was made in the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, and Miss Cameron and her companion express delightful surprise at the comforts enjoyed by them en route. But not all the three months' trip was accomplished so comfortably, though it was in every phase enjoyable. Canoes and pony-trains and democrats were among the conveyances used. Stops were made at Fort Chipewyan, Fort Smith, Fond du Lac. Fort Simpson, Fort Providence, Fort Good Hope, Fort McPherson—and when returning by way of the Peace River the party visited Fort Vermillion, Peace River Landing and Lesser Slave Lake.

In all, Miss Cameron, on her return to Chicago, will have covered 10,000 miles, and has collected a great deal of material for her literary work.

The two most vivid impressions brought back by Miss Cameron from the north is that of the superb country rich in natural resources, lying between us and the Artic Pole, and also the indescribable and delightful hospitality and cordiality of the people of the Northland—the Hudson Bay traders and factors, and the missionaries of the various posts, as well as the settlers met with.

Dolls of Yesterday

Here are a few verses that I think will find an echo in many a woman's heart.

I wonder in what place of woe,
What place of darkness, where, oh, where—
Oh, piteous sight, where row on row
Lie forms of beauty stripped and bare.
Where waxen cheeks no more have care—
What fate hath driv'n them all away?
Uncombed, unkempt the silken hair—
Where are the dolls of yesterday?

Alas for dollies! One by one
The bears have chased them all away;
The wax and fair, with golden hair;
Where are the dolls of yesterday?

Say, why no more a place of bliss,
In happy homes no happy share?
Say, why no more a mother's kiss,
Of sweet caress bereft and bare?
Alas, alas, what fell despair!
What fate hath blown them all away?
And why, oh, why, do children care
No more for dolls of yesterday?

Alas for dollies! One by one
The bears have chased them all away;
The bright and fair, with curling hair;
Where are the dolls of yesterday?

—M. E. Jones.

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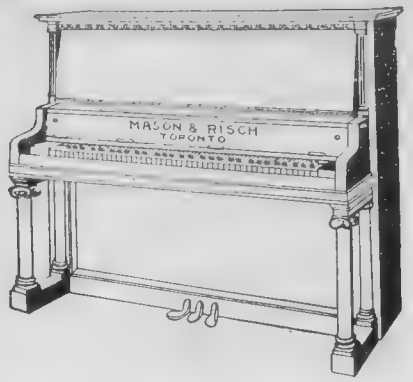

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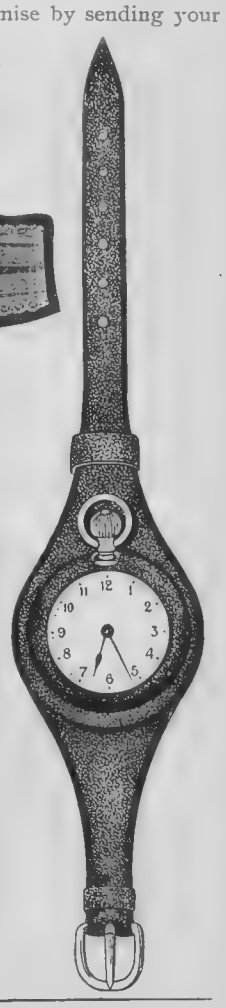

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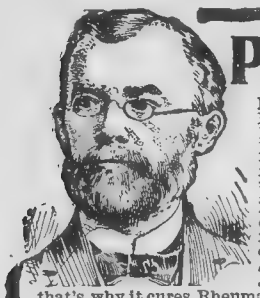

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What to Wear and When to Wear it.

Fur Hats

As I predicted last month the nearer approach of really cold weather has brought the fur hat and the fur trimmed hat again into prominence. All sizes of these hats from turbans to mushrooms are shown but the medium sized turban predominates. Very few of the hats shown, so far, are entirely of fur and honors are about equally divided between brims of fur and crowns of fur.

A very pretty model shown is a mushroom shape with the whole brim and bandeau of mink and the crown made of three large wine colored velvet roses and a smart osprey set at the right side of the crown for a finish.

All kinds of fur are used in hats, mink probably leads in the more expensive goods, but Persian lamb, Ermine, dyed lynx, Alaska sable, squirrel and dyed fox are all to be seen.

Something of pleasant news to the girl whose brother is a good shot is the fact that grebe will be much worn on hats this winter. It combines very artistically with velvet and I am told that the skins are quite easily cured. Crowns of grebe with velvet brims are very effective and one of the handsomest combinations seen was a large mushroom with crown of grebe and brim of rich green chiffon velvet.

Another note in hats is a return to the Charlotte Corday. A number of these have appeared at all the late openings and as they are extremely becoming they bid fair to make a big run for the balance of the season. They are almost invariably of velvet, though occasionally a crown of velvet will have a crown of pleated satin in a paler shade of the same color. Only small plumes are worn on these hats and many of them are finished with a wreathe of velvet roses or leaves round the crown with a knot or bow of velvet at the side.

Black and White

Before leaving the subject of hats I want to call attention to the extreme popularity of black and white this season. It has always been good style but this year it is certainly a leader. Combinations are made of white ottoman cord and black velvet, black satin and white velvet and many others. Ever and always this winter it will be a leader.

Suits

Let me give a word of warning to the woman who has not yet bought a fall suit. If she buys one at all let her be sure to get one with a long coat, below the knee if possible, for naturally if she buys a suit now she will want to wear it next spring and anything approaching jacket length is bad style even now.

Net Waists

In fancy separate waists the nets are in the lead and more especially the self or string colored waists. These are made up over the lightest and thinest of India or Japan silk the same shade as the waist. Quite a number of them have little touches of color but the best value is in the ones that have no color for they can be worn with any shade of skirt and are a most useful garment for informal evening gatherings, afternoon teas and the like, as they always look dressy without making the wearer conspicuous. In making these waists be sure and make the sleeves come down pointed over the hand and edged with the daintest of little frills. A very high collar pointed behind the ears is another essential in the get up of these waists.

Neckwear

Not in many a long day has so much attention been given to neck decoration and at present it is impossible to get a ruching that is too high or too full to be correct.

To the girl who has a fair amount of time to spend on making little items of dress for herself and who on the other hand may not have a long purse let me make a suggestion. There is no ruching today more popular than that made of fine Brussels net. Now these ruchings are very dear to buy but if a yard of fine Brussels net is secured two or three can be made out of it. Double box pleats are the best method of making them and they should only be lightly sewed by hand as then they can readily be taken to pieces the net washed and ironed and then made up again. It is simply amazing how much money can be frittered away on these ruches and they are so exceedingly perishable and are not to be tolerated excepting when perfectly fresh. The season delights in contrasts and though ruches are so much in vogue plain collars and stocks are equally popular with the more distinctly tailored gown but here too absolute freshness is enjoined. The stocks and plain collars have one great advantage over the ruchings, they are easily laundered and any woman in a home of her own can be neat and fresh at the expense of a little time and trouble.

This reminds me of a girl who during the past summer went to keep house for a brother in the country and wrote back to Winnipeg for a celluloid collar because it was too much trouble to do up stocks and collars. Personally I would be very sorry for the man who married that girl. At heart she was a sloven. Please remember I can quite conceive of it being with some women a case of a celluloid collar or none at all and in that case by all means the celluloid, but in this case it was purely that it was too much trouble. She had plenty of time.

Girdles

The girl who has to make her last year's party dress do another turn, and who eyes with disgust its lines that are so different to the latest creations of the present season, will be surprised what a change can be wrought by the modification of a black satin girdle. Black girdles are worn with every color under the sun and even the fact that the dress may be trimmed with a contrasting color does not forbid the use of a black girdle, all that is necessary is to add a touch of that color to the ends, short or long, that fall from the girdle. A style that smartens up an old gown wonderfully is to take three or four yards of black satin ribbon about five or six inches wide. Shirr this in the middle and twice again and put featherbone on the shirrings. This forms the belt. Fasten it at the right side, cross the ribbons bring them round and tie on the left hip with two bows and long ends. Supposing for example you have a cream dress trimmed with green. You would add this girdle and put little green tassels or green and gold tassels on the sash ends of the girdle that hang down. It will make your dress look like new and will not be very expensive as ribbons of the width indicated can be bought of quite sufficient weight for 20c per yard.

The Good Earth.

The smell of burning weeds
Upon the twilight air;
The poignant call of frogs
From meadows wet and bare;

A presence in the wood
And in my blood a stir,
In all the ardent earth
No failure or demur.

O Spring wind, sweet with love
And tender with desire,
Pour into veins of mine
Your pure, impassioned fire!

O waters, running free
With full, exultant song,
Give me, for outworn dream,
Life that is clear and strong!

O good earth, warm with youth,
My childhood heart renew;
Make me elate, sincere,
Simple, and glad, as you!

O springing things of green,
O winging things of bloom,
O winged things of air,
Your lordship now resume!

The Month's Bright Sayings

Max Beerbohm: When a man talks of his breeding write him down a snob.

Hall Caine: There is a fashion in books, especially in novels, just as there is in clothes.

Prof. Stanley Hall: Every system of education which reposes on punishments and rewards appeals to fear and vanity.

Rev. Dr. Aked: Patience is a virtue to a point, but beyond that patience is a crime.

Mark Twain: Good old-fashioned common-sense has always been a mighty rare commodity.

Rev. R. J. Campbell: The longer I live the greater grows my compassion for mankind.

J. M. Barrie: Of all kinds of humor the practical joke is perhaps the most abominable.

Thomas A. Edison: Any scheme which makes war more difficult is in itself a blessing.

Lord Milner: A boy's education begins in earnest immediately he leaves school.

Rudyard Kipling: The boy who wants things should be encouraged—up to a certain point.

Marie Corelli: The good foundations of a nation are equality and freedom for men and women.

Lady Grey: Housekeeping, in the widest sense, is the largest industry known.

Ellen Terry: The art of popularity is a gift. It cannot be taught; it cannot be picked up; it simply happens.

Mrs. Edith Wharton: Every self-respecting woman wants to look as well as she can for her own sake.

Andrew Carnegie: Don't grumble about other people having better advantages than you. Make your own.

Annie S. Swan: The surest index to the character of the inmates of a home is the color and condition of the washing in the garden.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Dwight: It is the meanest sort of cowardice to lie to children because they would not understand the truth.

Agnes Deans Cameron: It does not follow that because a boy fails to win a prize at school that he will be a failure in life.

Sara Jeanette Duncan: A good book read or unread, is a better ornament than a cheap Japanese fan or an enamelled drain-pipe.

Thomas Hardy: It is most unfortunate that just when a man has got a good knowledge of the world, and could profit by his experience, he usually dies.

Mr. Balfour: In the political world the working man has many friends who vie with each other in the magnificence of the prospect they unfold before him.

Jane Addams: A very useful possession for a woman-worker is a thick skin, one that is too hardened to admit the pinpricks of snubs and slights.

Jerome K. Jerome: The Englishman's conception of the foreigner is generally as far away from the truth as is the foreigner's conception of the Englishman.

James J. Hill: Everybody wants money from the cradle to the grave, and the chief question in the minds of nine-tenths of the civilized world is how to get enough of it.

To Cure That Pain in the Back

Be warned in time. Don't neglect that biting backache—those sudden twinges of pain in the back—dizzy spells—and trouble with the bladder and urine. They all tell their own story—of weak, irritated or diseased kidneys. Surely you know the danger of neglecting the kidneys.

Diabetes, Dropsy and Bright's Disease usually follow neglected kidney trouble. That pain in the back proves that your kidneys are affected. Now—right now—is the time to take Gin Pills.

34 John St., Hamilton, May 4th.

Being a sufferer from my kidneys and subject to fits of dizziness in my head for some time I did not seem able to get anything that would do me any good. I saw in the paper something relating to Gin Pills so I got a sample box and they benefited me so much that I bought some and am taking them regularly. They have worked wonders in my case and I can conscientiously recommend them to any sufferer from kidney trouble. Yours truly,

Sgd. GEO. A. BROWN.

Remember there is no trick in buying Gin Pills. If, after taking one box you do not feel that you have gotten your money's worth in better health, or if after taking 6 boxes you are not completely cured, take the empty boxes to your dealer and he will promptly refund the money. No affidavit is required. We will rely on your honesty and take your word for it.

Now—for your own peace and comfort won't you give Gin Pills a chance to cure you? Sold by all druggists and medicine dealers at 50c. a box—6 for $2.50 or sent direct on receipt of price.

We give you a chance to test Gin Pills at our expense Sample Box sent, free of charge, if you mention this paper.

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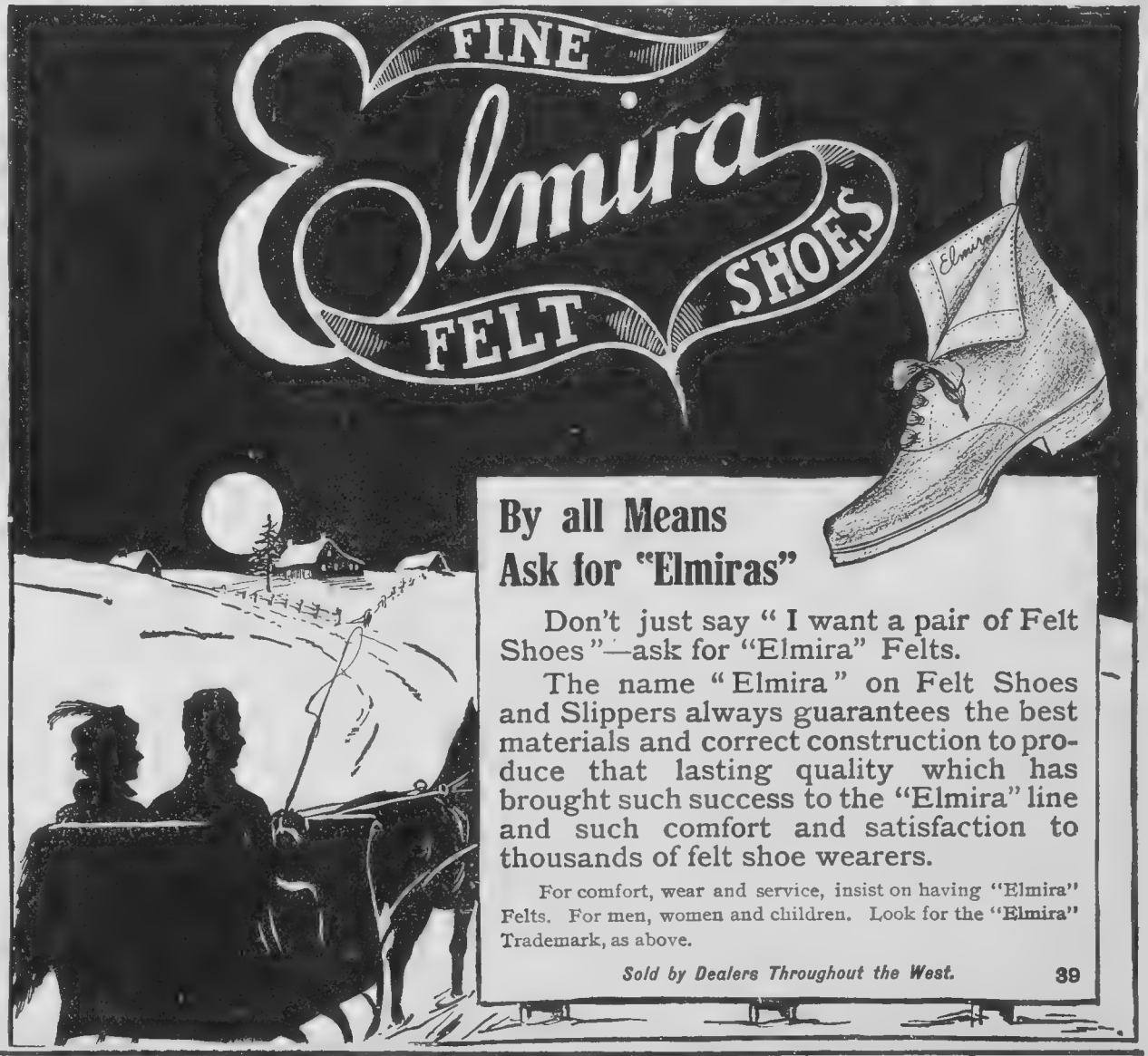

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SEND $1 Receive 5 Wool Cloth Remnants suitable for Boys' knee pants up to 10 years. Give ages and we will cut pants free add 25c for Postage. N. Southcott and Co., 15 Coote Block, London. Ont,

WANTED—Ladies to do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time, good pay, work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

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Music and the Drama.

There are five theatres in Edmonton, each providing a programme nightly for the public, embracing opera, drama, and vaudeville. The list includes the Dominion, the Orpheum, the Grand, Bijou and Edmonton Opera House.

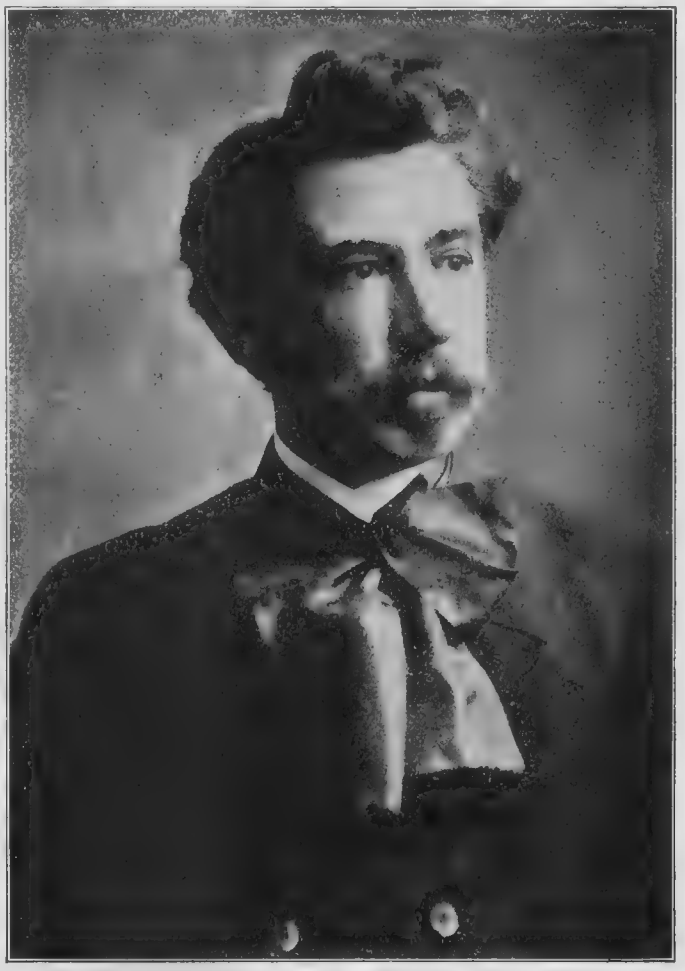
It is understood that Earl Grey will select English judges for the next dramatic and musical competitions for the trophies he offers. The executive has decided that no production must last less than an hour or exceed an hour and a half, and no competing company can have more than a hundred members or fewer than six speaking parts.

The National Opera Co appeared at Carberry on Oct. 19th, and were seen to advantage in "His Highness The Bey." The caste was composed of the following: Elsie Gibson, Jessie Mayhew, Ada Heyman, Shelah Sheeley, Chas. Vaughan, Wm. Ormsgy, Chas. E. Huntingdon, and Chas. J. Neilson.

those who did not get stellar roles in this great play subsequently won praise in "The Road To Yesterday" and "The Liars," which were the other offerings during October. A successful season is assured at this popular playhouse.

The Summers' Comedians opened a week's engagement at the opera house, Brandon, on Oct. 14th, presenting for the first time the Western American military drama, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and judging from the hearty manner in which it was received by the large audience present made a most decided hit. Miss Karroll, the star, was the most winsome little soubrette the city had had in a long time. The rest of the company all deserve mention, but space will not permit a detailed account, suffice to say they all played their parts and played them well.

The piano recital in the Opera House, Moosomin, on Thursday, October 1st, was a musical treat to all. In providing



Professor de Mandeville, who is associated with the London School of Oratory, Winnipeg. Under his tuition students may obtain diplomas just the same as if studying at the great European Art Centres.

"Paid In Full" was undoubtedly the piece de resistance at the Walker Theatre last month. It played for a whole week to crowded houses and was undoubtedly one of the finest plays ever seen on a Winnipeg stage. Other attractions during the month included the San Francisco Opera Co., in repertoire and the American pastoral play "Sis Hopkins."

It is pleasing to note that the institution of the Imperial Academy of Music and Arts has proved a success. The primary object of this institution is the teaching of music as it should be taught—i.e., by a staff of the best professors that can be secured in Europe and by a preliminary course of study in the arts and sciences such as are exacted by the universities of London, Oxford, Cambridge and others in Europe.

The Winnipeg Theatre started its regular dramatic season on October 12th when the third Winnipeg Stock Company presented "The Girl of the Golden West" for the first time in this city. Most of the members of the caste had a good opportunity of displaying their ability in Belasco's masterpiece and

the Moosomin public with an opportunity to hear good music, Mrs. Castleden was fortunate in securing the services of Rev. L. D. Heaton, who is not only a master in technique, but also a sympathetic and lucid interpreter of the gems of music given to the world by the great composers, and it is needless to say that his rendering of the old masters delighted his enthusiastic hearers. Mrs. Moberly gave great pleasure by kindly consenting to sing a solo entitled "A Dream of Paradise," and her rich contralto voice showed well in the trio "Memory" which was exceedingly well rendered. Mr. W. Brierly, as usual, made a most efficient and capable accompanist for the evening.

Shoal Lake's new opera house was opened on October 9th when the Polmatier Sisters Orchestra and Concert Company appeared for the second time before a Shoal Lake audience. A fair sized crowd was present, though smaller than the management had expected, this being partly due, no doubt, to the busy season in the country. Those who did turn out, however, were treated to a first-class concert, the five ladies being accomplished musicians, their various instruments being piano, violin, trom-

bone, cornet, drums and xylophone. Every number was well rendered and pleased the audience. On a number of occasions encores were demanded and generously responded to.

The Swiss Bell Ringers were engaged for the evening of October 2nd at the Opera House, Virden, Man.

It was a unique entertainment and universally delighted the audience. No sweeter music can be discoursed that from clear-toned bells.

A successful cencert was held at Gainsboro on the 20th ult. Recitations were contributed by Mrs. Rogers and Miss Clayton; solo, Miss Greenfield; chorouses, choir and school girls; reading, Rev. Stevinson; duet, Mrs. Rogers and Miss Greenfield. All of the numbers were well received and the program came to a close by all singing the national anthem.

The Eckardts are artists of well-earned repute and their present equipment excels in scope and variety anything they have heretofore presented.

The "Passion Play" a series of views in the life of Christ, was shown by moving pictures at Holmfield on Friday night, Oct. 23rd. The views were rather small, and the light refused to work satisfactorily, otherwise the program would have been very interesting, A number of stationary pictures thrown on the canvas were especially good. The attendance was small.

During the week commencing Oct. 26, the Winnipeg Theatre's dramatic company presented the favorite English drama of manner, "The Liars". This play, typical of the class of dramas called "society comedies" is by the eminent author, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and was presented by Sir Charles Wyndham in London and by John Drew and Otis Skinner successfully in America. It was the first modern play of the conventional type the new Winnipeg company were displayed in, and with a bill of such certain intrinsic merit as a vehicle, the week was a great artistic success. Edgar Baume, leading man at the Winnipeg, appeared in the famous stellar role of Sir Christopher Deering.

One thing the French Canadian race has given to the country is a folk song which Canadian composers may some day use to help establish that coveted achievement of all civilized nations, a national music. There can be no dispute about French Canadian folk songs being indigenous. The boatmen floating down the mighty rivers of the Dominion chanted songs which have been preserved and handed down to the twentieth century. The habitants have fiddled and danced and sung their own peculiar melodies, native to the soil, to the environment, to the very life of these quaint and crude people. Already a few of these songs have been utilized. Sir Alexander Mackenzie has written a "Canadian Rhapsody" on French-Canadian folk songs, but it is a dull, uninteresting and unsympathetic work.

Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 27th, the Stoddart Stock Co. opened a five nights' engagement at Pratt's opera house, Portage la Prairie, presenting a series of plays far above the usual repertoire production. The performances were all under the direction of W. L. Stewart and every little detail was looked after. The strength of the company, many bright specialities, magnificent costumes, special scenery and effects, together with the high standard of the plays, made the engagement of decided interest. The opening play was "Tom Moore," a charming story of Ireland's beloved poet.

On Monday evening, Oct. 22nd, a concert was held at Myrtle, Man., which proved a great success. A stirring cornet solo was given by Mr. Fred Shinner; whilst Mrs. Welsh enchanted her audience with an exceptionally good rendering of "Annie Laurie." Other items of the programme were recitations by Miss Turner and L. E. O'Neil, a duet by Mrs. Hartley and Fred Skinner, also a quartette composed of Miss S. S. Skinner, Mrs. Welsh and the brothers T. and F. Skinner. Messrs. Geo. and A. Mullin gave an instrumental turn. The pieces of absentee artists were well filled by Mrs. Welsh and Mr. P. Wright. A very excellent programme was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem by all present.

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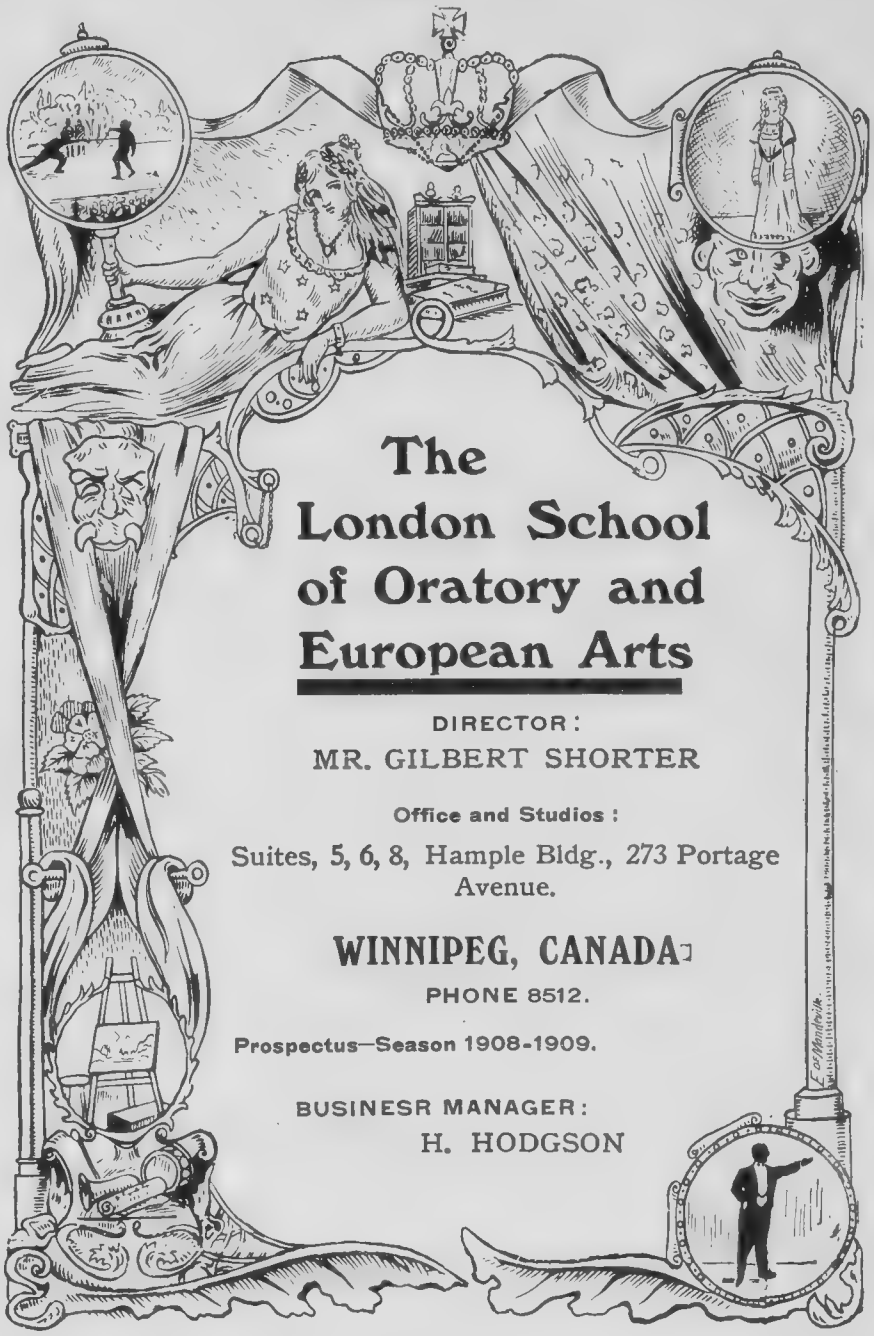

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A Series of Five Lecture-Talks, dealing with "The Power of the Voice," will be given by Prof. Olding. These lectures commence on Friday, Nov. 6. Further information and tickets on application.

What Puzzled Him.

A man was standing on the footpath in one of the main streets of a northern town the other day, gazing at a hoarding which displayed the well-known advertisement representing a bull gazing at a bottle of "Bovril", and bearing underneath the inscription, "Alas, my poor brother!"

He remained there gazing at the hoarding while the policeman on duty completed his beat twice. At last the guardian of the peace approached him.

"Move on, there," said he. "You're obstructing the thoroughfare."

"Eh?" queried the man.

"Move on," roared the policeman. "What are you standing there staring at?"

"Look there," replied the obstructor of thoroughfares, pointing at the advertisement. "'Alas, my poor brother.' Now, what I want to know is, how can it be a lass if it's his brother."
—Tit-Bits.

Imperial Academy of Music and Arts

PROF. EMIL CONRAD ERIKSON. Musical Director.

This institution is affiliated with

"Die Konigliche Hoch Schule"

of Berlin, Germany, which is one of the largest of the leading conservatories of the world.

The services of the best professors have been engaged to enable pupils to obtain a thorough course of instruction in **violin, piano, organ,** and all **wind** and **string instruments.** An eminent **vocal teacher** has been secured for voice production and coaching in interpretation a d repertoire

A boarding establishment will be instituted for the convenience of out-of-town students.

For full particulars apply at 209 Kennedy Building, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.

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Can you find them? It is not easy, but by patience and perseverance, you can probably find them all.

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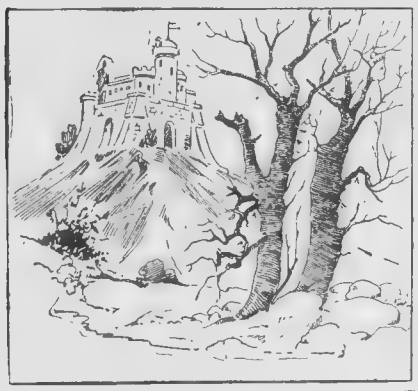

It is not necessary to write us a letter. Simply mark X with a pencil on each one of the full figures and five faces, then write your name and address on the blank below very plainly, cut out the advertisement and return it to us. We will write you at once telling you about the condition that must be adhered to.

The condition mentioned above **does not involve the spending of one cent of your money.** This is an excellent opportunity to obtain a handsome and useful present. Do not delay, write to-day.

It is possible you may not see this advertisement again. Only one present is given in each locality. So if you wish to have one, be the first to apply and state which present you would like to receive.

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Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from any Bruise or Strain, Cures Spavin Lameness, Allays Pain Does not Blister, remove the hair or lay the horse up. $2.00 a bottle, delivered. **Book 1 D free.**

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THE RELATION BETWEEN WORK AND FUN.

The success of any person in this world depends, for one thing, on how soon he get the idea into his head of what he is in the world for. Some people never find this out, because they don't care to and because they don't, they go dawdling or blundering through life leaving the world a little mussed up because they lived in it and not a bit better for their life. It seems to me that two-thirds of the people I have known well enough to venture to judge them have just taken the circumstances of life as they came along, plodding along in them, or hopelessly tangled up by them, without a clear idea that life is a plan, a whole, which circumstances should not hide nor hinder. Few people take themselves seriously enough. They play with the days and the opportunities instead of using them in a life plan.

Children are supposed to make a play of life. This is their right by nature; it is their way of developing their capabilities. They learn to work by playing. But there comes a time when work should take the place of play, both in their occupation and in their interests. Work will become more interesting than play to the healthy developed youth. Now when does this turn come in the life of the youth? Upon this depends the success of his life. Some people never come to this turn; some never make a complete turn; some carry their play so far into their years that they never really substitute work for play in their desires.

The farm child early learns to enjoy work, because work is so large a part of his very early activity. This is one reason why a larger proportion of farm children make a success of life than do city children. And because of this early familiarity with work the average farm boy earlier works for the pleasure of it than does the average city boy. This is very noticeable in the student population of our universities.

To a city boy who is not brought up to work outside of school hours, "fun" is the main thing. In many city high schools both boys and girls have in latter years formed societies for the promotion of fun. These societies have in almost, if not quite every case proven to be such hindrances to their school work that the teaching has been most miserably blocked with it. In Minnesota and in Illinois at least, state laws have been passed, abolishing these societies. In this city the educational authorities have had a hard fight to stamp out the "fun" organizations in high schools. But when the boys and girls get to the universities the law permits them to go on with their fun. It is supposed that by the time young men and women enter the university, they will have learned to choose work before play.

Have they done so? Ask any sensible mother of a girl who is in the society swim of a "sorority," and let her tell you if she thinks the "fun" society taxes her daughter's time and strength and her parent's bank account. Ask any wise college professor if he thinks the social life of "Chapter Houses" interferes with good work in the recitation rooms. Young men and women may be members of these societies and still do their school work well. But the chances are ten to one the other way. This is particularly true of the girls' societies. The dances, the parties and the entertainments that a girls' "Greek Letter" society plans and carries out for its members are often enough to take a girl's time and strength if she had nothing else to do. Almost invariably the fun program is laid out by the girls who care least for their school duties, and the studious members of the order are plagued by the others and taxed with disloyalty if they do not slight their duties and devote themselves to the program of fun. It has come to be counted a jolly fine thing in many of these orders if the girls pass their examinations by the skin of their teeth—just pulling through in the lowest possible margin. If a girl in the order works hard and gets high standing she is called a "grafter" and disloyal to her "sisters."

What kind of an idea of life is that? What kind of a chance have girls graduated out of a university with those ideas, to make a success of this world of work? But some one says: "Maybe she'll marry rich and won't have to work."

May heaven defend us from a woman who thinks she doesn't have to work; who is rich enough to chase fun from the cradle to the grave! She is a positive nuisance to herself and to her neighbors, a pestilent factor in society. She may have a little feverish fun at the start but before she is middle aged you will find the lines of disappointment in her face; the tone of disappointment in her voice and the bitterness of disappointment in her soul. Work, with the soul in it is the only thing that keeps life sweet, and fresh and better the farther you go.

Here we find an example, and sad to say, not an uncommon one where people banded together to get fun, have let it carry them not only away from their wholesome and necessary work, but into debauchery of the lowest kind.

There are lots of things in this world worse than hard work. One of them, having nothing but fun with which to kill time.—Milton O. Nelson.

SUGGESTIONS FOR HOME BUILDERS.

You certainly intend to build, everyone does, sooner or later, on some scale or other, especially if you have bought a farm and intend to live upon it.

When you do build, be wise in time and not after you have paid dearly for experience. Most people build a home but once in a lifetime. Perhaps it is the young man just starting in life, or one older, who has suffered some misfortune, with but little capital except his good health, who wants to build a comfortable, convenient home, which can be enlarged later as needed, or as means will allow. It is such as these that I will endeavor to aid. The importance of building carefully and well cannot be over estimated, it is not merely a question of money, for though a wrong beginning may mean considerable extra expense, it may also result in an unhandy, uncomfortable, ill looking house which could not be called a home.

If one's means will allow it is well to employ an architect and perhaps a competent contractor to do at least a part of the work, but, in this one must be governed by circumstances.

The main points to be secured are: comfort, convenience and economy. The woman, as she is the one who will spend most of her time in the house, should be consulted and should help in the planning.

MATERIALS

If time can be spared for gathering the building material together, you may be able to secure some from your farm, and it may be sometimes best to wait a year longer for your home in order that timber may be seasoned, etc.

Much of the work, such as getting the stone and timber drawn, and the excavating may be done months before the actual work of construction is commenced.

CLEAR TITLE.

Another matter which ought never to be neglected is the question of having a clear title to the land one builds on, It might seem unnecessary to speak of this, and yet the records of the law courts show that it is often neglected. A few dollars spent to secure an abstract of title may save hundreds of dollars in a law suit.

LOCATION.

The location of the farm home deserves careful consideration; too often we see the house placed at a great distance from the barn requiring a great many extra steps each day. Perhaps the most important point to be considered in regard to location is the matter of drainage, both surface and cellar drainage, should be carefully attended to. Shade trees can be grown in time, but if the house can be built near a small clump of trees without sacrificing some other good points, so much the better.

It is desirable to have the well near the house, in fact it should be sufficiently near so that there may be a pipe laid to bring the water to the house without much expnse.

The view from the windows of a farm house is not always a pleasant one, owing to its being obstructed by a barn or hill; try to secure a good pleasing outlook, do not get too close to the road but also do not build where you cannot get a view of the road and those who travel it.

Let the living rooms face so as to get a genuine share of the sunshine, even if you must lose a little on some other and less important point.

The next article will tell something about the plan of the house.

DON'T PEEL POTATOES.

Not long since we listened to an address by an eloquent woman before a convention of women. The speaker was holding the audience to the closest attention. Everybody appeared as interested as if they were listening to some entrancing oratory or some stirring discussion of a special and vital issue. What do you suppose it was this eloquent speaker was talking about? Potato paring. That was what she was talking about—potato paring—and yet, she was making a great deal of her subject, swaying her listeners as if her subject was one that appealed to the heart rather than the head. She was saying that the foolish practice of paring potatoes was not only a waste of time, but a waste of potatoes. A horrible waste. The best part of the potato is pared off and thrown away in the garbage. The best part of the potato, mind you. Not only a part of the potato, but the best part.

She was saying that in the management of an institution with which she had something to do, that they washed the potatoes clean and boiled them with the skins on. When they were removed from the kettle the thin skin was taken off and the potatoes were served in the usual manner. Potatoes boiled in this way are far better than potatoes boiled in any other way. The only possible objection to this process of cooking potatoes is the fact that the potatoes are not quite so white, which is no objection at all.

We learned a lesson from this talk on a practical subject. In addition to the lesson about the potatoes, we were not only convinced that the average housewife is guilty of great waste in the matter of paring potatoes, but we learned another lesson of much practical value to us in editing a journal for the home. We learned that the people are interested in practical things. We

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MEN, LOOK HERE!

Even Until Old Age You May Feel the Vigor of Youth, with its Light Heart, Elastic Step, Courage and Tireless Energy.

You May be Free From Pains and Defy Your Years.

Varicocele, Spermatorrhœa, Losses and Drains and all ailments which destroy Manhood's Vigor are cured by Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt.

FREE ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY FOR WEAK MEN

Sends the Current to the Prostrate Gland, the Seat of All Weakness. It Develops and Expands Weak Organs and Checks Losses. No Case of Weakness Can Resist it. FREE WITH BELTS FOR WEAK MEN.

No man should be weak, no man should suffer the loss of that vital element which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than nature intended him; no man should suffer for the mistakes of his youth when there is at hand a certain cure for his weakness.

Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerves from which men suffer, are due to an early loss of nature's reserve power through mistakes of youth. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any man that lives.

Easy to Wear. Cures While You Sleep. Never Fails

Cures Nervous and Vital Weakness, Enlarged and Inflamed Prostrate Gland, Lost Memory, Loss of Strength, Weak Back and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatic Pains in Back, Hips, Shoulders and Chest, Lumbago, Sciatica, Torpid Liver, Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

My success is not limited to any particular trouble, any organ of the body, or any part that lacks the necessary vitality to perform its natural function, can be restored by my method. It gives life to all weak parts, strengthens the kidneys so as to enable them to filter all the impurities that are in the blood. By a few applications the fluid of life circulates through the entire system, rich and red and warm.

One of the world's greatest scientists, whom all the New York papers eulogize as the man of the hour, in a series of lectures at all the great institutes gives his experience in delving into the mystery which surrounds the origin of life. He explains the vital processes, and after ten years of close study arrives at the definite conclusion that demonstration of life and action in every living thing is due to electricity. Now what this great man claims is the same as I have been preaching to the public for the last twenty years. I did not discover it, it has been my belief, and I can cite you thousands of cases of men from seventy-five to ninety who have returned to the hard labor of their youth with a vim, after having worn my appliance for three months.

READ SOME OF THE LETTERS JUST RECENTLY RECEIVED

Dear Sir:—I purchased one of your Belts in December, 1905, and after using it as you directed, I felt like a new man, and I am pleased to inform you that I am just as well to-day and as free from pain as I ever was in my life. I found your Belt much better than was represented, and I have recommended it to many others and shall always feel a pleasure in doing so. I am more than satisfied with my Belt. I followed your instructions and found it complete. Hoping you will have every success.

TIMOTHY LEADBEATER, Lethbridge, Alta.

Dear Sir:—It is some five years since I wrote you that your Belt had given me perfect satisfaction, and I am still as strong and hearty as any man could expect to be. It is certainly a God send that such an appliance should be invented for the cure of the ailment of poor, wrecked humanity. I can now eat anything that is eatable and digest it well; no trouble worries me and my nerves are very strong. I have been singing the praises of your Electric Belt for eight years and will continue to do so. I cannot say too much for it has made my body a pleasure to own.

W. L. FLEMMINGTON, Lumsden, Sask.

Dear Sir:—I am glad to say your Belt has done me a great deal of good, and I have found a great benefit by it and have advertised it to others who had any complaints. Any time I feel a little out of sorts I use my Belt and it always fixes me up in good style. I think any hard working man ought to have a Belt as they are the best friend anyone could have.

WM. T. WHITTLE.

Dear Sir:—I wish to tell you what your Belt has done for me. When a lad of eighteen years, I was carrying a heavy bag of corn, and somehow or other I must have hurt myself. A pain came on soon after, like a cramp in the stomach, and it was getting steadily worse until I found relief from your Belt. I tried doctors and patent medicine with no benefit. I then read in the papers of your Belts and their wonderful cures. After purchasing one of your Belts I found relief at once and it has now completely taken the trouble away, and I can now lift anything without feeling that hated pain. My food digests better, and I can now enjoy pleasure, whereas before it was useless to be where it was. I am very well pleased with your Belt, and would not part with it at any cost. I would gladly recommend it to any sufferer, as I have proved it to be a cure for what medicines would not reach.

G. HERMAN, Lobstick Store, Yellow Grass, Sask.

I don't want your money if I can't cure you; I don't want any man to buy my Belt on speculation; I take all the chances. I can cite you cases right in our city where men have spent thousands of dollars, and they will tell you that I have given them more relief in one night's use of my Belt than all the Drugs they had ever taken. I am not advertising that I give my Belt away. I am willing to cure you before you pay me. All I ask is that you give me reasonable security. You may then use the Belt at my risk and

PAY WHEN CURED

FREE BOOK Every man who admires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated book. It tells how strength is lost and how I restore it with my Electric Belt. I will send this book, closely sealed, free upon request, if you will send this advertisement. If you are not the man you should be, write to-day.

Send For This Book To-Day

Do you want to feel big, husky and powerful, with your veins full of youthful fire, your eye clear and your muscles strong and active? If you do, fill out this coupon and send it to me and I will send you a book which will inspire you with the courage to help yourself. It is full of the things that make people feel like being strong and healthy, and tells of others like yourself who were just as weak once, but are now among nature's best specimens of strong and healthy human beings. Cut out the Coupon and send it in to-day and get this book free, sealed, by return mail. Call for free consultation.

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday till 9 p.m.

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DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN
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Please send me your Book for Men, sealed, free.

Name.....

Address.....

Send It To-Day.

learned that there is no matter so commonplace, no subject so humble, but that it can be made interesting to the average person.

This is the day of practical things. The people are beginning to turn from the speculation of theology and metaphysics to the practical questions of every-day living. Great improvement has come into the home life. Civilization is advancing rapidly in the point of comfort and utility. The average home is now provided with comforts undreamed of in ancient days. Economies are also being practiced in which every scrap of raw material and every morsel of food left over after a meal is converted into delicious tidbits to tempt the appetite of the family.

If potato paring can be made the subject of an eloquent address in the church, compelling the undivided attention of busy men and women in these restless days, surely then potato paring can also be used as the title for an article in a home magazine. We have no other purpose for using potato parings in our magazine menu than the fact that tons and tons of useful and nutritious food are thrown away every month with the garbage, when thousands of people are suffering for a proper amount of nutritive food.

The outside of the potato, usually pared off contains all the nitrogenous or tissue building properties of the potato. It is altogether the most useful part of the potato; and, yet this is exactly what is pared off in a ruthless way and thrown out. This not only takes hours and hours of time every week from the home, but filches from the home a great deal of wholesome food. The potato, pared in the usual way, contains very little else but starch; but, boiled with the skin on, it contains not only starch, but a large portion of nitrogenous matter.

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HEAD-MOUNTING,
Cowhide Robes, Coats,
Gauntlets, etc.,
It will pay you.

Carruthers & Co.,

BRANDON, MAN.

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SIMCOE, ONT., April 9th, 1908.

"We have handled your 'Eastlake' Shingles for nearly a quarter of a century. They have been on the Court House, Free Library, and other public buildings it is town for 18 years. We have used very large quantities during the past 25 years, and they have always given us first-class satisfaction, and have never required any repairs."

(Signed) MADDEN BROS.,
Tinsmiths and Hardware Merchants.

Write for Booklet.

The Metallic Roofing Co.,
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FASHIONS AND PATTERNS

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c
Order by number stating size wanted
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

A SIMPLE FROCK OF CASHMERE.

Cashmere makes a favorite material for young girls' dresses this season and it is so pretty and so attractive that the fact is a welcome one. In this instance the color is one of the beautiful new shades and the trimming is embroidered banding, while the chemisette is made of white lace. Cashmere is not the only material adapted to the design, however, for it could be made from challis, from voile or anything similar or from any one of the simple silks which girls are wearing so much. The sleeves can be made in three-quarter length if liked and if a plainer dress is in demand the chemisette can be omitted and the tucks continued to the edge of the collar, the waist being of one material throughout. For a girl of sixteen years of age will be required, for the blouse 3¾ yards of material 21 or 24, 2½ yards 32, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette; for the skirt 10½ yards 21, 10 yards 27, or 5½ yards 44 inches wide.

The blouse pattern 6140 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age; the skirt pattern 5745 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 to 16 years of age also, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

A Frock of Cashmere.
Blouse 6140—Skirt 5745.

DRESSY GOWNS FOR INDOOR WEAR.

Almost all the dressy gowns of the season give some evidence of the Directoire influence. Neither of those illustrated is in the least extreme, yet the characteristics of the latest models are plainly apparent. The gown to the left is made of chiffon broadcloth and the front panel and the trimming bands of the waist are embroidered on to the material, but as the work is done with the heavy coarse silks that are so much in vogue, it does not mean excessive labor. The same model could, however, be reproduced in a much simpler fashion, for it is every way appropriate for cashmere, for the many silks and satins that are so much worn and for all materials of in-

Dressy Gowns for Indoor Wear.
Waist 6133—Skirt 5917. Blouse 6143—Skirt 5934.

Gold Standard Baking Powder

"Guaranteed-the-Best"

Baking Powder may be divided into four classes.

1st. The **Cheap, unreliable** brands, which are unworthy of mention, and which are sold at 10 to 15 cents per pound.

2nd. The **"Just-as-Good"** brands, on which the dealer makes a fat profit at the housewife's expense.

3rd. The **"Premium"** brands, where a cheap piece of silverware is "thrown in" to cover up deficient quality, and

4th. **Gold Standard Baking Powder,** "Guaranteed the Best." So you see "Gold Standard" is in a class by itself. Satisfaction is **"Guaranteed"** or your money refunded. Insist on your grocer supplying you with "Gold Standard," and in your own interest refuse all substitutes.

OUR GUARANTEE

All merchants are authorized to refund full purchase price when any package bearing our Gold Standard Label fails to give entire satisfaction.

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FILL IN THIS BLANK AND MAIL IT TO US, AND WE WILL FORWARD A COPY OF OUR **80**-PAGE COOK BOOK FREE

The Gold Standard Manufacturing Co., Winnipeg, Man.

Please forward a copy of your 80-page Cook Book.

Name..... Grocer.....

Address..... Address.....

dorr wear, while the panel on the skirt could be trimmed with applique or left plain or trimmed with a little braid or treated in any way that fancy may dictate with the trimming of the waist to match. Plain skirts, however, are greatly in vogue and were the panel left quite untrimmed the gown would be in every way correct. The blouse is simple to make in spite of its dressy effect, for there is a fitted lining on which the parts are arranged and to the lower edge of which the girdle is attached. The guimpe portions or the yoke and sleeves can be of all-over lace as illustrated, or the sleeves can be of thin material in color to match the gown, with the yoke either of white or matching the sleeves, as is most becoming, all these styles being much in vogue.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 2½ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44, with 2⅝ yards 18 inches wide for the chemisette and sleeves; for the skirt 6¾ yards 27, 4¼ yards 44 inches wide. The waist pattern 6133 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 5917 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The second gown is made with a blouse which extends to the normal waistline and a circular skirt, but with it is worn one of the new Directoire girdles with sash, and the ong, close-fitting sleeves also savor of that period. In this case the material is majestic satin and the trimming is applique while the yoke and the sleeves are of all-over lace, but all the materials that are used for indoor gowns are appropriate, the simpler cashmeres and voils quite as well as the silks and velvets and the cloths.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 1⅜ yards of material 27, or 1 yard 44 inches wide, 2⅛ yards of all-over lace, 2½ yards of banding, 2 yards of satin for the sash; for the skirt 6½ yards 27, or 4½ yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern 6143 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 5934 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure and the above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of **ten cents** for each.

A Smart Street Costume.
Coat 6132—Skirt 6135.

HOUSE GOWN SHIRTWAIST STYLE.
With Trimming of Embroidery.

Simple house gowns made in shirt waist style are much used this season with finish of embroidery on the blouse and this one makes an exceptionally good model for such treatment. The blouse is plain save for the plaits over the shoulders and there is consequently a fine opportunity for the display of needlework. In this case, also, it is trimmed with bands of the material below the collar, but whether these shall be used or not is entirely a matter for individual preference to decide. If liked, the sleeves can be made in three-quarter length. The skirt is one of the new six gored ones that is trimmed with folds arranged over indicated lines and it can be made either with inverted plaits or habit back. Light weight serge, as well as cashmere, indeed, every material adapted to the simple afternoon gown is appropriate for this one. Again, the blouse makes an excellent model for the separate one to wear with odd skirts and both are adapted to all seasonable materials.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse, 3 yards of material 21 or 24, 2¾ yards 32, or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 5¾ yards 24, 5 yards 32, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide for cashmere or other material without figure or nap but if there is a figure or nap 3½ yards 24 or 32, or 5 yards 44 inches wide will be needed with additional material for the bands.

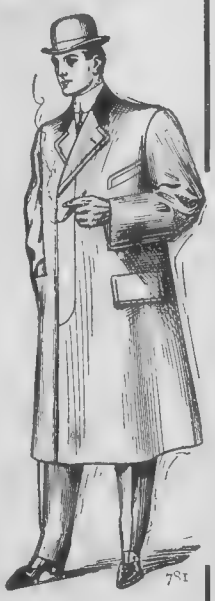
Stomach Upset?

Many things may cure you. One thing is almost certain to cure. Why experiment?—when you have the cure in a morning glass of

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt 13

25c and 60c a bottle.

Clothes Made To Your Measure at the Price of "Ready-Mades"



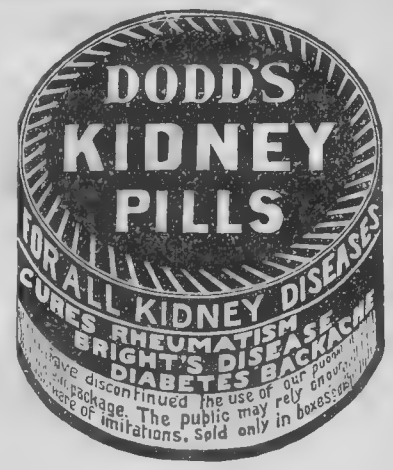
No matter what part of Canada you live in, you can have your suits and overcoats made to your own measure by our city tailors — in the latest styles — of the newest weaves and patterns — and your money back if they are not entirely satisfactory. **Prices, $12 to $25.**

Send for Our Catalogue

—showing styles and fabrics—and self-measuring outfit. It's full of information on good dressing, and is sent free on request.

Reference—Bank of Montreal.

MEN'S WEAR LIMITED
475 St. Catherine St. East, Montreal.



NOTE OUR PRICES FOR SWITCHES

16	inches long	$2 00
18	" "	3 00
20	" "	$4 00
22	" "	$5.00
24	" "	$6 00
26	" "	$7 00
30	" "	$10.00

How to order. Cut sample full length of hair, state length and whether curly or straight **All orders filled by return mail.** Write for free illustrated booklet.

SEAMAN & PETERSEN
The New York Hair Store
Y.M.C.A. BLOCK, WINNIPEG
Also at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

It always fits right.

Get your size in Stanfield's—and you will get perfect fitting underwear. Stanfield's Underwear is absolutely unshrinkable.

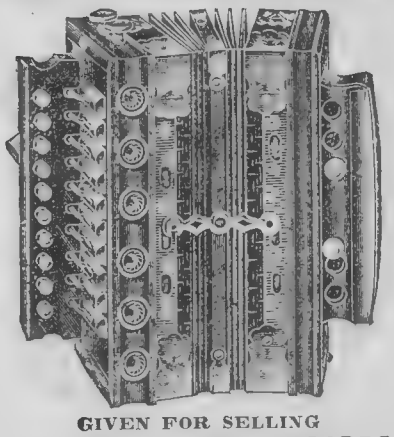
That means, no stretching—no bulging over the hips, wrinkling at the waist.

All sizes from 22 to 70 inch bust—in 3 winter weights.

Insist on seeing

Stanfield's
Unshrinkable
Underwear 156

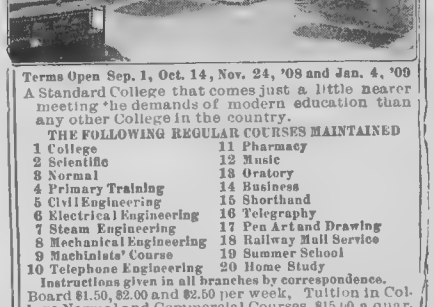
SOLO ACCORDEON



GIVEN FOR SELLING
COLORED XMAS POSTCARDS
6 FOR 10c.

A Splendid Instrument, just like the picture. Ebonized case, nickel trimmings, 6-fold double bellows, open action, 10 nickel keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds. **Concert size, strong, sweet tone.** Given for selling $4.00 worth of **Lovely Christmas Postcards;** 25 designs, **all gems of art;** many richly embossed on solid backgrounds of gold; **all brilliantly colored.** They are worth 5c. **At 6 for 10c you have only to hand them out and take the money.** Just say you will do your best to sell the cards, and write your name and address plainly. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Xmas Card Dept. W 15, Toronto.

Highland Park College
Des Moines, Iowa.



Terms Open Sep. 1, Oct. 14, Nov. 24, '08 and Jan. 4, '09
A Standard College that comes just a little nearer meeting the demands of modern education than any other College in the country.

THE FOLLOWING REGULAR COURSES MAINTAINED

1 College	11 Pharmacy
2 Scientific	12 Music
3 Normal	13 Oratory
4 Primary Training	14 Business
5 Civil Engineering	15 Shorthand
6 Electrical Engineering	16 Telegraphy
7 Steam Engineering	17 Pen Art and Drawing
8 Mechanical Engineering	18 Railway Mail Service
9 Machinists' Course	19 Summer School
10 Telephone Engineering	20 Home Study

Instructions given in all branches by correspondence. Board $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 per week. Tuition in College Normal and Commercial Courses, $15.00 a quarter. All expenses three months $48.40; six months $91.11, nine months $132.40. School all year. Enter any time. 2000 students annually. Catalog free. Mention course you are interested in and state whether you wish resident or correspondence work.
Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa.

The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

SHORTHAND

We guarantee to teach you, at home by mail, to be a competent shorthand writer, by the easiest learned, most legible, and best system in the world.

Reasonable terms, and easy payments.

Write for Reduced Rates and Free Lesson.

CORRESPONDENCE SHORTHAND SCHOOL
Sherbrooke, Quebec.

HIGHEST IN HONORS

Baker's Cocoa

50 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

Registered, U. S. Pat. Off.

A medical writer says—"The use of a thoroughly reliable preparation of cocoa should be universally encouraged, and it is the consensus of opinion among medical men as well as laboratory workers that the breakfast cocoa manufactured by Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., not only meets the indications, but accomplishes even more than is claimed for it."

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.

Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

BRANCH HOUSE:
86 St. Peter Street, Montreal

The "Favorite"

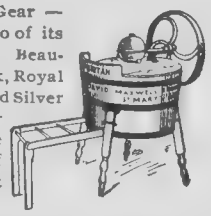
is the Churn for a Woman

No more tired arms—no more aching backs.

The "Favorite" can be operated by hand or foot, or both – while you are sitting in a chair. Easier than a sewing machine. Steel roller bearings and other improvements make it the ideal churn for farm and dairy. 8 sizes, to churn from ½ to 30 gallons of cream.

"Puritan" Reacting Washing Machine

Improved Roller Gear—covered—are only two of its many improvements. Beautifully finished in Oak, Royal Blue or Wine Color, and Silver Aluminum. Write for booklet about these universal favorites, if your dealer does not handle them.



DAVID MAXWELL & SONS
St. Mary's, Ont. 5

Old Men and Women.

You need Vitae-Ore and should give it a chance to prove what it will do for you. It is an ideal tonic and curative medicine for the old and has benefitted thousands of elderly people. Read the liberal Vitae-Oro offer on page 14.

Fashions and Patterns

Continued.

House Gown, Shirt Waist Style.
Blouse 6134—Skirt 6141.

The blouse pattern 6134 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6141 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of **ten cents** for each.

A SMART STREET COSTUME.

Coats of three-quarter length made with a pointed shaping at the lower edge are among the smartest street costumes of the season. This one is made of broadcloth with trimming which consists of bands of the same and little buttons and is eminently attractive while it is quite simple. The coat can either be cut away at the front and made with the pointed outline illustrated or be cut with straight fronts and a straight lower edge as liked. The skirt is nine gored and distinctly novel, inasmuch as the gores in place of being joined by seams are turned under at their edges and arranged over narrow straps of the material, to which they are stitched. Broadcloth, serge, cheviot, all suiting materials are appropriate.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 7 yards 27, 4 yards 44, 3¾ yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt 7½ yards 27, 4½ yards 44, or 3¾ yards 52 inches wide for broadcloth or other material with figure or nap, but if the gores need not be cut one way, 6½ yards 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 52 inches will suffice.

The coat pattern 6132 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6135 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of **ten cents** for each.

A GRACEFUL AFTERNOON GOWN.

Afternoon gowns are exceptionally graceful and attractive this autumn and are made from a variety of pretty wool and silk fabrics while there are many novelties that combine the two. This one shows one of the new circular skirts draped to give a tunic effect combined with a surplice overblouse and the trimming is so arranged as to give a suggestion of the semi-princesse idea. Any guimpe can be worn therewith. In this instance henrietta cloth is trimmed with Liberty satin and with soutache, and satin as trimming is to be extensively worn this season but there are beautiful bandings galore and any one of these could be substituted or any preferred material. For the gown itself every material that is appropriate for afternoon gowns is correct and the skirt can be made in walking or in round length. Among the novelties of the season are to be found silk and silk and wool materials woven to suggest the favorite pongees, and any one of them would be admirable for the design.

For the medium size will be required, for the over-blouse 2 yards of material 24 or 27, 1 yard 44 inches wide with ½ yard of silk for the bands; for the skirt 8½ yards 24, 8 yards 27, or 5½ yards 44 inches wide, 1½ yards of silk for trimming, soutache according to design used.

The over-blouse pattern 6103 is cut in three sizes—small, 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38, large 40 or 42 inches bust measure; the skirt pattern 6066 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

A Graceful Afternoon Gown.
Over-blouse 6103—Skirt 6066.

Mrs. Malaprop (to wife of busy City man): "So glad you are coming to us on Thursday. I need hardly say how pleased we shall be to see your husband also, if it is only to fetch you away."

"Your reflections do you great credit, Mr. Brainby."

"Thank Heaven," sighed Brainby, "I can get credit for something! Ah, my dear friend, I would you were a tradesman."

"You have myopia, haven't you?" asked the eye doctor who had called at the public library to look at a reference book.

"I don't know, sir," said the near-sighted attendant, blinking at him; "but if we have you'll find it in the catalogue."

A country parson was one day going his usual round of visiting, when he was stopped by one of his congregation, an old farm hand, who said, "An' hoo be yer darter this marning, yer reverend?"

"My daughter!" exclaimed the parson, rather surprised; "oh, she is quite well, thank you."

"What!" cried the rustic; "quite well! Why, I heard she had a cycle accident yesterday, an' busted her inner tubing!"

METALLIC CEILINGS

Are Artistic, DURABLE, SANITARY, and FIREPROOF

Easily applied, Cannot Crack nor Fall Off

Send us a sketch showing shape and exact measurements of your ceilings or walls, and we will submit designs, estimates and illustrated booklet free.

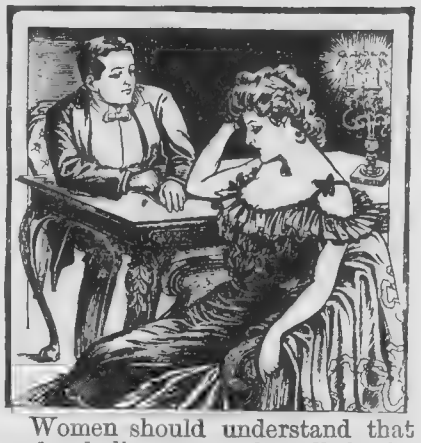
WRITE US NOW

Metallic Roofing Co., LIMITED

Manufacturers
TORONTO & WINNIPEG
(46)

Western Canada Factory,
797 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg.

BLUE WOMEN



Women should understand that melancholia, commonly called "the blues," is in nine times out of ten a sure symptom of some serious female organic derangement and should have immediate attention.

Women whose spirits are depressed, and who are ailing and miserable, should rely upon

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

as is evidenced by following letters.

Mrs. R. Gentleman, 1093 St. James Street, Montreal, Quebec, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered from a severe female weakness, and extreme nervousness, and was blue and utterly discouraged.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking several bottles, I am not only cured, but am an entirely different woman, and on the whole a healthier woman than before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. Mary J. Williams, of Bridgeport, Ill., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I have been suffering from a female trouble, backache and headaches, and was so blue that I was simply in despair. I feel it my duty to tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me. The change in my appearance is wonderful, and I wish every suffering woman would try it."

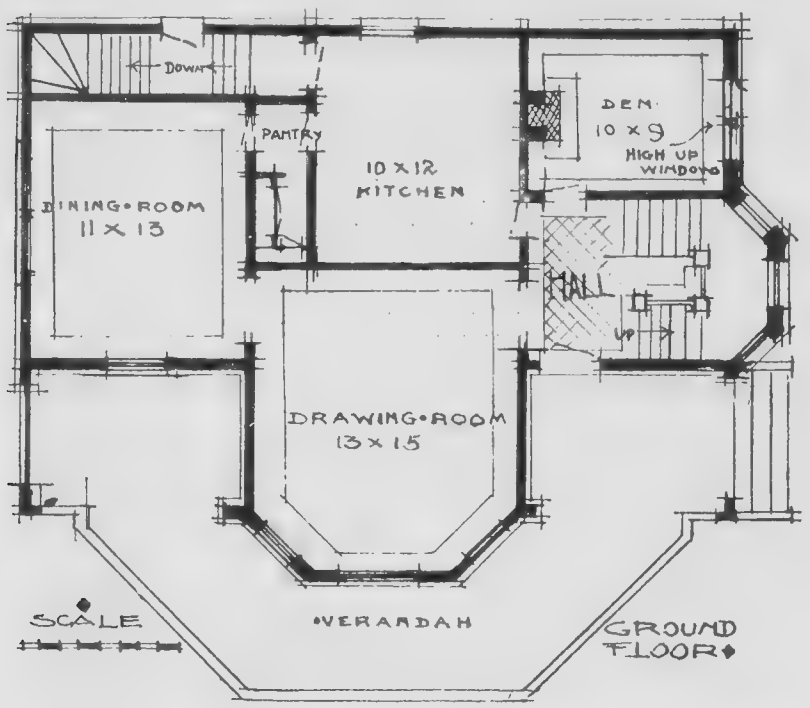
FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache. Why don't you try it?

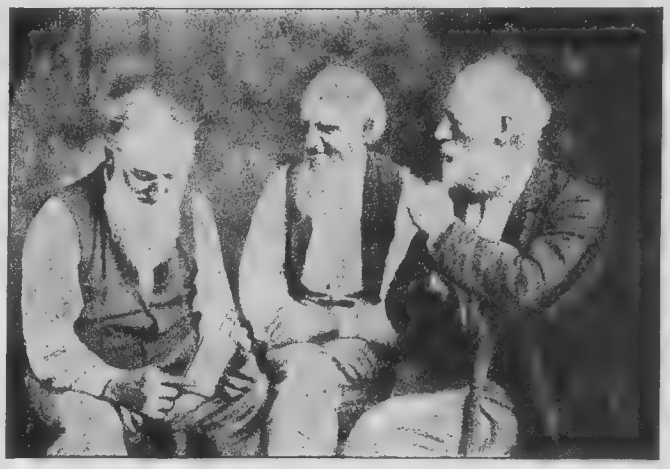
ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect. Winnipeg

This design is one of a rather luxurious cottage home. On entering we find ourselves in the hall, with its attractive staircase and windows. The drawng room is to the front and passing through it we come to the dining room. There is a pantry leading from the dining room to the kitchen. The rear entrance is also the outside basement entrance, and will be found very convenient. To the right of the hall is a den or sitting room with a cosy fireplace. Upstairs are two ample bedrooms, each containing a clothes closet. The back bedroom has a fireplace. At the head of the stairs will be found a linen closet. The rooms are all well lighted and ventilated. The construction is simple. There is an open terrace or porch all across the front of the house. The tower gives length and a pleasing skyline. The cottage may be built of clapboards, but would be much nicer if done with stained shingles in a dark brown with green roof and white window frames.



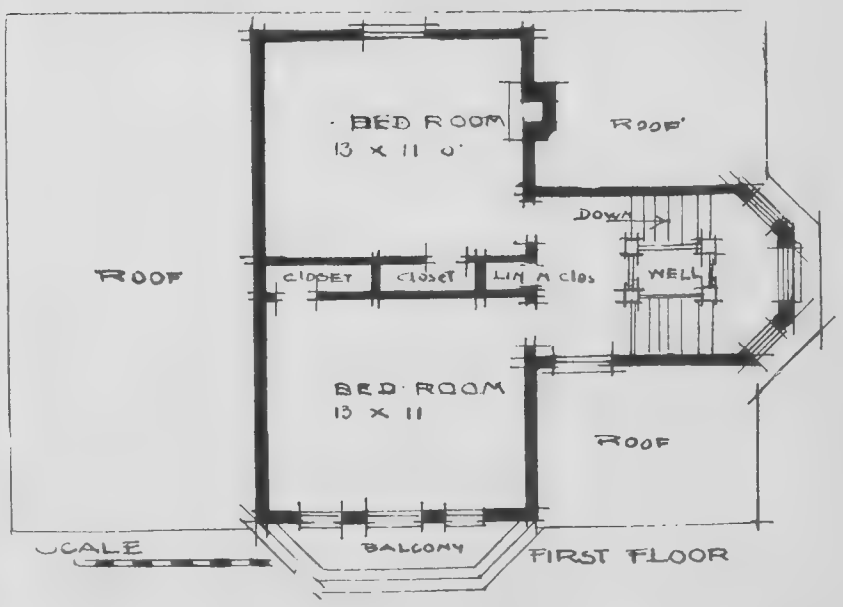
R R R
READY
RADWAY'S RELIEF
Friends Of a Lifetime



For over 60 years our family physician—It is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Chest or Kidneys, Sore Muscles, Sprains and Strains. It is unrivalled as a preventive and cure for all Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, "Grip" and Pains and Aches of all Kinds.

Also Internally Radway's Ready Relief in Water, for all Bowel Pains and Disorders.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



GIVEN TO SCHOOL GIRLS

LOVELY ENAMELLED BROOCH

NOTHING TO SELL, NOTHING TO PAY

All we ask you to do is to hand a circular to each boy and girl in your room at school. This offer is open to only one girl in each room in each school. Tell us what school you attend, and if there is more than one room, say which room you are in, also say how many scholars there are in your room, and give us your word that you will distribute the circulars faithfully. For this slight service we give you one of these dainty little Maple Leaf Brooches, beautifully enamelled in brilliant autumn colors. Remember, only one girl in each room in each school can get this brooch. Be sure to write your name and address plainly. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. D W, Toronto.

BIG BARGAIN CHINA GIVEN AWAY.

FOR SELLING

COLORED XMAS POSTCARDS

6 for 10c.

You can earn this set easily, and **we will show you how you can go on and get a complete breakfast, dinner and tea set of over 100 pieces** in exchange for a little of your spare time. **This is A1 English ware**—fine, smooth finish, clear white, with delicate colored decorations. **We give 24 pieces**—6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 tea plates, 6 fruit dishes, for selling $3.60 worth of **Lovely Christmas Postcards**; 25 designs, **all gems of art**; many richly embossed on solid backgrounds of gold; **all brilliantly colored.** They are worth 5c. **At 6 for 10c you have only to hand them out and take the money.** Remember, we show how to get over 100 pieces. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Xmas Dept. 16W, Toronto.

GRAIN CONSIGNMENTS

FARMERS' YOU GET BEST RESULTS
Shipping, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Flax, to Advice of
SIMPSON-HEPWORTH Co., Ltd.
We sell all Grain on the OPEN MARKET to the Highest Bidder
That is What BRINGS Best Results
Box 823 Large Advances Prompt Returns 336 Grain Exchange Winnipeg

Consign your grain to
THE:
Ogilvie Flour Mills Co.,
FORT WILLIAM, ONT.
Advise same
WINNIPEG
and you will be satisfied.
Write for Shipping Bills.
Prompt Returns; Liberal Advances.

The Grain Market.

Wheat prices went somewhat lower as a result of a decline in prices reported from foreign markets. Further news of frost in Argentine and reports of frost having done some damage to our own crop tended to unsettle the market somewhat.

Fluctuations in Winnipeg Options.

Grain Exchange, Oct. 24, 1908.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.	Fri.
Oct.	98⅛s	98⅛s	97⅞s	97⅞b	98⅛
Nov.	92½b	96⅜s	93¼a	96⅜s	96½
Dec.	92⅜b	92⅜s	92⅜s	92⅜b	92½
May	97¼b	97⅜b	97s	97½b	97¼
Oats—					
Oct.	38	....	....	38	38
Nov.	37⅜	....	....	37⅜	37⅜
May	39½b	....	....	40	40
Flax—					
Oct.	113	....	....	118	118
Dec.	....	....	....	115	115

WINNIPEG CASH WHEAT.

	Saturday.	Friday.
1 northern	97¼	98⅛
2 northern	94¼	94⅜
3 northern	91¼	92
No. 4	88	88
No. 5	84½	84
No. 6	77½	77¾
Feed 1	70	70
Rejected 1-1 northern	93½	94
Rejected 1-2 northern	91	91½
Rejected 1-3 northern	87	..
Rejected 2-1 northern	91½	91¾
Rejected 2-2 northern	88¼	88¾
Rejected 2-3 northern	84	..
Rejected 1 northern for seeds	90½	91
Rejected 2 northern for seeds	87½	88
Winter Wheat—		
No. 1 Alberta red	97½	..
No. 2 Alberta red	94½	..
Oats—		
No. 2 white	38	38
No. 3 white	36¼	36¼
Feed	36	36
Barley—		
No. 3	50	50
No. 4	48	48
Feed	43	43
No. 1. N. W.	118	118
Flax—		
No. 1 Manitoba	116	116

WINNIPEG MARKET.

Grain Exchange, Oct. 24, 1908.

Cables came ⅛ lower for Liverpool, where the market was affected by the weakness in Americans yesterday and the big export reported by Bradstreet. Reports of frost damage in the Argentine continue and evidently the damage, like that of our own crop, was more serious than at first expected Just at this juncture it is well to remember that the fag end of a damaged crop is apt to be full of unpleasant surprises for the too ardent bull.

In the Winnipeg market there was a fair demand for spot one northern and for some lots at least ⅛c premium was paid but later considerable spot wheat was applied on the option and prices went lower. The decline in the October option was ⅛c for the morning, while November and December closed ⅛ and ¼ higher respectively; May was also ¼ higher. Cash wheat was down 1c, dealers evidently feeling that so near the end of the month cash wheat was less desirable than the option unless it was past Winnipeg. Receipts were 411 cars, with 450 in sight for today. American markets were dull with December and May unchanged and July ¼ lower. Receipts at Minneapolis were 410 cars, Duluth, 245.

GRAIN INSPECTION.

Winnipeg, Oct. 23, 1908.

	1908 Cars.	1907. Cars.
Wheat—		
One hard	2	2
One northern	76	60
Two northern	108	88
Three northern	108	43
No. 4	44	16
Feed	4	29
Rejected 1	12	4
No grade	7	12
Rejected 2	11	2
Rejected	17	8
No. 5	12	21
No. 6	4	11
Feed 2	...	5
	405	301
Winter Wheat—		
No. 1 Alberta red	1	...
No. 2 Alberta red	4	...
No. 3 Alberta red	1	...
	6	26
Oats—		
No. 2	7	...
No. 3	1	...
No grade	1	...
Extra No. 1 feed	1	...
No. 1 feed	2	...
	12	...
Barley—		
No. 3 extra	1	...
No. 3	15	...
No. 4	4	...
No grade	1	...
Feed 1	1	...
	22	...
Flax—		
No. 1 N. W. Manitoba	4	...
Totals	1908.	1907.
Wheat	411	327
Oats	12	48
Barley	22	30
Flax Seed	4	8
	449	413
C. P. R.	281	...
C. N. R.	152	...
G. T. P.	5	...
Duluth	11	...
	449	...

Thompson Sons & Co.
Grain Commission Merchants - - P.O. Box 77D, Winnipeg
SHIP YOUR GRAIN TO A STRICTLY COMMISSION FIRM
GRADING CAREFULLY LOOKED AFTER
LIBERAL MONEY ADVANCES MADE ON SHIPPING BILLS
Note :—In order that we may check the grading, mark your bills "Advise Thompson, Sons & Co., Winnipeg."

SHIP YOUR
WHEAT, OATS,
BARLEY and FLAX
TO
INLAND GRAIN CO., Ltd.
Licensed and Bonded Grain Commission Merchants
Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

WHEAT **OATS**

SHIP YOUR GRAIN

Advise

G. B. MURPHY & CO.

WINNIPEG, Man.

BARLEY **FLAX**

Consign your Grain to

DONALD MORRISON & CO.

GRAIN EXCHANGE

WINNIPEG, - MAN.

Grain Commission

WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY, FLAX

Over 24 years' Experience in Grain Commission Business.

PROMPT RELIABLE WORK

Write for our Daily Market Report.

Ship Your Grain to your own order

write on Shipping Bill

Advise **Peter Jansen Co.**

Winnipeg

Send shipping bill to us and we will forward a **liberal cash advance,** and make **prompt settlement.**

Write for Shipping Forms and Free Booklet,

"Every Farmer's Form Filler."

To Obtain

Best Service and Results

Ship Grain to

The VAN DUSEN-HARRINGTON Co.

Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

IF THIS CATCHES YOUR EYE

And you will send along a car of grain to be handled on commission, you will be surprised at the results. It pays to have a specialist handle your business. Don't take my word for it. Give me a trial.

HERBERT H. WINEARLS

Grain Commission Merchant,

Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

ROBINSON & BULLOCH

WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Expert Grain Commission Men

Liberal Advances on Shipping Bills.

The Best Price for our Customers and Immediate Settlement.

Reference: Union Bank of Canada

FARMERS

complete a good harvest by shipping advise

UNION GRAIN CO. Ltd.

Grain Exchange, WINNIPEG

and securing best results.

Liberal advances.

LONG DISTANCE PHONE 1913.

A. D CHISHOLM, Manager.

THE

Canadian Elevator Co.

LIMITED

Grain Commission Merchants

WINNIPEG

All Grains Handled on Consignment or Bought on Track.

Liberal Advances

Prompt Settlements

Reference: Any Bank or Commercial Agency.

GRAIN GROWERS

Ship Your Grain to

S. SPINK

The Pioneer Grain Commission Merchant, Winnipeg, Man., 206 Grain Exchange

References { UNION BANK OF CANADA, ROYAL BANK OF CANADA.

THE WISE FARMER

IS THE ONE WHO

GETS THE BEST PRICE FOR HIS GRAIN

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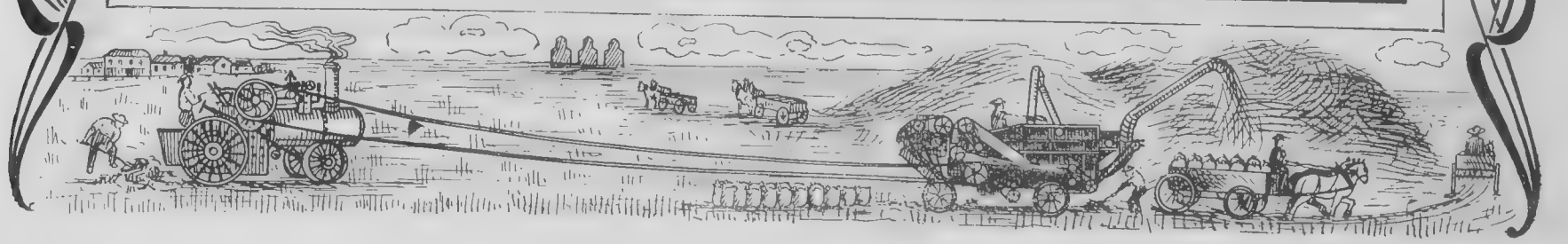

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is the pure juice of the vine.

Vin St. Michel is not a patent medicine; it is a natural Tonic, prepared by the laboratory of nature. It contains in the mildest form, all the elements necessary to a stimulative, rebuilding and nutritive Tonic

VIN ST. MICHEL

(St. Michael's Wine)

is not only pleasant to the taste, but has not that burning effect of alcoholic liquors, nor the sharp and bitter taste of quinine and iron preparations. It is oft and mellow to the taste, neither too sweet nor too heating to the stomach. It is a remedy which cures

Weakness, Debility and Dyspepsia

in fact all diseases caused by impoverished blood.

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8

GOLD LAID WATCH FREE!

Don't pay $25.00 for a GOLD WATCH when you can get one of ours for nothing. These are stem wind and set, thin model, selected jewels, very accurate, guaranteed for twenty years. We will send you the gents' size watch FREE for selling only 1 dozen Peerless Skirt Supporters and Hair Wavers at 25c. each. The ladies' size watch FREE for selling 1 1-2 dozen. Send your name and address and we will forward a package of goods and BIG PREMIUMS List. Write TO-DAY and win an EXTRA premium. Skirt Supporters and Hair Wavers are lightning sellers.

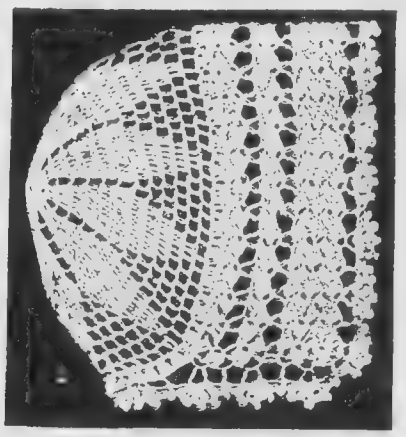
THE QUEEN CITY SUPPLY CO.,
Dept. 81 Toronto, Ont.

Work for Busy Fingers.

Baby's Crocheted Bonnet.

Begin in center of crown with a chain of 8 stitches, join.

1. Chain 3, 26 trebles in ring, join to top of 3 chain.
2. Chain 3 (always, for 1st trebles), 2 trebles in next 2 trebles (chain 2, 3 trebles in next 3 stitches), 8 times, chain 2, and join to top of 3 chain.
3. Chain 3, a treble in same stitch, a treble in next treble and 2 in 3d (chain 2, 5 trebles over 3 trebles, putting 2 in 1st and last and 1 between), 8 times, chain 2, and join to top of 3 chain.
4. Like 3d row, with 7 trebles over 5 trebles.
5. Like 3d row, with 9 trebles over 7 trebles.
6. Like 3d row, with 11 trebles over 9 trebles.
7. Like 3d row, with 13 trebles over 11 trebles.
8. A single in next treble, chain 3, 10 trebles in 10 trebles, * chain 2, a treble under 2 chain, chain 2, miss 1st of 13 trebles, 11 trebles in next 11; repeat from * around, join to top of 3 chain.
9. Like 8th row, with 9 trebles over 11 trebles, and 3 spaces between.
10. Like 8th row, 7 trebles over 9 trebles, 4 spaces between.



Baby's Crochet Bonnet.

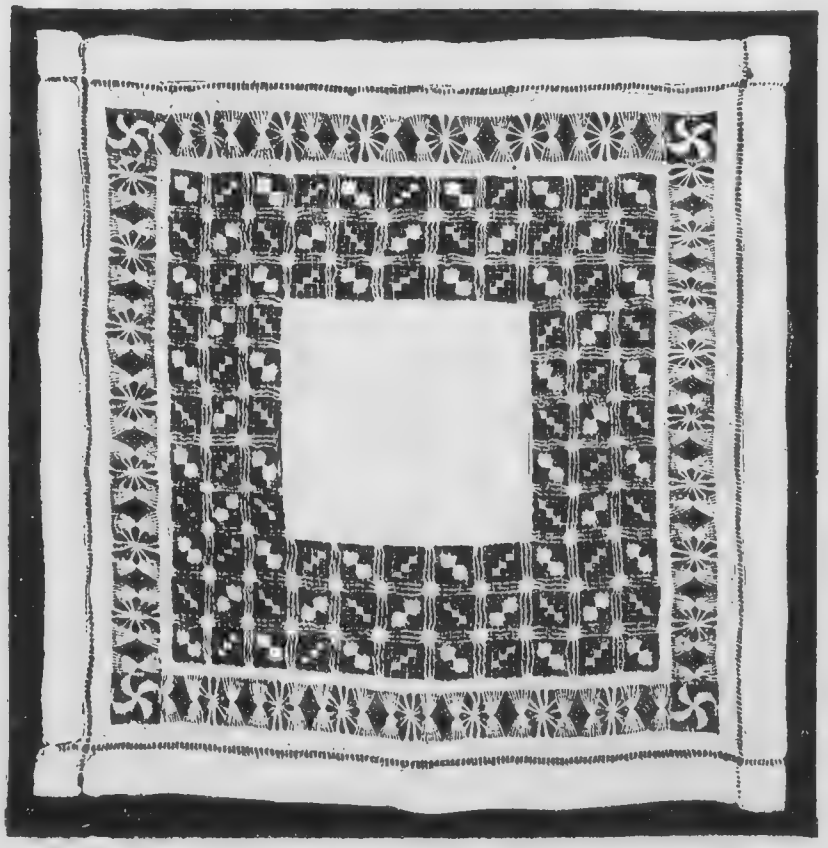
11. Like 8th, 5 trebles over 7 trebles, 5 spaces between.
12. Like 8th, 3 trebles over 5 trebles, 6 spaces between.
13. Chain 5, a treble in 2d of 3 trebles, * (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) 6 times, chain 2, a treble in 2d of 3 trebles, repeat from * around and join to 3d of 5 chain.
14. Chain 3, a treble in each stitch all around, join. This completes the round crown. Now work back and forth across the front.
15. Chain 3, a treble in next stitch, chain 2, 3 trebles in same stitch, * miss 5 trebles, a double in next, chain 3, 3 trebles in same place; repeat from * 23 times, miss 5, fasten in next stitch, turn.
16. Chain 3, miss 3 trebles, a treble under 3 chain, chain 2, 3 trebles in same place, * miss 3 trebles of next shell, a double under 3 chain, chain 3, 3 trebles under same chain, repeat from * across, a treble under 3 chain at beginning of 15th row to keep the edge straight, turn.
17. Chain 3, * 2 trebles with 2 chain between under 3 chain in next shell, chain 2, repeat from * across, ending with 1 treble under 3 chain of last row, turn.
18. Chain 3, 1 treble, 2 chain and 3 trebles under first 2 chain between 2 trebles, * 1 double, chain 3, 3 trebles, under 2 chain between next group of 2 trebles; repeat from * across, a treble under 3 chain at end, turn.
19. Chain 3, 1 treble, 2 chain and 3 trebles under 1st 3 chain, * 1 double, 3 chain and 3 trebles under next, repeat from * across, turn.
20. Like 17th row.
21, 22, 23, 24, 25. Like 18th and 19th rows, making 5 rows of crazy shells, as described.
26. Working as in 17th row, make 2 trebles with 2 chain between under 3 chain of 1st shell, chain 2, 1 treble under 3 chain of next shell; repeat from * across, and work entirely around hood in same way, ending the row where started.
27. Under each 2 chain between trebles, make * (2 trebles, chain 5, a double in 1st stitch of 5 chain) 4 times, a double in top of single treble of last row, repeat from * around.

The little bonnet or hood may be lined with fine French flannel or cashmere, or have a lining crocheted of plain treble stitch, using Saxony wool, the outside being of the same or of crochet silk. To make the lining, begin in center of crown and work around and around, widening as necessary, until the crown fits to that of the outside; then work back and forth across the front, turning with 3 chain each row to keep the edge straight. Catch the lining inside the outside. Unlined, it is a very dainty bonnet for summer wear. Ribbons may be run in the spaces formed by the 17th, 20th and 26th rows, and the ties may be of hemstitched mull or ribbon to match.

Drawnwork Border for Small Tea-cloth.

Take a square of linen 24x24 inches, or size desired. Two inches from the edge draw ⅛ inch, and hemstitch, using the "ladder stitch;" that is, knot both edges of the drawn space, taking the same threads on each side, and forming little straight bars across the space. One-half inch from the hemstitching draw 1¼ inches, all around, buttonholing the corners where the cloth is cut to allow the drawing of the threads neatly. Knot both edges of the wide space in strands of 6 or 8 threads each, according to quality of fabric. Now knot 8 strands together in the middle, knot next 8 strands in same way, knot next 6 strands, then make 2 clusters of 8 strands each again, and so on. You may have to calculate a little to have the clusters come out exactly, but this can be done by counting before the tying of the threads in clusters begins.

Knotting in at the upper right-hand corner, bring the working thread down



Drawn-work Border for Small Tea Cloth.

across the corner and knot each of 8 strands in 1st cluster 1-16 inch from the inner edge: Pass up across the space between clusters, knot 2d cluster, 1-16 inch above middle, taking 2 strands togetner. Pass down across the 6-strand cluster, knotting in the middle, and knot 3d 8-strand cluster like 1st. Continue in this way throughout.

There are 4 knotting threads above and 4 below the center of each 8-strand cluster, each strand being knotted separately except the row nearest the center. Knot the threads where they intersect in the space between the two 8-strand clusters, and knot the 6-strand cluster in the middle. Weave over each of the cross-threads by twos, over and under, back and forth, forming 4 spokes each side of center (of 6-strand cluster), and weave over 3 strands above and below, in same way, forming 2 wider spokes at the top and bottom. Fill each corner with a fly-wheel, woven over 36 foundation threads; knot all together in the center of corner and weave around and around, under 1st, over 2d, under 3d thread, and so on, passing under 1st 2 threads next round, in order to change the weaving, until you have made 4 or 5 rounds; then weave back and forth over 9 threads for ¼ inch, drop a thread at the right, weave over 8 threads, 5 times, drop a thread, and so on until you finish with weaving over 2 threads. Weave over the last thread and 1st of next 9 threads 5 times, forming a tiny square, then over last of these threads, and the next in the same way, repeating once more to form 3 tiny squares in all. Pass thread back to center, by twisting over a foundation thread or between the woven work, and repeat to make the 4 blades of the fan.

Draw the center in inch squares, with ¼ inch between, leaving ⅜ inch space between the wide border and center. Starting at the corner, mark 1 inch, leave ¼ inch; repeat across the side, ending with 1 inch. Carry the tracing down the next side in same way; then draw a thread across at the edge of each ¼ inch or unmarked space. In this way you will have the squares even, whereas if they were cut at once, unless warp and woof were exact, the piece might be spoiled.

Carry four knotting threads each way across the drawn space, knotting where they intersect in alternate spaces, and knotting together in the middle of those between. In the latter spaces, beginning in the middle, weave over 8 threads 12 times, drop a thread each side, weave over 6 threads 5 times, drop a thread each side, weave over 4 in same way, drop a thread each side, weave over 2, then pass the needle back to center between the woven part, taking care to not draw it tight, and weave over the 8 threads in opposite corner in like manner. In the alternating spaces fill 3 diagonal squares with weaving, turning the woven figures in all spaces first one way, then the other. Directions for Mexican or drawnwork seem superfluous when one has an illustration to go by, yet are often helpful to beginners.

Description of Crochet Stitches.

Chain (ch.): A series of stitches (sts.) or loops, drawn with the hook through loop preceding.

Slip-stitch (sl. st.): Drop the stitch on the hook; take up the one it is desired to join, and draw the dropped stitch through. This is used as a fastener, or joining stitch, where close work is wanted.

Single crochet (s. c.): Having a stitch on the needle, put hook through work, take up the thread and draw it through the work and the stitch on the needle at the same time. This is sometimes called "close-chain stitch."

Double crochet (d. c.): Having a stitch on the needle (as will be understood in following definitions), put hook through the work, draw the thread through, take up stitch and draw it through the two stitches on the needle.

Treble crochet (t. c.): Thread over needle as if to make a stitch, hook through work, thread over and draw through, making three stitches on the needle; thread over, draw through two, over draw through remaining two.

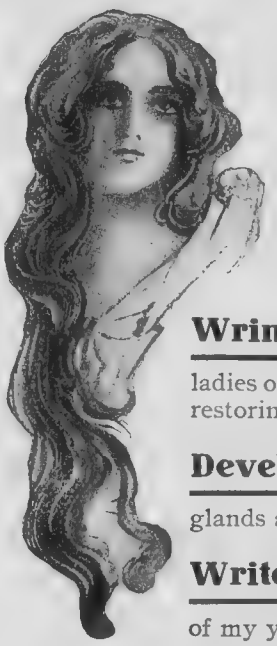
Double treble crochet (d. t. c.): Like treble, except that the thread is put over twice before insertion of hook in the work; draw thread through, making four stitches on the needle; take up thread, draw through two, again, and draw through remaining two. In the extra long long treble, which is seldom used, the thread is put over three times before insertion of hook in work, the stitches being worked off by twos as directed.

Short treble (s. t.): Like treble, except that after thread is drawn through the work, making three stitches on the needle, it is taken up and drawn through all three at once, instead of two.

An Easy Way To Clean Kettles—As soon as you discover the potatoes, peas, beans, or anything one is likely to cook on the top of the stove, has boiled dry and burned on, remove the kettle at once save any of its contents by turning into another dish if you can, then fill with cold water immediately. Then put into another larger basin filled with water and allow it to soak some time. The burned parts can then be removed quite easily.

Be Beautiful

Every Woman May Have a Rose-Leaf Complexion and a Skin Free of Every Blemish



Beauty is not a question of birth but of treatment.

My Home Treatment will overcome the ravages of disease, accident, sickness and neglect.

My business is to make women attractive. I do it. Whatever the blemish is that disfigures your skin, I can overcome it.

Scars and Birthmarks Removed Smallpox Pittings, Scars from burns or injuries, Birthmarks and Moles, are completely removed by my Treatment, leaving the skin as soft and smooth as a baby's.

Wrinkles Smoothed Away By my Marvelous Treatment, Wrinkles are removed and old faces are made young. Many ladies of 60 owe their fresh, youthful appearance to my skill and scientific methods of restoring the skin to health.

Develop Your Bust A full, round bust is one of woman's chief charms. My Home Treatment develops the bust muscles, stimulates the glands and restores the fatty tissues, giving the bust both beauty of outline and firmness.

Write Me About Yourself Write me in strict confidence about your case and I will tell you what to do, giving you the benefit of my years of experience in treating all beauty blemishes. Send four cents in stamps for illustrated pamphlet "The Soul of Beauty."

Mme. Marie

Beauty Specialist, 485 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal.

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER
GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE
GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR.

When your dealer, in filling your order for any of above goods, reaches for a substitute, **STOP HIM.** That is the time to do it. It is too late when you get home, and the package opened, partially used and found wanting, as is generally the case with substitutes.

There are many reasons why you should ask for the above well advertised articles, but absolutely none why you should let a substituting dealer palm off something which he claims to be "just as good," or "better" or "the same thing" as the article you ask for.

The buying public recognize the superior quality of well advertised and standard articles like Gillett's goods. The substitutor realizes this fact and tries to sell inferior goods on the advertiser's reputation.

STOP HIM!

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

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Free to the Ruptured

Simple Home Cure that Anyone Can Use Without Pain, Danger or Loss of Time from Work

SENT FREE TO ALL

I cure rupture without operation, pain danger or loss of time. When I say cure I do not mean hold, but a cure that stays cured and does away with trusses for all time.

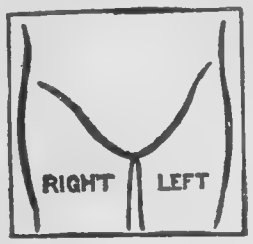
To convince you and your ruptured friends that my Discovery actually cures I want you to test it without one cent expense to yourself. Remember, I am not trying to sell you a truss, but I offer you an absolute, perfect and permanent cure that means freedom from pain and suffering, a largely increased physical and mental vigor, a fuller enjoyment of life's blessings and years of comfort and satisfaction added to the length of your life.

Don't send any money, simply fill out the coupon below, indicate on the diagram the location of the rupture, and mail it to me. Don't neglect this important matter a single day or continue to be tortured any longer by cheap, ready-made trusses.

My remarkable offer is the fairest ever made and should be taken advantage of immediately by all rupture sufferers.

Free Treatment Coupon

Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture, answer the questions and mail this to Dr W S. RICE, 107 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.



Age.....

Time Ruptured?.....

Does Rupture pain?.....

Do you wear a truss?.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Receipt That Cures Weak Men--Free

Send Name and Address Today- You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together,

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what. I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge.

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4-Fast Trains Daily From Chicago-4

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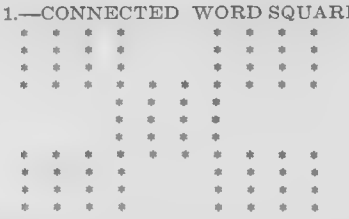
A. E. DUFF,

General Agent Passenger Dept.

260 Portage Ave. Phone 7098

Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—CONNECTED WORD SQUARES.



Upper Left: 1. To annul. 2. Chaste. 3. The lower part of the walls in rooms. 4. A county in Nebraska.

Upper Right: 1. Barren. 2. Repose. 3. A continent. 4. Scanty.

Center: 1. Equable. 2. A tract of low ground. 3. A girl's name. 4. Clean.

Lower Left: 1. Degenerate. 2. A county in Pennsylvania. 3. Intentions. 4. A snug residence.

Lower Right: 1. To believe. 2. To split. 3. An elliptical figure. 4. A strengthening piece.

No. 2.—TRANSPOSITION PUZZLE.

The letters of the words describing the chief point shown in the picture, in conjunction with the letters on the sign board, will give, when transposed and set down in their proper order, the name of a great national event that is now in the minds of the people and which will occur next year.

No. 3.—A DOZEN PENS.

Each answer begins or ends with the word "pen."

1. Having wings.
2. A species of poplar.
3. A solemn festival of the Jews.
4. To take place.
5. A web-footed sea-bird.
6. A small flag.
7. Free of access.
8. Decided taste.
9. Absence of means or resources.
10. Thoughtful or sad.
11. To make darker or more intense.
12. Punishment for offense

No. 4.—PICTURE PUZZLE.

In this picture may be seen the following things: 1. Wild animals. 2. Whips without handles. 3. A fruit. 4. A room in a parsonage. 5. What judges are sometimes called. 6. Covers. 7. A famous part of the White Mountains. 8. To obtain under false pretences. 9. Counted in a vote. 10. What prize-fighters compete for. 11. Hotel staircases. 12. A shelter for game. 13. Anger. 14. An English coin. 15. Weapons of defence. 16. A musical troupe. 17. A standard measure. 18. A common phrase for impudence. 19. Messengers in Congress. 20. To cover with plates of stone. 21. A flexible leathern pipe. 22. To construct. 23. To prostrate an adversary. 24. A box.

No. 5.—CHOW-CHOW.

To one-third of a cup put in two-thirds of ice, one-third of cassia, one-fourth of meal, one-half of milk, one-seventh of lettuce and one-fourth of wine, and, after cooking, it is what many like to eat .

No. 6.—HIDDEN RIVERS.

In each of the following sentences find the name of a river concealed, the letters of the name being placed so as to spell backward:

1. I got a glove-box for my birthday-present.

William Wallace bled for his country.

3. Last week I bought a new "Shakespeare" in one volume.

4. My uncle was once chased by an elephant.

5. Mother has gone to buy some linen.

6. Tell me what you saw at Toronto.

No. 7.—PROBLEM.

Take 1000 and 50; divide by 1; add 50; and the answer will be less than a cent.

No. 8.—OLD-STYLE CONUNDRUM.

Why should a five-dollar bank note be much more valuable to you than a five-dollar gold piece?

No. 9.—GEOGRAPHICAL SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Syncopate a town in Kentucky, and leave a town in North Carolina.

2. A city in New York, and leave a town in Rhode Island; again, and leave a town in Texas.

3. A town in Virginia, and leave a mountain in Colorado..

4. A county in New York, and leave a town in South Dakota.

Answers to all the above Puzzles will be given in the December number of The Wetsern Home Monthly.

Answers to Puzzles in October Number.

No.1. Hidden Cities.—1. Waco. 2. Selma 3. Alameda. 4. Napa. 5. Derby. 6. Macon. 7. Alton. 8. Malone. 9. Ithaca. 10. Salem. 11. Reno. 12. Utica.

No 2. Drop-Letter Puzzle.—

"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot and begs its way."

No. 3.—Geo graphical Syncorations.—1. Crestone, Creston. 2. Douglass, Douglas. 3. Ephratah, Ephrata. 4. Fredrica, Frederic. 5. Glenn, Glen 6. Greene, Green.

No. 4. Pictorial Proverb.—"Many hands make light work."

No. 5. A Swarm of Bees.—1. Becalm. 2. Bedeck. 3. Before. 4. Becharm. 5. Begird. 6. Bereave. 7. Bestow. 8. Beyond. 9. Bedabble. 10. Befool. 11. Behead. 12. Beguile.

No. 6. Illustrated Rebus.—Hornbeams. The picture represents the Matterhorn.

No. 7. Names of Authors.—1. Webster. 2. Scott. 3. Gay. 4. Baillie.

No. 8. Charade.—Fraudulent.

No. 9. Tetragon.—

J
D O
P O H
D O W N
J O H N A D A M S
D O R Y
A R M
M Y
S

No. 10. Word Square.—C E L L
E S A U
L A R K
L U K E

No. 11. Concealments.—1. Venus. 2. Antigone. 3. Esther. 4. Josephine.

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more govering strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past pone so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.

If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

"Black Knight" Stove Polish

does away with all the dirty work of keeping stoves clean. No mixing—no hard rubbing. "Black Knight" is always ready to use—shines quick as a wink—and puts on a bright, black polish that the hottest fire can't burn off. Equally good for Stoves, Pipes, Grates and Ironwork.

If you can't get "Black Knight" in your neighborhood, send name of dealer and 10c for full sized can

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Direct Loom Prices Direct to You.

Lace Curtains, Muslins, Cretonnes, Tapestries, etc., Ladies, and Gents' Underwear, Tailoring, Boots and Shoes. For 51 years admitted the best for lasting service. See List of Reliable HOUSEHOLD LINENS. Canadian Currency quoted.

MARVELLOUS PARCEL Postage Free

10 Dinner and Tea Cloths **$6** Half-Parcel **1** of each **$3.10**

2 White Damask Table Cloths, 2½ yds. by 2 yds. rich pattern, hemmed.

2 White Damask Table Cloths, special make, in cotton, having the effect of Linen Damask, 60 ins. long, 54 ins. wide, hemmed.

2 Half Bleached Table Cloths, hard wearing.

2 Irish Cambric Tea Cloths, Hand Embroidered and Drawn Thread.

2 Tray Covers. Embroidered and Drawn Thread. Marvellous value. Try one. Reliable Wearing.

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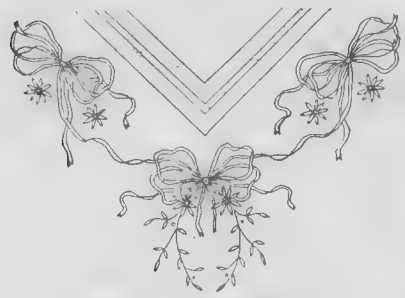
THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND QUICKEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

OUR MEDICATED GOITRE BANDAGE is a convenient, soothing appliance, worn at night and cures while you sleep. The Bandage absorbs the swelling and the Goitre disappears in a few days. 16 years success. Write for free Treatise on Goitre, full particulars, etc.

PHYSICIANS REMEDY CO. 74 Sinton Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

Transferable Embroidery Designs.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10x15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.



Pattern 54.—Shirtwaist.

This is effective, with little work. The ribbon may be worked solid, or outlined and filled with French knots. Flowers are solid. The space between the lines is for lace insertion continued to the seams. Dots for French knots.

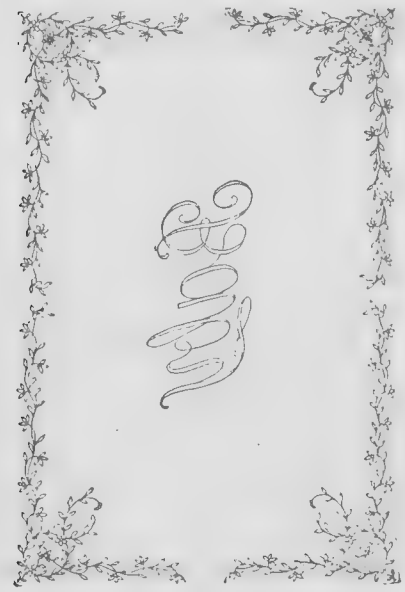
Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material uniformly with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon, as you will notice if you raise the paper by one corner occasionally. Address Western Home Monthly, Embroidery Department, Winnipeg, Canada.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10x15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.



Pattern S.—Baby Pillow.

This pillow may be worked in the French embroidery stitch. If desired, the size of the pillow may be altered by cutting and spreading the design.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material uniformly with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon, as you will notice if you raise the paper by one corner occasionally. Address Western Home Monthly, Embroidery Department, Winnipeg, Canada.

Linseed oil and lime water make a grand remedy for burns.

When the feet are tired and swollen from long standing or from a long tramp a bath in a foot tub of hot water, in which is dissolved two ounces each, of rock salt and borax, will rest and refresh.

RHEUMATISM
A TIME-TRIED REMEDY
FREE UNTIL CURED

Of all sufferers none is more helpless or deserving of pity than the Rheumatic. It is simply a waste of time to talk about symptoms. Every sufferer who experiences its agonizing thrusts and twitches knows all he wants to about it, and all he thinks of and prays for is a remedy. Rheumatism is found in various forms and is due to a variety of causes which are all fully explained in my free book. What I wish particularly to impress upon you here, is that I have a remedy for this distressing complaint, as I have clearly demonstrated during my many years of successful practice in Electricity. As yet, there has not been a drug, or a combination of drugs found, that will cure Rheumatism. Some partially relieve it for a time, but they do so at the expense of the stomach. From my vast experience with electricity I honestly believe it to be the true and natural remedy, and so confident am I of what my invention will do, that any responsible sufferer, no matter how bad his case may be, can make arrangements to get my Appliance, the world-famed

Dr. Sanden Electric Belt
Free Until Cured

It is not necessary to make any advance payment or deposit. I will send you the Belt, and if at the end of, say two months, you are well or satisfied, pay me the usual price of the Belt—in some cases only $5.00. If not satisfied with the results, return the Belt to me and the deal is closed. Liberal discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way. This is a straightforward business proposition, and one which I could not afford to make if I did not have great confidence in my treatment, born of years of successful conflict with this dread disease. My Appliance is simply worn about the waist, like an ordinary belt, at night while you sleep. Ease from your pains will follow almost immediately, and a complete and permanent cure later on.

FREE BOOK: I want every sufferer from Rheumatism and Kidney trouble to read my book. It is beautifully illustrated, and is sent free, sealed, upon request. Write or call for it to-day. It will place you under no obligation whatever to buy a belt. I simply want you to read of the wonders of electrical treatment. Address:

DR. W. A. SANDEN, 140 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT. Office Hours 9 to 6 Saturdays until 9 p.m.

Dineen Building, entrance No. 6 Temperance Street

Bad Breath and Sour Stomach

Stopped At Once With Pure Willow Charcoal, the Greatest Gas Absorber Known.

There is no necessity to suffer the humiliation, chagrin and discomfort of bad breath, biliousness, sour stomach, gastritis, sluggish liver, etc., when a little lozenge of charcoal will cleanse the stomach and make it pure and sweet.

Do not drug yourself when a simple little natural charcoal made from fragrant willow branches, sweetened with honey, will add tone to your stomach, liver and intestines, rapidly absorb gases and stop foul odors of all kinds.

Charcoal will absorb one hundred times its own volume in gas. A box full of charcoal placed in a bed room will keep the air of such a room pure and sweet.

A little charcoal lozenge dissolved on the tongue after meals will also keep the stomach fresh and clean. Charcoal is justly called the scrubbing brush for the stomach. The old monks of medieval times cured bad cases of stomach trouble, cast out devils from the system of man by feeding such a man charcoal.

Scientific men of to-day believe in the great strength of charcoal for the cure of human ills. Too much of it cannot harm one. The system craves it just like an animal needs and craves salt every so often. Charcoal goes into the stomach gently and is welcome, it settles down through the action of the stomach, and filters through all the food, absorbing gas, aiding digestion and giving tone to the juices, so that when the food goes into the intestines, and there meets other digestive fluids, the charcoal holds the impurities and thus keeps them from the blood.

Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are made from pure willow. They are prepared fragrant by the use of honey and sweetened so they please the taste and are easily dissolved.

They have an enormous sale, thus stamping them with the approval of the public. Every druggist sells them, 25 cents per box. Go to your druggist to-day and buy a box; then after your next meal take two or three of them and judge for yourself of their merit.

Several taken at bed time will prove to you in the morning that they have been at work all night, for your bad breath will not be so bad after all.

Send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 200 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Packing trees at Pelham's Nursery for Western Trade.

Reliable Agents Wanted

Now to sell Fruit Trees, Forest Seedlings, Berry Bushes, Flowering Shrubs. **Good pay weekly.** Outfit free. Exclusive territory.

600 ACRES UNDER CULTIVATION

We grow exclusively for our Western trade varieties **we guarantee hardy** and **recommended by Indian Head and Brandon experimental farms.**

We supply large and well developed trees and plants which **will withstand severe cold.**

Write for terms. State whether you can work whole or part time. Address Manager

PELHAM NURSERY CO.,
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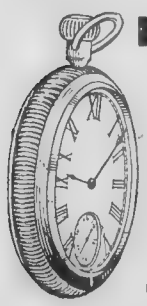


EARN this beautiful Silver Nickel Stem Wind Watch. We want to introduce our late popular music in homes everywhere. This music is beautifully lithographed in colors with artistic title pages and will sell at sight, and includes some of the best songs ever written. We will send you free 25 copies assorted to retail at 10c. each. When sold return the $2.50 to us, and we will positively send you this beautiful watch—a watch you will be proud of.

COLLEGE MUSIC CO.
Dept. B TORONTO, CANADA

If Doctors Have Failed You try Vitae-Ore and see what it will do. It has cured many after the doctors had used all the old-fashioned medicines. Test it without risk according to the offer on page 13 of this paper.

The Home Doctor.

If the nails are brittle, soak them daily in a little warm sweet oil.

Warm olive oil rubbed into the baby's abdomen and a covering of warm flannels will nearly always relieve a very sharp attack of colic.

Gum chewing, if properly indulged in, is recommended by the best dentists, but the temptation to keep the jaws wagging often does more harm than good.

Bathe inflamed eyelids in a solution composed of two tablespoonfuls of brandy and one cup of tea. Use this remedy often and the best of results will follow.

A powder much used in the German army to keep the feet dry and prevent blisters or any foot weariness is compounded according to these directions: Three parts of salicylic acid, ten of starch and eighty-seven of pulverized soapstone.

Dry nipple sucking is not approved by physicians, trained nurses nor wise mothers. It stimulates an unnecessary flow of saliva, just as chewing gum does with older children and then the air that is taken in is liable to cause wind colic.

Nowadays doctors forbid gouty patients to eat any kind of sweet food, but recommend them to eat at least a dozen walnuts a day. There is no doubt that walnuts are must useful to gouty subjects, or in cases of chronic rheumatism. Swelling goes down and pain decreases.

Immediately upon leaving the sleeping room in the morning, the windows should be raised to their full length, and the doors thrown open to enable the fresh, outside air to reach every corner of the apartment in free circulation. There is marvellous power in the air to sweeten and purify.

Another unfortunate man has died of hiccough whose life could have been saved by the prompt use of tincture of amyl. Why do not the medical practitioners make a public announcement of first treatment for the afflicted. Neglect of what is generally thought to be a trifling ailment, often causes the nervous distemper to pass the curable stage.

A doctor who was called in to treat a little child that had drank a large quantity of camphor, inquired of the mother what she had done, and she replied: "I gave her as much cream as she could take," upon which he told her that it was the cream that saved the child's life; if she had done nothing before his arrival, he would have been too late to save her.

The medicinal properties of the onion have been put to still further test. A young man who had been bitten by a mad dog and fast developing symptoms of hydrophobia was locked in a chamber where some onions were drying. In his delirium he devoured some of the garlic and when he woke from a sound sleep, which followed, the frenzy had ceased.

When the baby's head is hot while teething and the little thing is tossing about in a restless manner, convulsions can be prevented by taking a large piece of cotton or linen wet in cold water, folded three-corner wise and laid across the forehead, bringing the corners to meet at the back of the head. Put a dry cloth over it and change until the little head is cool and the restlessness gone.

Hair Falling Off.—The following well-tried recipe is highly recommended: Glycerine and tincture of capsicum each two ounces, oil of bergamot one drachm; mix and perfume to suit. This is to be the only dressing for the hair. Wash the head occasionally with soft water and fine soap. A few drops of any good toilet water in the last rinsing water gives a faint suggestion of perfume to the hair that is very refreshing.

Delicate skins are very sensitive to the approach of cold weather, and unless proper care is taken to prevent ot, it will chap the hands almost before one realizes the fact. If persons who are troubled with chapped hands would be careful to wash, first with warm water, to cleanse, then immerse in cold water, to harden the flesh, dampen with three drops of glycerine, dissolved in one teaspoonful of water and wipe perfectly dry, they would be surprised to see what soft, smooth hands they had.

The Complexion.—Take blanched bitter almonds, two ounces; blanched sweet almonds, one ounce; beat to a paste; add distilled water, one quart; mix well, strain, put into a bottle, add corrosive sublimate in powder, twenty grains, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of spirits of wine, and shake well. This lotion is used to impart a delightful softness to the skin, and also as a wash for eruptive diseases. Wet the skin with it, either by means of the corner of a napkin or the fingers dipped into it, and then gently wipe off with a dry cloth.

Nothing so weakens the powers of digestion as the habit of picking up a snack here and there, as chance may offer. Even if it be a bit of bread thus taken, it is not safe. The smallest morsel of food is apt to arouse the full activity of the stomach and all the digestive apparatus only for waste of effort.

Never visit a sick person (especially if the complaint be of a contagious nature) with an empty stomach, as this disposes the system more readily to receive the contagion. In attending a sick person, place yourself where the air passes from the door or window to the bed of the diseased, not betwixt the diseased person and any fire that is in the room, as the heat of the fire will draw the infectious vapor in that direction, and you would run much danger from breathing in it.

Sore Throat.—If you are a sufferer from this very common malady you may be quickly benefited by a perfectly delicious and soothing preparation, which is, in fact, lemonade made without the addition of water. Grate the rind from one lemon, and squeeze the juice from two over about two heaped teaspoonfuls of sugar. Be very careful to grate only the yellow as the white gives a bitter flavor. Add the juice and the grated rind of an orange. Let this stand ten or fifteen minutes, and then strain through a cloth. The result is a syrup with a refreshing and delicious taste, which quickly assuages the irritation of the throat.

Not long ago a Scotch teacher gave this advice to her pupils: "If you have cholera or scarlet fever in the house put some onions under the bed and they will sweep away all disease." The onion proved its virtue in a remarkable way forty years ago when cholera raged throughout London. It was noticed with surprise that one of the most unsanitary districts was almost exempt from the visitation. The majority of the inhabitants, being Italians, were great onion eaters, and strings of this vegetable were found suspended from the ceiling of nearly every room. The medical officer of health concluded that the onion among its many virtues, contains a powerful antidote against cholera morbus, and, possibly, other diseases.

When the eyes are tired and inflamed use this lotion. It is splendid: 15 drops of camphor water, one-half teaspoonful of powdered boric acid, one cup of boiling water. Cool, strain through muslin and apply several times a day with an eye dropper.

hen the hair becomes very oily immediately after shampooing, a little diluted alcohol rubbed into the scalp will help the trouble. Very often the rinsing of the hair is not thorough after a shampoo where soap has been used, and this will often cause the hair to become stringy and oily.

Too much borax will cause the skin and hair to become dry. Soften your bathing water with a teaspoonful of this lotion: Four ounces of alcohol, one ounce of ammonia, one dram of oil of lavender. It is very refreshing.

A moist toothbrush will not cleanse the teeth properly. It is too soft. Have several toothbrushes, hanging them from little pegs so they will drain and dry, always brush away from the gums. If particles of food adhere to the crevices between the teeth use dental floss. To use a toothpick in public is to exhibit gross lack of breeding. Don't do it.

A very dry scalp is always bad for the hair. Rub into the scalp a little olive oil. This will put your hair in better condition. Too much shampooing with drying soaps is very bad. An excess of borax in the shampoo will soon ruin the hair, causing it to break and split.

You can make an excellent eyebrow tonic by combining equal parts of alcohol and olive oil. Shake well before applying with a tiny brush. Glycerine is not good for the complexion. It will discolor the skin and cause a growth of superfluous hair.

GANANOQUE MAN OUT OF TROUBLE

Had Rheumatism, but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it.

Hugh Abernethy on His Feet Again—Cure is Easy, Simple, Natural and Permanent.

GANANOQUE, Ont., Nov. 10 (Special).—That Rheumatism can be cured surely, simply and permanently is the good news that Hugh Abernethy, a well-known resident of King Street, is spreading among his neighbors.

"I had suffered from Rheumatism and stiffness of the joints," Mr. Abernethy states. "My muscles would cramp. I could not sleep, and I had terrible headaches. I took many different medicines but nothing did me any good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes put me on my feet again."

Others who have taken Mr. Abernethy's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills are also loud in their praises of the old reliable Canadian Kidney remedy. For Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism and other blood diseases by curing the Kidneys. Sound Kidneys keep the blood free from impurities. And with no impurities, such as uric acid in the blood, you cannot have such painful and dangerous diseases as Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and Heart Disease.

Keep your Kidneys strong and well with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you can face the cold, wet days of fall without a fear of Rheumatism.

When Buying Your Winter Underwear, Consider the Advantages of JAEGER Natural Wool

1. *Prevents Chills*—because it *envelopes* the body in its *natural warmth* and keeps the colder air of winter *out.* With Jaeger Underwear you can wear a *much lighter* garment and still have the same protection.
2. *Durability*—undyed wool will *wear longer* than wool that has been dyed, bleached or chemically treated. Jaeger Natural Underwear is made from selected portions of white and black wool—guaranteed for quality and purity, and against shrinkage.
3. *Perfect Fit*—the perfect shape and natural elasticity of Jaeger Stockinet Web fits *snugly* all over the body.

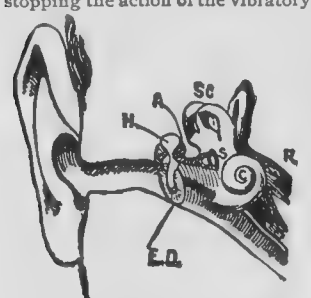
Jaeger Underwear is sold by leading dealers at fixed moderate prices. Write for our *New Catalogue.*

Dr. Jaeger's Co., Ltd.
316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal
10 Adelaide St. W., Toronto
Steel Block, Portage Ave., Winnipeg

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED BY "ACTINA"

Ninety-five per cent of the cases of deafness brought to our attention are the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Unt these deposits are removed relief is impossible. The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying hence the inability of specialists to always give relief. That there is a scientific treatment for most forms of deafness and catarrh



E. D. The Drum; H. Hammer; A. Anvil; S. Stirrup; S. C. Semicircular Canals; C. Cochlea.

demonstrated every day by the "Actina" treatment. The vapor generated in the "Actina" passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the vibration of sound. "Actina" is also very successful in relieving head noises. We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be completely relieved in a few weeks by this wonderful invention. "Actina" has also been very successful in the treatment of la grippe, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds, and headache, and other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. "Actina" will be sent on trial postpaid. Write us about your case. Our advice will be free as well as a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84C, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

BUY A

New Scale Williams Piano

And Pay For It As It Suits Your Convenience

INSTEAD of "saving up to buy a piano," put your savings in the piano itself, and have the enjoyment of the piano at home all the time you are paying for it.

Our Purchase Plan enables you to buy a New Scale Williams Piano on practically your own terms. And you cannot buy a better piano at any price.

The "New Scale Williams" has won a place in the Canadian musical world, second to none. Its superb tone — its perfect action — its durability — are qualities that have taken the highest rank with all competent judges.

Cut out the coupon and mail to us today.

The Williams Piano Co. Limited,
OSHAWA, Ont.
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Please send me free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Piano and special easy purchase plan.

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Gold Watch AND RING GIVEN
FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch Stem Wind, beautifully engraved Solid Gold Laid case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring set with a Congo Gem, sparkling like a $50 diamond, for selling 20 packages of beautiful high grade Art Post Cards at 10c per package. Order 20 packages and when sold send us $2 and we will positively send you the watch, ring & chain. ALTON WATCH CO. Dept 806, CHICAGO

Boys and Girls.

THANKSGIVING.

We're thankful for the winter frost,
That made the snowflakes fall,
And every snowball that we tossed,
And sleds and skates and all.
We're thankful for the flowers we found
In May time, long ago;
Spring beauty peeping from the ground,
And bloodroot white as snow.
We're thankful for the holidays,
That came with summer heat,
And all the happy summer plays
In grandma's garden sweet.
We're thankful for the autumn's store,
When fields are bare and gray,
And all the year that brings once more
Our dear Thanksgiving Day.

GAMES FOR THANKSGIVING.

Fruit Basket.—Fruit basket is a game which is enjoyed by the "children of larger growth," almost as well as by the little folks. It is so mirth-provoking that no one can take part without having a jolly time. The players seat themselves in a circle, wih a leader in the centre, who gives to every one the name of a fruit, also a number. He then calls out a number and immediately counts ten very rapidly. The person who has the number must answer with his fruit name before the leader stops counting. If he does not do this he has to give up his seat to the leader and take his place, otherwise the leader continues with other numbers until he catches some one. Every little while the leader shouts "fruit basket," which means all are to change seats. The one who is left standing takes the floor.

The Alliterative Game.—In this game, which usually causes much merriment, each player is given a different consonant to be used as the first letter of each word in a story written in a given time. For example: "S" usually produces a funny tale regarding "Simple Simon saw some scoundrels slowly sauntering seaward," while "F" inspires one to write of "Fanny Fern's flirtations." Occasionally conjunctions are allowed, but it is as well to try to do without them.

The Picture gallery.—The guests are grouped in pairs and each, in a limited time, draws a portrait of the other, being careful that his work of art shall not be seen. Then the portraits are collected, numbered, and pinned on the wall. The guests, provided with numbered slips, shall guess the identity of each. In place of portraits an historical event may be illustrated by each guest, as his fancy indicates; for example, Columbus discovering America. After a limited time the papers are collected and exhibited in the same manner as in the portrait game.

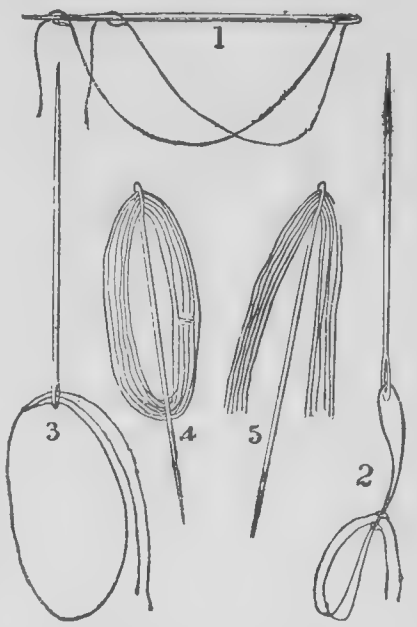
The Telegram Game.—The head of each paper must bear ten letters selected at random by the hostess, each paper bearing the same letters. Within a given time, usually five or ten minutes, each must write a telegram of ten words whose initial letters shall be those at the head of the paper. For example: given the letters T, T, P, A, W, I, N, R, D, S, one telegram might read: "Take two pellets aconite; wire immediately; no relief. Dr. Snow." Or as follows: "Take train Plymouth. Annie Ware insane. Notify relatives. Danvers Sanatorium."

A GOOD THREAD AND NEEDLE TRICK.

This is a trick for girls, though there is no reason why the boys should not do it, too, if they can. A little familiarity with needles and thread, by the way, can do a boy no harm and may be very useful to him.

The trick is most easily done with loosely woven thread and a coarse needle with a long eye. First thread the needle in the ordinary way with a thread two or three yards long. Draw the ends to the same lenght, untwist the threads a little about four inches from the needle and pass the point of the needle through both threads, as shown in Figure 1.

Draw the needle with its loop of threads completely through both threads, as shown in Figure 2, and keep on pulling until you have drawn the double thread out straight as it was at first. There will be two tiny knots where you have drawn the thread through itself, but they will be almost or quite invisible, so that the needle and thread will look like any other needle and thread. Now hold the needle, vertical with the point up, in the right hand. With the left finger and thumb pick up one of the threads between the needle and the invisible knots—that is to say, an inch or two from the eye of the needle, and pull away from the needle until you bring the little invisible knots up to and through the eye of the needle (Figure 3). Now you have the needle threaded with three threads. Continue pulling all three, always in the same direction, until the little knots slip through the eye again and bring two more threads with them. Go on in this way, gaining two threads at each passage of the knots, until the eye becomes too full to hold any more thread.



The threaded needle now has the appearance of Figure 4. Figure 5 shows it after the loops of thread have been cut at the bottom.

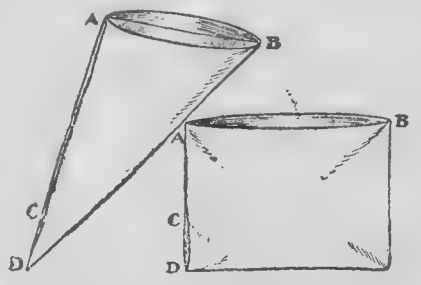
This is one of the tricks that are more easily done than described. You will be surprised to find how easy it is, though if you did not know how to do it it would seem impossible.

But if you want to surprise people very much, indeed, just show them the threaded needle with the invisible knots, which you have prepared in secret and which they will take for an ordinary needle, and announce that you will put in the other twenty or more threads without seeing the needle. Then proceed as before, holding your hands under the table, or, if you prefer, allow yourself to be blindfolded. Of course, you must practice a little before attempting this in public.

FOR PARLOR MAGICIANS.

The traveling penny is a good trick to begin with. Drill two very small holes close together through the centre of a penny, pass through them a piece of flesh-colored silk some three inches in length and fasten the ends neatly and securely. Pass the loop thus formed around the left thumb. Borrow a penny, which may be marked by the owner for identification, from any one in the audience. Pretend to pass this into the left hand, but really palm it in the right, at the same time showing the prepared coin to the left. Close the left palm toward the audience and at the same time swing the prepared coin, with a jerk of the thumb, on to the back of the hand. Then open the hand—the penny has vanished. The borrowed coin can be discovered in any place desired—the pocket of the owner or the hair of some unsuspecting young lady in the audience.

Having commenced borrowing you may continue by asking the loan of a watch. Taking up a square piece of paper from your table, you roll it into the shape of a cornucopia and ask one of the audience to put the watch inside. Repuest him to feel the paper to make sure the watch is within. Then tap the cornucopia with the wand and unfolding it in full view show that the watch has completely disappeared. The sheet of paper used is really double, forming a flat bag. When the cornucopia is formed its mouth must be the mouth of the



bag—a single thickness of paper being on one side and two thicknesses of paper on the other, so that when the watch is apparently placed in the cornucopia it is really placed between the two sheets of paper, which are securely gummed at the three other sides except for a small opening in one corner. A-B shows the open side of the bag, C-D the smaller mouth.

The plain side is the one chiefly seen by the audience, but if well-made in dark-colored paper the mouth side can be shown. In the diagrams, of course, the openings in the double paper are exaggerated to make the formation explicit. In the actual paper bag the edges do not perceptibly separate and the whole must appear as a single sheet.

After showing the apparently empty paper in turning to throw it away, let the watch slip out through C-D, and palm it or slip it in a convenient pocket, assuring the owner that it will rematerialize later on.

If you are at all apt at metal work a most effective finale for your little entertainment can be arranged. Get a deep saucepan and fit the top of it with a tray, a half inch perhaps in depth, so constructed that when the lid is pressed down tiny wire clamps grip the tray and the two can be lifted off together. You also want a plain tin cylinder just big enough to fit the saucepan.

In the last named, carefully stow a tame rabbit and put on the tray. At the bottom of the cylinder lay a fire of paper and shavings (something very light) and having asked the assembled company to watch you make a Welsh rarebit, and expatiated upon your proficiency as a cook, putting the necessary ingredients for a rarebit into the tray, press the lid down and place the saucepan over the lighted fire which at once goes out.

You continue your remarks for a moment, presumably while the rarebit is cooking, and then lift the saucepan from the cylinder, taking off the lid which of course carries the tray with it. Out hops the live rabbit, twitching his long ears and blinking at the spectators, much to the amazement of the same.

20 Years Bed-Ridden

Massachusetts Man Is Cured by Wonderful Pyramid Cure.

If You Are A Sufferer Send For A Free Trial Package To-day.

"I had piles for 20 years. I was so bad for months at a time as to be unable to walk. Having a friend who lost his life by an operation, I desisted from ever having that experiment tried on me.

"I tried the sample of Pyramid Pile Cure you sent me, and then bought a 50 cent box. The results were immediate and surprising to me, I assure you

"Its speedy action also makes it extremely favorable for impatient people. I am, yours sincerely, George H. Bartlett, Mattapan, Mass.

The moment you begin to use Pyramid Pile Cure, your piles begin to leave you, and itching and pain begin to disappear. It heals all sores, ulcers and irritated parts. It is put up in the form of suppositories and is easy to use.

A trial treatment will be sent you at once by mail in plain, sealed wrapper, without a cent of expense to you, if you send your name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 153 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich.

After you receive the sample, you can get a regular size package of Pyramid Pile Cure at your Druggists for 50 cents, or if he hasn't it, send us the money and we will send it to you.

THE GREATEST EVER "Minnehaha"

Ball Bearing, Triple Action Washer.

"So Easy! Don't You Want One?"

The Minnehaha will wash with greatest ease the same amount of clothes in less time than any other machine on the market. The tubs are made from selected Virginia white cedar, corrugated and secretly filled, rendering them moist proof. All parts coming in contact with the clothes are heavily galvanized, preventing rust. Write for booklet and information.

J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co. Ltd.
Agents
WINNIPEG, MAN.

A Common Sense View of Indigestion

"There is no sauce like appetite," says the old proverb, and the statement is altogether true. With a keen appetite you can relish the plainest food, while without it the daintiest morsel fails to tempt you, and you no longer have any pleasure in eating. Indeed, there is frequently actual distress ; for when appetite fails there is certain to be something materially wrong with the digestive system, and pain in some degree as a natural consequence.

Now, digestion is the prime function of life—physiologically speaking—the process by which the food you eat is ultimately converted into blood, brain and muscle ; the process, in short, by which you exist, and compared to which all else is unimportant, even trivial. It is a long and complex process, and any failure in any part of it must of necessity be injurious to health. Digestion sums up and includes every function of the body, and if you allow your digestion—your stomach—to get out of order your whole system will surely suffer.

In-digestion is therefore the fundamental ailment of the human race, the disease from which—barring accidents—nearly all other disorders spring. This is a strong assertion, but it is true, and for this reason : Good food, when perfectly digested, becomes pure, rich blood, in which the germs of disease cannot live : your body being thus fully nourished, every organ does the work which Nature intended it to do ; there is vitality, reserve force, strength to resist, and disease cannot enter your system.

On the other hand, food (however good it may be) imperfectly digested, cannot make pure blood, because it cannot yield its nourishment ; your system is starved, every organ of your body right up to your brain suffers for want of sustenance; you become weak, nervous, anæmic, while impurities due to decomposition of the undigested mass in stomach and bowels are drawn into your blood to poison your whole system and prepare the way for dangerous diseases.

Constipation generally follows, and with it pain, wind, headache, biliousness ; the complexion becomes pale and sallow, and the breath offensive. Sometimes the kidneys give way under the strain, the blood turns acid, and then urinary troubles may follow, or the tortures of rheumatism. In Woman the ill-effects of indigestion are quickly felt in the sensitive functional organs ; irregularity ensues, with all the suffering and danger that entails.

It will thus be seen how all important is this matter of digestion, affecting as it does every other function of the body, and how earnestly you should strive to keep it active. It is the foundation of your physical, bodily well-being, for without a sound digestion good health is utterly, hopelessly impossible.

On the slightest indication of digestive weakness, take Mother Seigel's Syrup. Don't hesitate, or delay about it ! It will tone and invigorate your stomach, liver and bowels, cleanse your blood, and ensure perfect digestion, perfect assimilation and, therefore, perfect health. When you feel the early symptoms of indigestion—failing appetite, furred tongue, wind, headache, fullness—take Mother Seigel's Syrup ; do not wait for the more serious effects, and you will be spared months, perhaps years, of suffering.

Woman and the Home.

The Part of Wisdom.

It is not wise to fall into an attitude of sadness, of forlorn memories, of looking backward with the feeling that life has gone by and left us stranded, at any part of the game. What we all need to do is to cultivate an interest in life. We need to be expectant—and expectant of good; there is vigor in it. We need to awake in the morning with the thought that the day flowers are springing all along the path we are to travel. We need to go forth with glad hearts and cheerful faces to meet the call of every hour. We need to do all this, if we would get the best and most out of life.

Autumn is not a time for gloomy retrospection, even though the falling leaves and chilly, shortening days naturally lead us into such train of thought. The poet who sang of "melancholy days, the saddest of the year," did not know what he was talking about; he had on blue glasses. All seasons are beautiful and bright; autumn and winter give nature a "resting-time," a time for recuperating energies and preparing for fresh growth and beauty when spring comes again. Every action must have its recreation—lacking this, action could not be. Winter time is the night which follows the bright day of summer—and as necessary to the well-being of the world and its people.

Try looking at the matter in this way—which is the true way. Don't grow gloomy as the autumn days creep on. Be cheerful. It is the wisest plan—the plan which will yield most of that commodity which we are all seeking—real happiness.

Say So.

If you are sorry for anything you have said or done, or for any affliction that has befallen another, don't be afraid to say so. It never pays to quarrel, true; but sometimes, under certain and sudden stress of circumstances, we cannot seem to help it. Strange, too, isn't it, that we quarrel oftenest and most hotly with those who are nearest and dearest to us. But never mind with whom you have the difference—never mind though you do believe with all your heart that you were in the right; the wise thing to do is to come right out in manly or womanly fashion, say you are sorry for the disagreement over so trifling a subject, and "make up."

Perhaps you have all heard the story of the young couple, newly-married, who were enjoying their first "spat." After the heat of the argument had somewhat subsided and both were inclined to reasonable reflection, the young husband asked his bride, "When two quarrel, which one do you think should be first to offer reconciliation?" "The best-natured and wisest of the two," answered the girlish wife with a bright smile, as she put up her rosy lips for a kiss. So the little story runs, and if it isn't true it ought to be.

Hard, unlovely and unloving thoughts injure the one who sends them forth; they link the thinker with those who are of like caliber the world over and promote unhappiness and depression. We cannot be happy if we are thinking bitter, unkind things of another. Even if you are in the right, so far as the dispute was concerned, you were not in the right to quarrel. The longer a sting rankles the more painful it is and the harder to root out. Don't brood over an injury, real or fancied; it does not pay. If you have been so foolish as to quarrel over it, don't hesitate to say you are sorry—sorry that you quarreled, if no more. An honest attempt at reconciliation is rarely barren of results. "Make up" your disagreements, even though you feel that you must pocket your pride in order to do it. It is the only sane and sensible way.

Obstinacy and Firmness.

There is the greatest possible difference between these two qualities. One is worth cultivating, the other isn't; one is a flower in the garden of life—the other a noxious weed; one makes for happiness, the other for misery.

Not long ago I heard a person say—whether man or woman I am not going to tell you—"If there's one thing I pride myself on it is my firmness. Once I make up my mind nothing can change it.

I looked at the speaker. A pair of thin lips were wreathed with a half-smile of complacency, the chin was high, the eyes were small and steely—every line of the face spoke of obstinacy and narrow-mindedness. I really could not conceive of a more uncomfortable person to live with than this one might be.

Strength of purpose, firmness in holding to the right way so long as one is sure it is right, is justly considered a virtue, and we may be pardoned for feeling a certain pride in its possession. But to hold to an opinion which we have formed and expressed simply because we have formed and expressed it, after we know in our inmost heart that it is a mistaken one, is not a virtue—it is obstinacy; pig-headedness would be a better name for it, perhaps.

The man who, having made up his mind, boasts that nothing on earth can change it, has a big bump of conceit. He is very apt to be narrow in his views of life, mean in his dealings and unforgiving in disposition. It is a sign of weakness rather than strength of character to hold obstinately to an opinion which later evidence conclusively shows to be erroneous. The wise man or woman doesn't do it.

"Have a mind of your own," by all means, but let it be broad enough to turn in if you find you are traveling the wrong way. You like a person who is generous enough and sensible enough to listen to what may be said on the other side of the question, and who is open to conviction; so do I. Let us remember that other people have the same liking.

It has been truly said that "a wise man changes his mind; a fool, never." Don't be afraid or ashamed to acknowledge yourself mistaken if you find you are so. Nobody whose opinion is worth having will think the less of you for it.

Be Sunny.

Do you know that a sunny disposition is the thing most to be desired in life? I do not depreciate the value of money, well knowing that in moderate amount it is very essential to our welfare; but if I were compelled to choose between a large fortune and the faculty of extracting sunshine from a cloudy day, I should choose the latter without an instant's hesitation. Because it is happiness we are all seeking for, and money alone will not give happiness; while the mind which is content and glad, which sees beauty in the common things of life, is a source of joy, always.

I know a dear woman whose life is an inspiration to at least one of her acquaintances, and doubtless to many more. She is not wealthy; there are many times when her heart is wrung as only a mother's heart can be wrung by the waywardness of a beloved child; there are days darkened by clouds not of her own making. Yet she never complains; she is always cheerful; and one day I believe she will surely reap a just reward—that the clouds will give way once for all before the sunny disposition which is a blessing to her friends no less than to herself.

It is the disposition to make the best of things that counts; the disposition to be bright and cheery, no matter how untoward fate may seem, is bound to win out in the end, or long before the end, against all odds. Even were this not true, we have no right to go about with a gloomy, scowling face, or even with the drooping, unsmiling lips and solemn visage that tell of enforced resignation. We have no right to add this to the troubles of those who are striving to conquer them.

To wear a bright, hopeful countenance, to radiate joy and encouragement is a duty we owe our fellow creatures. The reflected warmth and brightness of a sunny disposition is sure to make glad its possessor. Begin now to cultivate it.

Parson Was Up Against It.

A story is told of a young clergyman in Pike County, Mo., who was starving to death on donations of catfish, possum and a hundred dollar salary. Finally he made up his mind to go away. With wet eyes, he stood up in the prayer meeting to bid good-bye to his weeping congregation.

"Brothers and sisters," he said, wiping his eyes on his red bandana handkerchief, "I've called you together tonight to say farewell. The Lord has called me to another place. I don't think the Lord loves this people much; for none of you seem to die. He doesn't seem to want you. And you don't seem to love each other; for I've never married any of you. And I don't think you love me, for you don't pay me my salary—and your donations are moldy fruits and wormy apples. 'By their fruits, ye shall know them.'

"And now, brothers and sisters, I am going to a better place. I've been appointed chaplain of the penitentiary at Joliet. 'Where I go ye cannot come; but I go to prepare a place for you.'"

Read and Stop Worrying.

There is no more noxious weed in the garden of life than worry. The worry habit is especially characteristic of our land today. We attempt to excuse the strain and rush and fever and fret by laying it to the compulsion of the competitive struggle for a living. As if it were reasonable or sensible to poison ourselves and our friends in order to live. Worry is the cause of all the so-called "heart disease." It is the cause of ten-tenths of the deaths from "consumption." Under the mom de guerre of "dyspepsia" it slays thousands of victims to whom it has made life an agony and death a relief. It is always present as an important factor in the deaths from a "complication of diseases," for its nature is to make bad worse and confusion worse than confounded. Its name is "legion." It has been said that intemperance has wrought more havoc than war, plagues, pestilence, floods and storms put together. But the destructiveness of worry—its crippling, paralyzing, poisoning slaughters—is to that of whiskey as a giant to a pigmy.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARIAGGI, WINNIPEG

THANKSGIVING RECIPES.

Cranberry Pudding.—Cook a pint of cranberries and run through a sieve; add a cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of butter, six well-beaten eggs. Mix all together, cover with bread crumbs, and bake in oven for about thirty minutes.

Cranberry Dumplings.—Make a stiff biscuit dough. Roll out about half an inch thick, cut in squares. Fill with raw cranberries, season with sugar, press the edges of the dough together carefully. These can be baked, steamed or boiled.

Turkey Toast. — Chop cold turkey rather fine, let it simmer for fifteen minutes in jusa enough stock or gravy to cover it; add a lump of butter and salt, pepper and celery salt to season. Have small slices of hot buttered toast, spread the turkey over it and serve.

Cranberry Roll.—Stew a pint of cranberries in sufficient water to keep them from burning; add sugar to make very sweet and let cool. Make a good paste and spread the cranberries over it about an inch thick, roll it, tie it close in a cloth and boil for two hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

Pumpkin Fanchoneettes.—Mix one and one-half cupfuls of stewed pumpkin very dry, with two cupfuls of milk, one beaten egg, a large half cupful of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful each of salt and ginger. Line individual tins with pastry and bake in a slow oven until brown on top.

Deviled Turkey.—Lay the wings and legs of a cold turkey on a broiler, and set over the fire until nicely browned. Make a sauce of one tablespoonful of each of pepper sauce, vinegar, French mustard and cranberry jelly, and season with salt, a dash of cayenne and some celery salt. Place the turkey on a heated dish, pour the sauce over it and serve.

Boiled Plum Pudding.—One cupful of molasses, one of sweet milk, one of suet chopped fine, or one-half cupful of melted butter, one cupful of raisins and one half cupful of citron, both chopped rather fine, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, and one-half teaspoonful of soda; salt and spice to taste. Mix well and steam two hours. Eat with foamy sauce, or with hard sauce.

Cranberry Frappe.—Boil one quart of cranberries in one pint of water for five or six minutes. Strain through a coarse cheesecloth, add one pint of sugar, and stir and boil until the sugar is dissolved. When cold add the strained juice of two lemons. Freeze to a mush, using equal parts of ice and salt. Serve in glass cups either with or just after roast turkey. Place the cups upon a fancy plate covered with a doily.

Potato and Celery Salad.—Dice a sufficient number of cold boiled potatoes and minced celery in the proportion of two fine stalks to six medium sized potatoes. Mix together, add one tablespoonful of minced celery, moistened with salad dressing, and stand in a cool place until chilled. Wash and crisp the lettuce leaves, and arrange on them the potato mixture in little heaps. Garnish with diced carrot and beet cubes.

Oyster Soup (Farmer's Recipe).—Clean one quart of oysters, chop and then parboil, drain and add to liquor enough water to make one quart of liquid. Brown three tablespoonfuls of butter with three tablespoonfuls of flour, add oyster liquor, and cook slowly for one-half hour. Season with salt and paprika and celery salt. Just before serving add one cupful of cream; two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley may be added if desired.

Potatoes Stuffed with Nuts. — Choose fairly large potatoes of an equal size. Wash and bake in their skins. When cool enough to handle cut a round hole in the top of each and with a spoon scoop out the inside. For each potato allow a tablespoonful of chopped nuts and a tablespoonful of butter, seasoning with salt, return to the skin, packing it down, and sprinkle the top with crumbs. Put back in the oven to get quite hot and then serve quickly.

Spiced Rolls.—Dissolve a yeast cake in one cupful of boiling water and one-half cupful of milk, and add flour as for bread mixture. When quite light, having set to "rise," mix in four eggs, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, one-half cupful melted butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and sufficient flour to knead. When light roll into a thin sheet, brush with butter, dredge with cinnamon, sugar and sprinkle with currants. Roll up, cut into rounds and bake in a moderately hot oven for about twenty minutes.

Lady Cake.—Half a cupful of butter, one and one-quarter cupfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract, one teaspoonful of vanilla; cream together. Add whites of four eggs beaten stiff, one and three-quarter cupfuls of flour, one rounded teaspoonful of potato flour, two-thirds cupful of rich milk, two coffeespoonfuls of cream of tartar, one coffeespoonful of soda, one-half coffeespoonful of salt. Bake in a ten-inch sheet thirty-five or forty minutes, moderate oven, and frost with mocha frosting.

Escalloped Oysters.—Drain the liquor from the oysters into a baking dish, having removed any possible bits of shell, and set in the oven for three minutes; remove the oysters from the dish and cover it with bread and cracker crumbs, season with pepper and salt and sprinkle with bits of butter. Next add a laver of oysters, another of crumbs, and so on, until the dish is filled; then pour over the whole the oyster liquor. Baste the scallop from time to time with more of the liquor or hot milk. This recipe will be found a very excellent one.

Sponge Cake.—Sponge cake may be baked in very deep gem pans. When perfectly cold about half the cake may be hollowed out with a sharp knife and removed and the cavity filled with the cream, as for the cornucopias. That which is removed if carefully wrapped to exclude the air, may be kept for two or three days and then used for a pudding by crumbling it in a pudding dish, adding bits of jelly and covering with a delicate custard; bake in a slow oven until the custard is set. Serve either hot or cold. Or the remains may be sliced as neatly as possible, steamed and served in saucers with a hot pudding sauce.

Potato Omelet.—To a cupful of mashed potato allow three eggs; you may add four or five, but three will do; the yolks and whites should be beaten separately, as they will be so much lighter in that case; an even teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of milk, and a very little sifted flour (not more than a heaping teaspoonful) complete the ingredients, with the exception of the flavoring. Parsley chopped very fine may be used, or lemon juice with a very little black pepper, and and an audacious cook may add a "trace," as the chemists say, of nutmeg. Heat and grease a large saucepan and pour the mixture into it. Brown it lightly and serve hot.

Old-fashioned Apple Pie.—This should be baked in a deep custard-pie plate, and a good paste to be made to line the bottom and side, the old rule being to allow one-third lard to two-thirds butter for the shortening. The apples must be tart, and of good flavor, Baldwins being preferred. Slice them thin and upon each layer sprinkle a generous allowance of sugar. For our modern taste the white sugar is preferred but brown sugar was used in those days, and there are people today who affirm that it gives a richer, finer flavor to an apple pie. Use cinnamon, grated nutmeg, and a tiny pinch of cayenne pepper for the seasoning, and over the top cross two very thin strips of fat salt pork, not over an eighth of an inch wide. The pork gives a delicious flavor to the apples, and the bit of cayenne a rich seasoning, that makes them taste unlike the apple pies of today.

Chicken Pie.—Chicken pie made by this recipe is excellent cold;. save the neck, the tips of the wings, the gizzard and the liver of the chicken and the feet. Pour boiling water over the feet, leave them a moment, then pull off the outer skin and nails. After these are removed, put the feet with the other parts. They are quite important, as they contain the gelatine which forms the gravy around the chicken when the pie is cold into a delicious jelly. Stew the skinned feet, wing-tips, neck and giblets, which have been well cleaned, in just enough water to cover them; add a slice of onion, one of carrot, and let the water simmer gradually till it is reduced one-half; add a few drops of lemon juice or a teaspoonful of taragon vinegar, and some jellied stock if necessary. Pour this gravy round and over the chicken in the pie and cover it with a paste, and bake it until the crust it a fine brown. It is better to strain the gravy before pouring it over the chicken. Some people add little egg balls or slices of the yolks of hard-boiled eggs and rings made of the whites.

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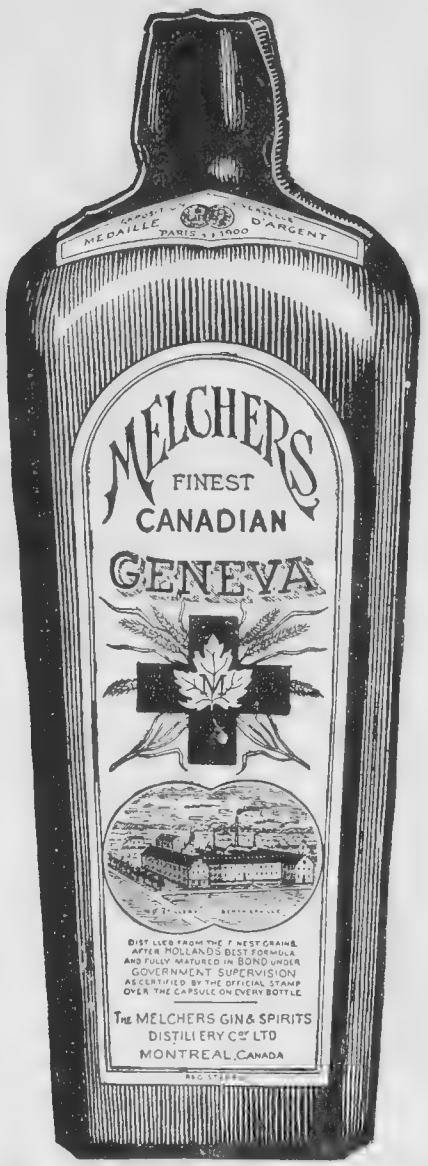

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About the Farm.

The Loft Room

Jest say them words a time or two, and say 'em sort of slow—
And straight against my soul a splash of apple scent'll blow,
And melt across my for'ed in a dewy zephyr's sigh,
All braided up and tied with strips of tawny yellow sky.

Jest say 'em, and I'll see the slant of rafters overhead,
And smell the pine of shingles set with knots of pitchy-red;
The buzzing of a fussy wasp'll crinkle in the air,
And tufts of chamomile'll sift their dust into my hair.

A breeze'll come, all cool and damp, from where a pond is hid;
The moon'll rise and slosh its gold across my kiver-lid;
I'll swaller musky honey from the the quinces gettin' ripe,
And hear the rain of autumn rushin' down the waterpipe.

And sleep! Why, sleep'd come as quick in that old attic room
As if the pillar-tick was stuffed with elderberry bloom,
And pinks was in the mattresses as thick as they could get,
And all the quilts was filled with ferns and sprigs of mignonette.

—Harriet Whitney Durbin.

Cream Separators.

The use of cream separators has proved of great value to the farmers, whether these separators be those of large size used in creameries or those of small size used on farms. Without the cream separators our dairy business could not have developed as it has developed, nor could the quality of butter be produced that is now being produced. To the assertion that it is as possible to make first-class farm butter as first-class creamery butter we have but to answer, that it is possible to do that when the people have become educated enough in the best ways of making butter. But for the present it is impossible to get first-class butter made on many farms, especially on those farms that still raise their cream by the old process of setting in pans rather than by the use of mechanical separators.

Cream separators have made it possible to know exactly how much butter-fat comes out of the milk and goes into the cream. A man that is an expert at running a separator can adjust the machine to the separating of thick cream or thin cream, which means cream with much butter-fat in it or cream with little butter-fat in it. The use of separators by milkmen is becoming common, as they can then separate the milk and again remix it. This makes it possible to produce a uniform grade of milk. It does more, for it enables the dairyman to take out of the milk much of the slime found in it. If anyone will take the trouble to examine a separator that has been used in the clarifying of milk he will be surprised at finding a great deal of slime in the bowl, the said slime having been packed hard about the sides of the separator. This slime is removed in the washing. Without the use of the separator it would all have remained in the milk and most of it would have been consumed by the people that drink the milk.

Just now there is a wonderful public interest in hand separators, and the numerous hand separator companies are doing a thriving business in about all states of the union that have done much in the dairy line. We expect to see the time come when every man that keeps a cow will have a cream separator. The time will come when we shall see on the market any kind of separator a man wants, even one small enough to be used in separating the milk of a single cow. We have a parallel to this in the cider press, which is now manufactured in such small sizes that one can be purchased small enough to press out a few glasses of cider or of wine from grapes.

In spite of the fact that people have had to learn how to use separators, they are becoming popular. They have been abused in the care they have received and this has been the strong point urged against them by the makers of butter by the old processes on the farm. The manufacturers, on the other hand, have bent their energies in the direction of producing machines that can be easily and quickly cleaned. The people, too, are being gradually taught how to take care of cream separators to get the best results out of them in the way of cream that is untainted.

Milk for Any Purpose.

Prof. H. H. Dean, of the Ontario Agricultural College, says:

Both cheese and buttermaking require that the farmer or milk producer shall have good cows. By a good cow we understand one which produces not less than 6,000 pounds of milk in one year, if making cheese be the branch followed, and one that produces not less than 250 pounds of butter, if buttermaking be the chief line. To state it in another way, a cow should earn over and above the cost of her feed not less than $25 per year. She may go as much beyond these figures as she likes, but these are the minimum or lowest amounts to be allowed.

In both, cheap and suitable feed are necessary. It is feed that makes the milk. Generally speaking we should recommend grass, clover, corn silage, mangels, bran, crushed oats, pea meal, and a small amount of the concentrated feeds, such as linseed cake, cottonseed meal, gluten feed, etc., as being suitable feeds for milk production. Our own practice is to give little or no meal during the summer when the cows are on good grass. If supplemented feeds are necessary, we use bran, corn silage and green feed in the form of peas and oats or corn, eight to ten pounds cut clover hay, 20 to 30 pounds pulped mangels (all of which is mixed together for some time before feeding) together with about eight pounds of meal daily per cow. The meal consists of four pounds of bran, three pounds of ground oats and one pound of linseed cake.

An experiment comparing 4, 8 and 12 pounds of meal daily per cow, conducted during January, February and March, 1905, in the stable at the dairy of the college, gave the following yields and costs for milk and butter:

Lbs. meal.	Av. daily yield per cow	Av. per cent fat.	Cost of 100 lbs milk.	Cost of 1 lb. butter.
4	23.1	3.26	45.4	11.0c
8	25.7	3.46	51.4	13.0c
12	26.2	3.46	68.1	17.0c

The smaller amounts of meal gave the most economical returns, but in order to maintain the milk flow, we should recommend the medium (eight pounds) meal ration.

Cement Standing Floors.

Where the cows stand should be always kept clean, but this is not easily solved. The best kind of floor to keep clean is one made of cement, but some dairymen object to cement floors because they are cold for the cows to lie upon. To cover the cement with planks is not greatly to improve conditions, because the planks harbor germs, moisture and dust. The cement floors should be made rough, so that the cows will not slip on them. It is the opinion of our most experienced dairymen that if cement floors are used a great deal of bedding should be used with them. On many of our farms bedding material is so abundant that the matter of supply of bedding need hardly be considered.

The Feed Problem.

The feed problem on the farm is a double one—the supplying of the kinds of feed that will give the greatest results and the supplying of those kinds of feed at a low cost. Though a feed be perfect, if it is expensive it cannot be fed without loss. This complicates the problem and is a reason why the stock owner should make a study of feeds and nutrients. Bran is one of our best feeds, but it is often so high in price that it is too expensive to be fed to our ordinary farm animals. Also, one animal can take expensive feed and make a profit out of it, while another animal will take the same food and return so little for it that it will prove to have been fed at a loss.

The cow stalls still to be found in many barns should be abolished in favor of the lighter and better stalls that do not require the use of stanchions.

Water in the Stable.

Every barn and stable should be supplied with water in abundance. Some farmers carry water from wells the year around. This means a great deal of labor in the winter, when the stock are kept in the barn and the weather is so cold that water freezes in the tanks. In the more northerly parts the snow is so deep in winter that the cattle are seldom watered out of doors in midwinter. It is easy to carry pipes from the well to the barn and at such a depth under the ground that the frost will never reach them. Even if a pump has to be used in the barn, this will insure a great saving of labor as well as of exposure on cold days.

The Fall "Hatch."

Time was when chickens hatched in the fall, by means of an obstinate "biddy" and a stolen nest, were considered of no value whatever. The fluffy little things were doomed to an early demise. Now it is quite different. The hatching of chickens in the fall to supply the winter market is engaging the attention of progressive poultry-raisers. There is always a good market for "frys" or broilers in late December and throughout the winter.

Properly cared for, chickens hatched in the fall will grow as rapidly as those which come out in spring, and the growth carries more profit to their owner. Extra care is required to keep the chicks free from vermin, and for this purpose a good insect powder,

freely used, is effective. If the chickens are hatched and cared for by the hen-mother, she should be frequently examined, not less than once a week and two or three times during that period if convenient, and the powder well dusted among her feathers. Various remedies are used for destroying lice on chickens, such as greasing the top of the head and under the wings; but if I were confined to one insecticide it should be a reliable insect powder. Vigilance is the price of success in this as in all undertakings, however.

The care and treatment of fall chickens differs materially from that needed for those of the spring hatch. One of the essentials in spring is warmth; in fall care must be exercised to keep the chickens cool. Nests should be made in a cool place—say in the basement of a building which has a ground floor. If incubators are used they should be placed where the temperature is even, or as little affected as possible by the warm days and very cool nights.

Many progressive poultry-raisers are advocating the giving of dry food, claiming that food which is mixed with water—"sloppy food," as they call it—especially if it becomes the least bit sour, as it is very apt to do, is responsible for the bowel troubles of poultry. This method of feeding seems especially to apply to fall chickens. If they have any "run" at all they are able to provide themselves with insect or "meat" food in abundance; given a ration of cracked corn with a mixture of wheat-screenings (perfectly dry), pure water to drink when they want it, and clean quarters, and one should have no trouble in raising fall chickens. A little charcoal mixed with food occasionally is good; indeed, it is an excellent plan to keep charcoal and gravel where it can be had at all times. Feed only so much at a time as the chickens will eat up clean—"and look around for more," as an old and successful poultry-raiser advises.

Use common sense in caring for fall chickens, take as much pains with them as with your spring batch, and you will reap a generous reward.

Tank Heaters.

It will pay many farmers to have tank heaters for the purpose of keeping the water in the drinking tanks above the freezing point in winter. These heaters are so constructed that they may be immersed in water, and a little coal only is required to last over night. The water is not only unfrozen in the morning but so warm that it is greedily consumed by the cattle, which prefer warm to cold water. Such heaters are in use at some of our northern experiment stations.

Feeding Little Chicks.

Fall chicks, indeed, young chickens, at whatever season of the year, should not be fed for at least twenty-four hours after hatching. Nature has provided for this by the absorption of the egg-yolk into the chick's abdomen just previous to hatching. It is essential that this should be digested and assimilated before any other food is given to them. Many people who do not know this fact are in a hurry to start the chicks growing and hurry food into their crops before the system is ready to take care of it. This results in bowel trouble and very often in the death of the chick. After twenty-four hours have passed and the chickens are ready for their first meal, a hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, shell and all, mixed with three times the quantity of stale bread-crumbs, is good. in fact, boiled eggs mashed and mixed with three or four times their bulk in stale bread or cracker-crumbs is an excellent food for pushing the young chicks along for the first week or two. However, hard boiled eggs are concentrated food, and if fed long and in much quantity, are likely to cause bowel trouble. Stale bread soaked in milk is also very good for feeding young chicks. After soaking the milk should be squeezed out until the mass crumbles readily.

The Egg-Eating Habit.

Probably there is no more exasperating member of the feathered tribe than the hen who persistenly eats her eggs. She is like the cow that gives a brimming pail of milk and proceeds to kick it over. A good many poultry-raisers claim that the only cure for this habit is "neck-twisting"; that to prevent a hen eating her eggs you must eat the hen. A bright woman—Mrs. Mary Fowler—has solved the problem to her own satisfaction, and writes as follows; "I have been wondering if any of your many readers would be interested in a device I have to prevent hens from eating their eggs. I have found it very valuable and believe that anyone who will give it a fair trial will find it effective. The device is made from an ordinary grocery box that is just large enough for a hen's nest. About half way up the sides I put a false bottom, and in the center of this make a hole about three inches across. On all sides of this center hole I pad with a great deal of excelsior, using more near the walls of the box than at the center hole. This makes the bottom of the nest slant toward the opening in the center. Over the excelsior I put a piece of gunny-sack to make the surface smooth, tacking it firmly to the walls of the box and to the bottom at the hole. In the real bottom of the box, under the false bottom, I place a quantity of excelsior, more in the middle under the hole than at the sides. Over this another piece of sack is tacked. The walls under the false bottom are also padded. When the hen lays the egg it rolls gently to the middle of the nest, through the hole to the high place in the excelsior padding below, and from this point it rolls to the side of the box, under the false bottom, and quite out of reach of the egg-eating hen. I have several of these home-made nests in use and find them in every way as practical as the expensive patented ones offered for sale.

Care of the Incubator.

There are just as many leaks in poultry-raising as in every department of farm work—or any other work, for that matter. One of the most profitable men to employ is one who is an adept in discovering and stopping the small leaks that are apt to sink a big ship if not stopped. Here is what a practical poultry-raiser has to say about caring for that most important bit of mechanism, the incubator: "When the last hatch is out of the incubator, do not fail to cleanse the machine thoroughly. Wash the inside with strong soda water, wash and air the trays, sun every part that can be sunned, remove the lamp, empty and dry the bowl, and remove the wick. Place all parts that belong to the incubator inside of it, and take off the parts of the regulator that are apt to be damaged. This may seem unnecessary advice, but we have seen incubators that have had the filth of chicks hatched the year before still over them when the machines were started the following year. We have seen incubators left under the trees through the summer, exposed to the sun and rain, and we have seen them with books and papers piled high about and over the regulator. An incubator cared for in this manner cannot give good results. Treat your incubator as you would any fine piece of machinery. If it has an asbestos jacket do not leave a full lamp inside to soak the jacket with kerosene, which will cause a smoke next time the incubator is started. If you want to use it as a table when it is out of regular commission, remove the regulator parts. For good results with an incubator you must care for it. A poor, cheaply-built machine will warp in one season, and so be unfitted for use; but it is possible to make the very best machine unfit for use in one season and this is what you want to guard against."

Look out for the leaks if you expect to make money at poultry-raising.

Gleanings.

A poultry-raiser says that the safest way to ensure the production of eggs at any particular season of the year is to set the hens so that the chicks will mature about that time of the year. He has been a breeder of white Plymouth Rocks for many years, and he causes the chicks to arrive so he will receive eggs the year around. Pullets which mature in the fall make the very best winter layers; those which mature in summer are good layers for summer and fall. By having an incubator and properly arranged quarters, he says chickens can be hatched and grown any time during the year.

Good, sound sense, this: "One of the real stumbling-blocks in the way of successful poultry-raising is the failure to observe the practical method of improvement by selection. Where the best pullets are carried off to market so soon as good prices are offered, and the inferior specimens retained for breeding, it is to be expected that the stock will deteriorate, and new blood is then an actual necessity every year. In this way there can be no permanent improvement in the flock. Keep the best you have at home for your own breeding-stock."

Now is the time to provide a winter store of "green stuff" for your fowls. Such feed is a positive necessity to them, and wise is the poultry-raiser who lays in a generous supply. Economy may be practiced along this particular line. On most farms there go to waste every fall enough small, unsalable vegetables to supply a good-sized flock of hens with green food. Take the cabbages which do not head well and are too small for table use, the the small potatoes, turnips, carrots, etc., which for any reason are "below par," and store them away in convenient pits to be chopped and fed to the poultry when they most need such provender. When preparing vegetables for the table during winter it is better to save the refuse for the hens than to feed it to the pigs, even though they do enjoy and thrive on it. Parings of potatoes, carrots, turnips and apples, cabbage leaves, indeed almost anything that is green will do the poultry "heaps o' good."

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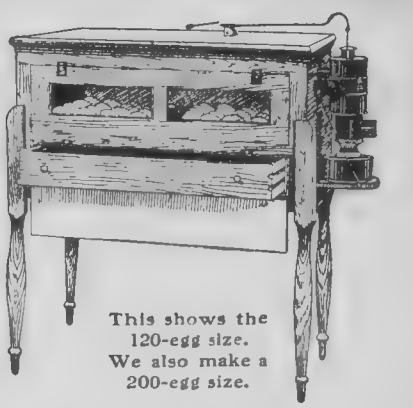

This shows the 120-egg size. We also make a 200-egg size.

The Peerless

¶ Profit in poultry-raising?—**this** winter?—for **you**? Well, just send for the free book, "When Poultry Pays," and study the possibilities it shows.

¶ Actually, it would be no difficult thing for you to realize a hundred dollars clear profit by early Spring if you started this Winter with a Peerless Incubator and Brooder (the Peerless outfit). Lots of folks have done far better than that, with the same start.

¶ Besides the outfit, you will need only an acre of land (say), the necessary eggs to set the incubator with, and—just plain gumption, horse sense,—nothing more.

¶ Cash? Not needed to get the Peerless outfit—you can have plenty of time to pay for it—two years if you like.

¶ You needn't even have the money to pay the freight from here to you—we will pay that, if you order before the fifteenth of November. And more than even this:

¶ We will tell you in plain English, so you just **can't** go wrong, exactly what to do (and what NOT to do) to make a success of poultry-raising. We will advise you at every point you think is hard. We will counsel you with the wisdom of the biggest poultrymen in Canada—tell you just what they know—and they **know**. Nothing to pay for this. More than that, even:

¶ We will find you a buyer who will pay spot-cash, highest market prices, for all the poultry you want to sell—if it's the right kind of poultry. Or all the eggs, either.

¶ Sounds fair, doesn't it. It IS fair. It's the fairest offer you ever will get,—for a poultry-for-profit outfit that is GUARANTEED in every way, that will hatch and rear more and sturdier chicks than any other, and that won't give you anything but profit from the beginning, whether you are a green hand or a veteran at poultry-farming.

¶ Better send for the book, price-lists and details in full. Better send NOW—if you want us to pay the freight. We don't usually.

¶ Winter-hatched chicks make broilers by earliest Spring,—30 cents a pound, 'most everywhere. Big money in that—with a Peerless outfit and Peerless methods to start with.

Order before Nov. 15 and we will prepay the freight

¶ Winter-hatched chicks, reared the Peerless way, will be laying next Fall and Winter,—and eggs brought 70 cents a dozen in Victoria last March.

¶ By all means, send now for the details. That commits you to nothing. Read this ad. over again and send now—remembering that we make good every word we say, every promise we give.

The Lee Manufacturing Co. Limited

233 Pembroke Street, Pembroke, Ontario

Canada's largest and best-paying poultry-raising concern—Poultry Yards of Canada Limited—uses the Peerless Incubator and the Peerless Brooder EXCLUSIVELY,—and always has. Its management say that is why it is such a huge success. Isn't that hint enough for YOU?

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GOOD PENMANSHIP

Are you interested in good penmanship, or in any of our subjects? Write us for our free penmanship book and our handsome new calendar. The former will help you become a skilled penman and the latter will tell you all about Western Canada's Business School. Address

Central Business College

Singer Talks

3. The Extravagance of Cheapness in a Sewing Machine

¶ Every woman knows the foolish extravagance of buying anything for her house just because it is "cheap."

¶ Every woman also knows that what seems "dear" at first is often "cheapest in the end."

¶ Yet the woman who will urge her husband to buy a thoroughly good overcoat because he gets several season's wear out of it, often buys some unknown sewing machine for herself because of its "bargain" price.

¶ Now the Singer Sewing Machine costs very little more than thrown-together, catch-penny machines. Yet *one* Singer will outlast *several* of the ordinary kind.

¶ The Singer has earned the reputation of running as smoothly at the end of its twentieth or thirtieth year as the day it was bought. Considering this, the Singer is in the end the cheapest machine to own.

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We wish to get you **interested** in **ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR;** it is the secret of success in bread making. The use of it gives that pleased feeling resultant from "time well spent".

Free samples for those **interested.**

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In Lighter Vein.

DE THANKSGIVIN' BLESSIN'.

Set down, Lindy! Whar's yo' mannahs?
Ain"t you got no raisin', chile?
Don't be re'chin' crost de table! 'Possum sets you chill'n wil'!
Don't you know dis heah's Thanksgivin'?
We's agwineter have a pra'r
'Fo' we teches dem dar 'possums er dem taters—git back dar!
Now, ole 'oman, keep dese chill'n wid deyr haids all bowed down low
Whilst I offahs up de blessin' fer de fambly. Han's down! So!

"Lawd, we don' know how to m'asure whut You does up dar 'n de sky,
But we knows in all Yo' givin' dat You nevah pass us by;
And we's grateful fer de good things You continues to dispense
From de cawn-crib and de smoke-house uv Yo' lovin' pruvidence.
Thank de Lawd fer all His blessin's, speci'lly dem dat He ordains
Fer de niggah's faithful stummick and de honger hit contains—
Sech ez red-meat watermillons, storin' up de natal juice
Uv de summer-time's bes' honey fer de hones' niggah's use.
And we thanks You, Lawd, fer roas'n' yeahs and fer de yaller yam,
Fer de cawn-cake in de ashes and de ham-bone in de ham;
We remembahs You mos' kindly fer de bacon and de beans,
And fer good pot-licker extry wid de jowl and turnip greens.
And dey hain't no mawtal music to us niggahs heah below
Like de gobblin' uv de gobblah and de rooster's lawdly crow.
Fer dese blessin's and all othahs we is grateful, Lawd, always,
But we lif's de chune up higher in de dear ole 'possum's praise;
Ca'se we shouts in halleluiahs fer de makin' uv dis beas'
Ez de cov'nant wid de niggah in dis heah Thanksgivin' feas'!"

Link! Whut make yo' mouf so greasy?
M'randy! Whut you munchin' on?
Stop, you sackerleegious varmint! Whar's dat bigges' tater gone?
Drap it back, dar, Lizy! Heah me! Dis heah ain't no eatin' race!
Now, ole 'oman, min' dese chill'n whilst I finish sayin' grace!

"Lawd, dey tells me dat de 'possum am de oldes' critter yit,
And we knows dat You's prezerved him fer de niggah's benefit!
And we knows You's perzerved him two, ca'se dey wuz so fat and hale
From de whiskers on deyr nostrils to de col' and naked tail!
Ca'se de 'possum's good all over, from dat tantalizin' grin
To de marrer-bones and chittlin's and de gravy in de skin!
Den we thanks de Lawd fer givin' niggahs edjicated tas'e,
So's 'at dey kin eat de 'possum 'd out a single drap uv was'e!
Angels, look down on dis picture! Chill'n waitin' fer a piece,
Ever' little mouf a-drippin' wid thanksgivin' at de feas'!
And de parents bofe a-praisin' Him from whom all blessin's flow—
Him dat keeps de blackes' niggah same ez dem dat's white ez snow!
Lawd, we honors de traditions uv de niggah to de en';
Bless us whilst we taken de creases out'n our stummicks now. Amen!"

Lawdy mussy! Whar's dem 'possums?
And dem taters—dey's gone too!
And de gravy done sopped out'n bofe de platters clean ez new!
Link! M'randy! Zeke! Ole 'oman! Ef de las' one ain't cut out!
May dyspepsy ha'nt deyr stummicks and dyr feet swell up with gout!
Me a-prayin' and a-praisin' to de Lawd dat nevah fail,
Dey a-stealin' at de altar, leavin' nothin' but de tail!
Leavin' misery in my in'ards, and de in'ards moanin' on
Ca'se I didn't ax de blessin' 'fo' I blowed de dinnah ho'n!
But I'll promise de ole 'oman and dem chill'n powerful strong
Dat de nex' Thanksgivin' pra'r won't be so everlastin' long!

The Thankfulness of Hiram.

Old Hiram Hopkinson was the meanest man on Pusley Creek. He wouldn't even give thanks. He said he ought to be paid for them.

"What's the good of giving something for nothing?" he growled. "Nobody gives me anything. What I get I have to pay cash for. Huh? No, I won't. If anybody gets anything out of Hiram Hopkinson he pays cash for it. That's me, and that's my business."

This speech had come to the ears of Mrs. Hopkins, a kindly soul and Hiram's only claim to a happy hereafter, and she told him she hoped that what she had heard was not true.

"But it is," he persisted. "I said just that, and I mean it. I mean it now."

"Oh, Hiram!" she cried, "it's wicked—it's wicked! You have plenty to be thankful for, and the good Lord will make you thankful. You see if He doesn't."

Hiram snorted defiance and went out to hitch up the team. It was early in November, and he had a wagon-load of turkeys to take to town. Hiram's turkeys were fine and fat always, and he got the top of the market for them.

Some time next day Hiram complained to his wife of a sore bump on his neck. She took a look and reported that it looked to her like a "bealin'." By the second day it was a fully-developed boil, and it was very busy. Hiram went around with his head twisted to one side. At night there was a flaxseed poultice on it as big as a plate. Mrs. Hopkinson had put it there.

On the morning of Thanksgiving day Hiram's boil was bigger than a turkey-egg, and he was laid up in bed.

"Poor Hiram!" soothed his kindly wife as she smoothed down his pillow, "you haven't got anything to be thankful for today, have you?"

"Yes, I have, Susan," he replied; "yes, I have. I'm darned thankful that I've got only one boil. I might have had a dozen, you know."

"And I'm thankful, too, Hiram," she said, sweet and low, and took his hand in hers.

Thus there was Thanksgiving in the house of Hopkinson.

Tommy's Experiment.

Miss Passee was present at the Thanksgiving dinner.

As soon as Tommy had finished his second piece of pie and had given up hope of obtaining a third, he asked to be allowed to leave the table for a moment. Permission was granted him, and he slipped out of the room. In a few seconds he returned with the dainty Dresden clock from the parlor mantelpiece.

Gracious, child!" exclaimed the mother. "What mischief are you up to with that clock?"

"Goin' to try a speriment," replied Tommy, with importance.

Miss Passee tittered.

"The dear little fellow is going to try an experiment!" she gushed. "How clever of him!"

While Miss Passee was speaking, Tommy had carefully placed the clock on the table in front of her. With a mysterious gesture he laid his finger on his lips and enjoined silence. No one stirred.

After about two minutes Tommy's strained expression relaxed, and he clapped his hands in exultation.

"It goes!" he cried, triumphantly. "It goes! You were wrong, papa!"

Tommy's father said nothing, but looked apprehensive.

"Of course it goes, child," laughed Miss Passee. "What made your father think it wouldn't?"

"Well, replied the little fellow, simply, "he said your face would stop a clock!"

The Colonel's Trap.

"Eph," began the Colonel, sternly, "when you visited my turkey coop last night why did you select the largest fowl?"

"Mass'r Kern'l, Ah declar—"

"Don't argue with me, Eph," interrupted the Colonel. "I have strong evidence against you."

"Mass'r Kern'l, Ah jest—"

"No, Eph. I shall not allow you to add lying to theft. Be honest with me. Confess that you robbed my turkey coop and I might find forgiveness for you. What have you to say?"

"Mass'r Kern'l, 'fore Ah makes er statement 'spose yo' jest 'form me 'bout yo' evidence."

"Certainly," replied the Colonel. "When I went to the coop this morning I discovered bits of wooly hair in a turkey cock's comb. Now the evidence is that before or after stealing my prize turkey you combed your hair with the comb of another bird."

"Dat sho' look bad," muttered Eph, thoughtfully. "Mass'r Kern'l I's gwine to tell de truth. Ah did took dat big turkey from yo' place las' night, but 'fore de Lawd, Mass'r Kern'l, Ah didn't stop 'long enuff to comb ma hair!"

Wily Winters.

Bill Winters is one of the heroes who use their wits to save their strength. During a camping trip in the Maine woods Bill was easily the laziest man in the party. Finally, his exasperated comrades told him that if he did not kill something besides time they would pack him of home. The next morning Bill borrowed a rifle and went off up the mountains. Two hours later the men in the camp saw Bill running down again as fast as he could come, and close behind him was a bear. The men watched the chase with loaded rifles ready. On reaching camp Bill turned and shot the bear. When the men could stop laughing, one of them said:

"Bill, what on earth possessed you to

run that distance, with the bear so close, when you might have killed him on the hill and saved your breath?"

Bill smiled shrewdly. "What's the use of killing a bear in the mountains and lugging him in when you can run him in?" he asked.

The Horse Blew First.

A farmer went up to a veterinary surgeon to ask what he was to do about his horse, which had been taken very ill.

"Give him this powder," said the vet.

An hour later the farmer came up again and said that he couldn't get the horse to take the powder.

"Oh," said the vet, "I forgot. Put this tube down his throat, then lay the powder in the tube and blow it down his throat."

Within half an hour the farmer came running back, pale and excited.

"What's up now?" asked the vet. "Didn't you do as I told you?"

"Yes," said the farmer. "I put the tube down his throat and laid the powder in it, but the horse blew first."

In the Mountains of Kentucky.

It was Thanksgiving Day in the mountains of Kentucky, and I was about as far from the traditional Thanksgiving dinner as Boston is from the Blue Grass. But the mountains were beautiful in the soft, warm haze, the woods were odorous in nutty richness, the crimson was turning to such a lovely brown as one might expect the pink of the turkey's flesh to turn under the warmth of the oven, and I was feeling fairly fit, although I knew I would be lucky if I got any dinner at all. At that moment I had no idea where it was to come from, but I had an hour before noon, and I was heading toward the valley, where I was pretty sure to find some kind of fare.

It was fully mid-day when I rode up to a moderately substantial farm-house on the mountainside. Not very inviting, true, but I was hungry enough not to be squeamish. A woman, coming to the door in response to my "hello," told me I could have dinner in half an hour, and very thankfully I put my horse in the stable, where he could get a bite, and took a seat in the sunshine at the end of the house. There I was joined presently by the man of the house, who had been at work in a field near by. He was lank and lean, but cheerful withal and companionable. Our talk for a while ran to politics and crops, and then became desultory.

"By the way," I said, "this is Thanksgiving, isn't it?"

"Well," he replied, in a calculating tone, "I knowed it come somers along in the fall, but I didn't know jist when. We ain't much 'round here on celebratin' uv it, an' I'll be derned ef I know whether it's politics er religion. Would yer mind tellin' me sumpthin' about it?"

I like to find an inquiring mind thirsting for information, and forthwith launched out.

"Thanksgiving Day," I said, with due solemnity, "is a day set apart by the president of the United States, regardless of religion or politics, for the people to offer up their thanks to the beneficent Author of all good for the blessings He has bestowed upon them. It is the day when everybody should be thankful to the Lord for all that He has done. The celebration of the day consists of two services—one spiritual, in the churches, and the other material, at the dinner-table. Then is the real celebration," I went on, with considerable enthusiasm, thinking about what I was missing, "when they have the large, fat, brown-roasted turkey swimming in oysters and gravy, and the nice cold celery and the sweet-potatoes, and the mealy butter-beans, and the big pink ham, and the thick mince pies, and the plum-pudding, and the—"

My host held up his hand for me to stop. He had been licking his chops hungrily, and once or twice he wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve.

"Say, mister," he broke in, "air you the new preacher that's comin' on this circuit?"

"Not much," I laughed. "I am buying walnut logs."

A shadow of disappointment flickered over his face and he became silent.

"Why do you ask?" I inquired, knowing he had reasons.

"Well," he explained, "I wuz thinkin' ef yer wuz, an' yer preached a gospel uv vittles like that, you'd knock the waddin' outen every parson in these parts, an' turn every dern sinner frum the error uv his ways. You plumb would, mister, an' I'm sorry you ain't the man; fer ef thar is one thing needin'er than another in this part uv the vineverd ter lead the way onnerds an' upnerds it's good vittles.

We were called into dinner at this point, and I wasn't long in finding out that my host knew the needs of his neighborhood.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is compounded specially to combat dysentery, cholera morbus and all inflammatory disorders that change of food or water may set up in the stomach and intestines. These complaints are more common in summer than in winter, but they are not confined to the warm months, as undue laxness of the bowels may seize a man at any time. Such a sufferer will find speedy relief in this Cordial.

This Man Tells, Free of Cost or Charge, How Men and Women, Kidney, Bladder and Rheumatic Sufferers May Cure Themselves at Home, FREE

He Sends the Book—The Prescription—and the Remedy to test—All Free, Prepaid and Sealed—to all Who Write.

READ HIS GENEROUS OFFER.

If you suffer with Kidney or Bladder trouble or Rheumatism—if your days are a horror and your nights a despair with any of the symptoms of these strength-consuming, vigor-sapping diseases, such as—

1. Pain in the back.
2. Too frequent desire to urinate.
3. Burning or obstruction of urine.
4. Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5. Prostatic trouble.
6. Gas or pain in the stomach.
7. General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8. Pain and soreness under right ribs.
9. Swelling in any part of the body.
10. Constipation or liver trouble.
11. Palpitation or pain under the heart.
12. Pain in the hip joint.
13. Pain in the neck or head.
14. Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15. Pain or swelling of the joints.
16. Pain and swelling of the muscles.
17. Pain and soreness in nerves.
18. Acuae or chronic rheumatism.

Do This — — — — — — — —

Sit right down without one instant's further waste of precious time and send a letter, short, like this to me: Dear doctor—I notice symptoms number (then put down the numbers). Sign your name and age and send it to me. That's all—send no money;

By return mail, sealed and secured and prepaid and free of charge, absolutely free of charge, or obligation on your part—I will send you help—a great deal of help, real, honest, practical, skillful, experienced help.

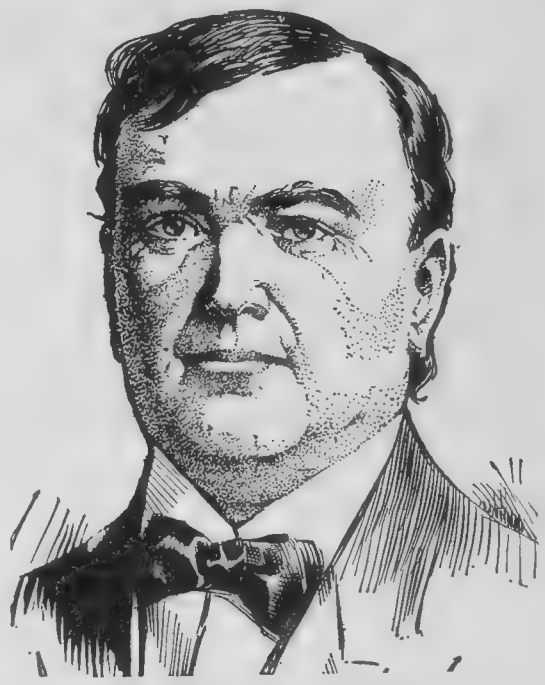
My Fourfold Free Offer.

First: I will give you a full and complete professional letter of advice on your case.

Second: I will send you a book—a great big book—the biggest book of its kind ever printed for the general public that tells in plain American language, fully illustrated by medical pictures, all about the cause, treatment and cure of Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and Rheumatic diseases and how modern scientific methods are curing them permanently, to the delight and astonishment of all—especially old school physicions who only a short time ago believed these ailments to be absolutely incurable.

How to be Cured at Home.

Third: I will show you how you may cure yourself quietly and safely at home and send you a description of the ingredients of a receipt for Kidney, Bladder and Rheumatism that have the praise and recommendation for use in these diseases of not only the great and famous physicians of the world—whether German, French, English or American—but



DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT,
Specializing in Kidney, Bladder and Rheumatic Diseases.

the heartfelt enthusiastic endorsement of many thousands of people of both sexes, all ages, and every nationality who have found new health, strength and joy of life— fuller power of spirit, mind and body—in these simple household remedies.

I Prove You Can Be Cured—Free.

Fourth: I will send you some of this harmless, but proved effective, kidney-upbuilding, pain soothing, swelling-reducing remedy to prove to you—in your own case—by the speedy and astonishing relief of your own pains and aches and weakness that at last you have found a receipt that will add warmth to your blood, strength to your muscles, vigor to your nerves, keenness to your brain and years of life to your life.

Write me Today.

Write me today as I showed you—write me without fail—and by return mail sealed and free—positively secure from observation and absolutely free from all cost or obligation, I will send you prepaid—the letter—the book—the description of the prescription with which you may cure yourself in the quiet and privacy of your own home—and last, the medicine itself—carefully packed and all ready to do for you what it did for legions whose addresses I will send you.

Write today if you possibly can, and address your letter

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 2124 Occidental Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

UNION TRADING AGENCY

WE PURCHASE, INSPECT AND SHIP ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY

We will do business for you in the same way an experienced buyer does for the largest house in the country. Every business house has its buyer, and some of them travel from end to end of the world selecting, inspecting and buying all kinds of goods. These buyers are to the wholesale and retail establishments what our Agency is to you.

WE ACT AS YOUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OR BUYER

in selecting, buying and shipping all kinds of merchandise. Our method of purchasing is original and unique, and our shrewd buyers have the experience and facilities to purchase anything and everything you want at a much less figure than you can possibly hope to. All we ask you to do is send us a list describing the goods you require, and we will immediately advise you the lowest possible price at which the articles can be purchased, so no matter what your requirements may be, ask us for information. We are at your service and command.

Possibly you have some Farm Lands or City property you wish to sell or exchange. If so, let us have full particulars, as our customers from time to time require something in this line, and you might have just what they want. Try us for anything you need. We save you money.

ARE YOU GETTING FULL VALUE FOR YOUR WHEAT AND OATS ?

Let Us Know What You Have For Sale

UNION TRADING AGENCY, 22 Bank of Toronto Building, WINNIPEG

Cure the lameness and remove the bunch without scarring the horse—have the part looking just as it did before the blemish came.

Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid)

is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Bog Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Capped Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't imitate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

describes and illustrates all kinds of blemishes, and gives you the information you ought to have before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy. Mailed free if you write.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
58 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

Ladies' Suits $7.50 to $18.00

Tailored to order. Beautiful Voile Skirts, $5 to $9; new Cloth Coats, $5 to $10; nice Cloth Skirts, $2 to $6; new Waists in lawn and silk, 50c to $4; Lustre Jumper Suits, $4 75; Silk Jumper Suits, $12. Send to-day for the sample materials and style book, they are free.

SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Ont.

Catarrh Cured Free

Bad Breath, K'Hawking and Spitting Quickly Cured —Fill Out Free Coupon Below for Large Trial Package Mailed Free Duty Free

The above illustration plainly shows what a few days use of Gauss Catarrh Remedy will do for any sufferer.

Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and consumption. It needs attention at once, Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poisonous germs that cause Catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address today and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it! It will positively cure you so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. Gauss, Marshall Mich. Fill out coupon below.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package, duty free. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

C. E. GAUSS, 4235 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

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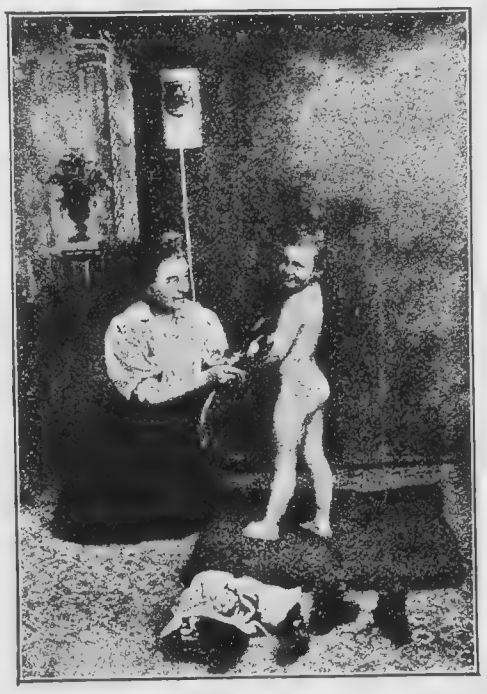
Strange Invention! New Apparatus

BEST EVER HAPPENED! CAUSING GREAT EXCITEMENT



Section view Combination Portable Bathroom Outfit.

Millions made happy, Wonderful but true, **no more farm, town or city homes without a bathroom and something more. THE ALLEN PORTABLE BATH APPARATUS** operates with **one gallon of water,** yet does more than a tub full, **Used everywhere that water exists.** Everybody has water, hence everybody can now have their own bathroom. **Cost but $6.00** ready to use, **—cost nothing to operate.** Makes a bathroom of any room at home, or when travelling—even better, **does more than bathroom costing $100.** Sounds strange, even impossible, yet it's being done,

See how Simple, Easy, Convenient to use—place Metallic non-corrosive fountain on wall or shelf—fill with water—turn screw—**that's all**—thereafter **it works automatically.** A bath, **hot or cold,** in one operation, **5 minutes' time,** your skin constantly flushed with **clear running water,** pores opened, cleansed, invigorated by **hundreds** of little soft **self-cleansing teeth** working gently, thoroughly. Only clear running water touches the body—a delightful, tingling, sparkling spray that refreshes while it cleanses.

CLEANSING, FRICTION, MASSAGE, SHOWER BATH ALL IN ONE—same time. What a pleasure—could anything be more perfect? Just think—**no tubs to clean bowls or buckets to fill—no washrags or sponges**—no dirt, splashing or muss. No plumbing, tools, valves—not even a screw to set. Move it about at will. Simple, durable, handsome, sanitary. Saves time, expense, labor space. The ideal bathroom for town and country homes, travellers, roomers. No experiment. **Used and praised by thousands.**

Insures Cleanliness Without Drudgery, inconvenience, annoyance—promotes health, beauty, happiness, sound sleep—prevents colds, La Grippe, contagious and other diseases.

Guaranteed by an old, reliable house, capitalized for $50,000.00 **Price complete, ready to use $6.00 to $8.00.** Sent to any address. Order now, you'll be satisfied.

TESTIMONIALS

MRS. LUNNIS, WINNIPEG., writes: Allen Bath Apparatus received. Am very much pleased with it and will recommend it to all. Thanks for promptness.

MRS. GRIMSHAW, BRANDON, MAN., writes: We are very much pleased with the Allen Bath Apparatus, and we will recommend it to all.

WE SELL DIRECT TO CUSTOMERS

Goods sold on approval. Write to-day for pamphlet and literature explaining our proposition thoroughly. We await your order, expect it, and will get it!

Can. Agents—**The Great West Distributing Co., Macoun, Sask,**

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

A November Sunset.

The starlings pipe and whisper in the trees,
Now loud, now low, for autumn's lease is run;
The skies are stiller than still summer seas
As sinks in shining and translucent ease
The late November sun.

November sunset—and a phantom moon
That floats, a shell-pale sickle in the blue;
The light that comes—the light that fades so soon,
Both with the season's silence seem in tune;
With my heart's silence, too.

This misty hour, whose garrulous birds will cease
Their fitful gossip as the west grows pale,
Breathes it not more of solace and release
Than sunsets golden as the Golden Fleece
Or song of nightingale?

Items of Interest.

Sheep in time of famine eat the wool from one another's backs.

There are no prisons or police in Iceland—the people are so honest.

The dome of the Palace of Justice in Brussels is made of papier mache and weighs sixteen tons.

The town of Orson, Sweden, is without taxes. The necessary revenues are derived from a forest reservation.

A most peculiar problem, and one which has much puzzled scientists to account for, is the fact that no giddiness is felt in balloon ascents.

An elephant works from the age of twelve to the age of eighty. He can haul fifteen tons, lift half a ton, and carry three tons on his back without any trouble.

People who live in vast and barren lands have the best eyesight. Eskimos will detect a white fox on the snow at a great distance, while Arabs can pick out objects on the desert that are invisible to others.

Amputating a horse's leg at the fetlock joint, Prof. Udriski, of the veterinary school at Bucharest, has replaced the lost portion with a leather artificial leg that enables the animal to walk about and take exercise.

The largest quill toothpick factory in the world is near Paris, where there is an annual product of twenty million quills. The factory was started to make quill pens, but when these went out of general use it was converted into a toothpick mill.

In describing the Chinese cavalry, a correspondent asserts that horses in finer condition do not exist in any army in the world. He says that the Chinese is a born horseman, who has nothing to learn from Europe or America in the handling of horses, though he is ignorant of veterinary science.

The cinders from the waste burned in English municipal destroying plants are made into building material by crushing, mixing with cement and moulding into great wall slabs. These have door and window openings and even an interior iron framework for holding them in place, and some weigh as much as eleven tons. The frames are bolted together, the joints being closed with cement.

In France a wife's earnings belong to her husband. If a woman earns a dollar by washing and ironing, or hundreds of dollars by a great painting or a popular novel, every cent of it belongs to her husband. If she should happen to get possession of the money and put it in a bank, she could not draw it out without his written consent It belongs to him to do with as he wills.

Natural soap baths are not an unmixed blessing. The curious soap spring that forms a wonder of a village in Timor, East Indian Islands, consists of a small elevated mud cone, from which bubbles up water heavily charged with alkali and radium, the discharge giving the appearance of a miniature volcano. A disadvantage of such a washing place is that vegetation is ruined for miles around.

In the time of Catherine de Medici and her famous daughter, Marguerite of Valois, the face was covered at night with a fine linen cloth dipped in milk, into which slices of lemon and orange, with sugar and alum, had been laid, or into a distilation of snails and lemons; but the beauties of the court of Charles II. of England went further and applied crude quicksilver to their skin so that a new one might come in its place.

Gulls are especially fond of long clams, and many gulls spend their feeding time on the sand flats at low tide getting the clams. The gull takes the clam in its bill, then flies high up in the air, over a rock, and drops the clam so that the shell will smash on the rock. The gull then descends and enjoys the dainty. In winter a gull will drop a clam on any icy place, if convenient, instead of a rock. The gull seems wiser than his name implies.

Penny-in-the-slot postoffices are the latest thing in London. The busy man who wants stamps or a packet of postcards has only to drop his money in the slot indicated, press the button, and his wants are supplied. Two automatic machines for supplying penny stamps and sixpenny packets of postcards have been placed in the portico of the General Post-Office. The mechanism is controlled by the weight of the coin, and is so delicate it rejects all spurious money.

Nearly all bats have the faculty of hibernating. Their hibernation, however, is not perfect—that is to say, that when the warm days occur in the middle of winter they wake up, together with the insects which are their food. Still, theirs is a true hibernation trance, differing from sleep, with very low rate of pulse, heart action and respiration. Probably they would endure immersion in water for an hour or two without drowning, as other hibernators have been found to do.

A Pennsylvania man has devised a machine to date hen's eggs, so that the purchaser may ascertain their age at a glance. His scheme is to provide a nest to which is attached a rubber chute, which conveys the egg to the dating appliance. This chute is arranged with rubber stops to lessen the speed of the egg as it rolls merrily on its way. The dating attachment is operated by clockwork, and one winding will keep it running a year. As the egg reaches the dater it is caught in a clutch and held in place while the stamp is applied. The egg then runs into a basket.

There are no onions in Bermuda for the visitor; they are all exported. No tobacco is grown in Egypt; The Khedive has forbidden its cultivation. There are no olive trees on the Mount of Olives; the Turks and tourists have destroyed them. The French do not eat frogs; the Parisian restaurants may be searched for days without finding a single frog. Irish whiskey is drunk in Scotland and Scotch whiskey in Dublin. The Holland cheese is seldom seen at The Hague, and Neufchatel cheese is made in New York. The chief justice of the Supreme Court of Egypt is a citizen of the State of Florida, and the head of the anti-Armenian party in the Turkish Empire is an Armenian.

Facts and Figures.

It is estimated that Great Britain spends $150,000 a day on theatres.

About 750,000 barrels of American apples are exported annually to England.

Britain owns 7,900 of 14,100 large steamers belonging to the twelve leading nations of the world.

The blood thrown out by the heart travels 7 miles an hour, or 4,292,000 miles in a lifetime of 70 years.

About 18 cents a square yard is spent a year to keep the streets of Paris clean. Berlin spends 4 cents for this.

The origin of the Great Banks of Newfoundland is said to have been in the boulders carried down by icebergs. The bank is 600 miles long and 120 broad.

Muscular Rheumatism Subdued. — When one is a sufferer from muscular rheumatism he cannot do better than to have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. There is no oil that so speedily shows its effect in subduing pain. Let the rubbing be brisk and continue until ease is secured. There is more virtue in a bottle of it than can be fully estimated.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR Mr. FARMER.

For twenty years there has been a newspaper in the West

The Weekly Tribune,

that has fought your battles. Here is a partial list of the struggles carried on in your behalf:—Emancipation from railway monopoly; the lands for the settler; taxation to be shared by the corporations; the farmers' implements and urgent necessities to be duty free; abolition of the elevator monopoly; freedom to load grain and market it; the lumber combine, the beef combine, etc., etc.

Where would you have been without such a champion, and no other paper dared do it. Most of them stand in with the corporations.

Did it ever strike you that you should reward and stand by your champion?

There is only one way to do it. You should subscribe for the paper. Just give it a trial and see for yourself.

To give all a special chance to test The Farmers' Tribune we have made arrangements with

The Western Home Monthly

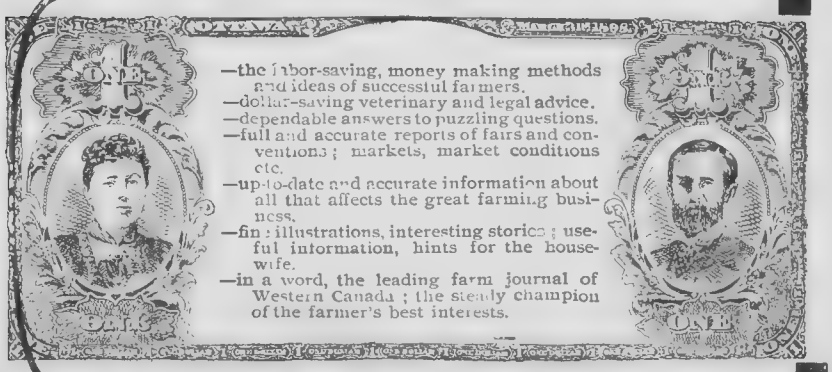
to Club so that if you will forward One dollar to the latter Magazine you will receive The Farmers' Tribune and Western Home Monthly for one year. This offer is open only to New Subscribers.

REMEMBER YOUR DUTY. GO AND DO IT

Do it NOW.

A DOLLAR BILL

invested in THE NOR'-WEST FARMER brings you



$4,500 IN PRIZES.

Instead of spending money on a large force of canvassers The Nor'-West Farmer is giving it in these splendid prizes, for which you may compete.

HOW MANY WHOLE KERNELS IN FIVE POUNDS OF NO. 1 NORTHERN WHEAT

THE NOR'-WEST FARMER has selected five pounds of No. 1 Northern Wheat from the office of the Chief Grain Inspector, and has had it weighed and sealed by the Dominion Inspector of Weights and Measures. It will remain deposited in the vaults of the National Trust Co., until the competition closes, March 31, 1909. It will then be counted, and the prizes awarded by a committee of three, in no way connected with The Nor'-West Farmer.

WHAT IS YOUR ESTIMATE?

In case of a tie, the Estimate First Received gets the Award.

RECORD YOUR ESTIMATE NOW.

You are as likely to take a prize as anyone. Whether you do or not you get sterling value for your money. $1.25 for two such papers as The Nor'-West Farmer and the Western Home Monthly from now to Jan. 1st, 1910. Don't delay.

Publishers, The Nor'-West Farmer, Winnipeg, Man.

Enclosed find $1.25 for subscription to the Western Home Monthly and The Nor'-West Farmer to Jan. 1st, 1910.

Name .....

P.O. Address .....

Province .....

I estimate the number of kernels in five pounds of No. 1 Northern Wheat to be .....

Remit $1.00 extra where papers are to be mailed to Winnipeg addresses, or to countries other than Canada and Great Britain.

SPECIAL CLUBBING RATES

WE append a very attractive list of combinations embracing the "Western Home Monthly" and the principal Canadian, British and American periodicals. Owing to the new Post Office regulations the Canadian Subscription Price has been increased on all American magazines mailed to Canada, but the rates which we are quoting are lower than those of any Subscription Agency.

CLASS **A**

Weekly Free Press
Farmers Tribune
Weekly Telegram
The New Idea Woman's Magazine
Paris Fashions

CLASS **B**

Nor'-West Farmer
The Housekeeper

CLASS **C**

Sunday at Home
Girls Own Paper
Boys Own Paper

CLASS **D**

Travel Magazine
Toronto Daily Star
American Magazine
Cosmopolitan
The Red Book
Cassell's Magazine
Story Teller
Quiver
Musical Home Journal
Chums
Girls Realm
Little Folks
Building World
Work

CLASS **E**

The Argosy
All Story
Railroad Man's Magazine
Toronto Saturday Night
Everybody's Magazine
The Munsey
Technical World Magazine
McClure's Magazine

The Western Home Monthly and any	1	Periodical in Class	A	$1.00
" "	2	"	A	1.50
" "	1	"	B	1.75
" "	2	"	B	2.00
" "	1	"	C	1.50
" "	2	"	C	2.50
" "	1	"	D	1.65
" "	2	"	D	2.80
" "	1	"	E	1.85
" "	2	"	E	3.20

OUR SPECIAL OFFERS.

The Western Home Monthly	$ .50
Amer. Review of Reviews	3.50
Poultry Review	.50
Toronto Weekly Globe	1.00
All for $2.85	$5.50

The Western Home Monthly	$ .50
Toronto Weekly Globe	1.00
Both for 75c.	$1.50

The Western Home Monthly	$ .50
Toronto Weekly Globe	1.00
Paris Fashions	$ .75
All three for $1.10	$2.25

The Western Home Monthly	.50
Canadian Magazine	2.50
Both for 2.30	$3.00

BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Let us send you an English paper and the "Western Home Monthly" to your friends at home. We have Special Rates on all British periodicals and quotations on any not given here will gladly be furnished on application.

The "Western Home Monthly" and any one of the following periodicals for one year for $1.85 (usual price $2.50), any two for $3.10:—

Penny Pictorial Mag.	Overseas Daily Mail	Illustrated Mail
The London Mag.	Wide World Mag.	Answers
The Strand Mag.	Weekly Dispatch	Home Chat

Address **The Western Home Monthly,**

WINNIPEG, Man.

Was A Total Wreck From Heart Failure

In such cases the action of

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

in quieting the heart, restoring its normal beat and imparting tone to the nerve centres, is beyond all question, marvellous.

Mr. Darius Carr, Geary, N.B., writes: "It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you a few lines to let you know the great blessing your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been to me. I was a total wreck from heart failure and my wife advised me to take your pills. After using two boxes I was restored to perfect health. I am now 62 years old and feel almost as well as I did at 20."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

DUTIES.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

NOTICE

ODD NUMBERED SECTIONS

As already publicly announced, odd numbered sections remaining vacant and undisposed of will become available for homestead entry on the coming into force of the Dominion Lands Act on the 1st September next.

As the records of only the even numbered sections have hitherto been kept in the books of the various land agencies in the western provinces and the time having been very limited since the passing of the Act within which to transfer the records of all odd numbered sections from the head office at Ottawa to the local offices, it is possible that the transfer of records in some cases may not have been absolutely completed by the 1st September. In any case where the record of any quarter section has not been transferred, application will be accepted but will have to be forwarded to head office to be dealt with.

As it has been found impossible as yet to furnish sub-agencies with copies of the records of odd numbered sections and in view of the large probable demand for entries, all applicants for entry upon odd numbered sections are strongly advised to make their applications in person at the office of the Dominion Lands Agent and not through a Sub-Land Agent. Applications for even numbered sections may be dealt with through the Sub-Land Agent as before if desired.

J. W. GREENWAY,
Commissioner of Dominion Lands.

19th August, 1908.

Learn to Make Mirrors. —No capital— big profits—easy home work for anyone. Send 2¢ stamp for particulars. Address S, C Robinson, 386 Queen West, Toronto, Ontario. 1101

TEMPERANCE TALK.

WORK.

By Henry Van Dyke.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

RUM IN THE OLD DAYS.

When the Danes conquered England they discovered drinking among the Britons. An Englishman was forbidden to drink in the presence of a Dane without humbly asking and receiving permission. The penalty of a violation of this law was death, and so rigorously was it enforced that the timid English were afraid to drink even when leave had been granted unless the Danes gave definite pledges that they would not be harmed. Thus arose the custom of drinking pledges.

Later on the English became heavy drinkers themselves, and at the time of the Norman invasion they were in the habit of giving great feasts, which lasted for weeks and at which every one got riotously drunk. King Edmund of England was given the name of Ironside on account of his remarkable staying qualities. It is said that he once drank two gallons of wine a day for thirty days. In the end he got into a row with one of his nobles and was stabbed to death.

After the conquest the invading Normans became pupils of the native British human oceans and soon became expert themselves. In the reign of King John, one hundred and forty years after William's landing, drunkenness was so general throughout England that it was necessary to appoint officers to regulate the sale of beer. Five days of every week the Britons worked. On the sixth they drank themselves under the table, and on the seventh they slept it off.

King Henry I. was a celebrated wine bibber, and his son and heir was his faithful disciple. This young man was sent over to France to marry the daughter of the king of that country. On the way home he stocked his ships with hundreds of barrels of French wines. During the passage he tapped one of these barrels and distributed its contents among his sailors. The latter got so drunk that they ran the ship upon a submerged rock, and it went down with all hands.

This was an impressive temperance lesson, but the English didn't profit by it. Intead they drank more and more, and we read that a few years afterward the evening meal of the average nobleman consisted of a loaf of household bread, a gallon of beer and a quart of wine.

Everybody has heard of the great feast given by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth. It lasted two weeks, and during that time twenty-three thousand gallons of beer were consumed, not to speak of many hogsheads of wine. This was the era of England's pre-eminence in drinking. Some of her greatest practitioners had international reputations, and ambitious amateurs came from all parts of Europe to witness their feats. Monday was the great drinking day. At one time, it was said, it was impossible to finnd twenty sober men in all England until late in the seventeenth century The art of distillation had been practiced for ages, but the product of the still had been used not as a beverage, but as a medicine. It is said that the first whiskey seen in London came from Ireland, where it was called usquebaugh, or bulcaan.

During the reign of Philip and Mary so many moonshine stills were set up in Ireland that parliament took a hand in the matter. It was ordained that no one but gentlemen, peers and freeholders of property worth at least $50—a large amount of money in those days—should be permitted to own distilleries.

An English traveler, writing in the year 1600, said that there were more saloons in Dublin than in any other city in the world. The Irish, he said, always got drunk at wakes, weddings and fairs. The English were not far behind them, and over on the continent alcohol was also making great headway. Here in America, too, drinking was becoming a popular sport.

In London during the early part of the 18th century the lower classes gave themselves up almost entirely to drinking. Taverns were on every corner, and the price of whiskey was so low that even the most humble could enjoy his daily pot. An old notice in the Gentleman's Magazine tells us that many taverns bore signs reading, "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, clean straw for nothing!" Beneath each tavern was a cellar, strewn with straw, upon which the patrons of the establishment took their ease and dreamed their feverish dreams. When a man got delirium tremens and began chasing snakes his fellow soaks would beat him into insensibility and throw him out to die.

In Scotland, too, the jug and the jag played havoc. The historian Dunlop tells of a remarkable case of drunkenness which came to his own knowledge. A dispute having arisen at a fair in Ayrshire, the disputants, both of whom were drunk, staggered to a nearby courthouse to have it settled. There they found the three judges dancing before the door, drunk as lords and stark naked.

In Germany at this time heavy drinkers were highly esteemed, and it became the custom at the universities to elect the most capacious student "beer king." This custom continued into our own time, and Prince Bismark it is said was "Beer King" of all Germany in his youth.—From The Banner of Gold.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Malt Liquors as well as Whiskey bring on dread Disease.

The conclusive symptom of chronic inebriety is delirium tremens, "the horrors," says J. W. Helburn in American Magazine. "None but the true inebriate gets it, and most inebriates get it sooner or later, though some escape the actual delirium that is the typical feature. It must not be confused with alcoholic insanity, the violent dementia brought on in some persons by amounts of alcohol often too small to cause intoxication. True delirium tremens is literally the result of soaking. It comes on when the tissues are saturated with alcohol. Usually it appears at the end of a long spree or in the case of a steady drinker when he has been taking more than his usual allowance. But as alcohol remains in the system from three to eight days the delirium may develop some days after the spree, whereupon the victim usually ascribes it to the fact that he gave up alcohol and took to water. It is a state of collapse, insomnia, trembling, acute terror and usually violent delirium, which lasts from two to five days. 'Menagerie delirium,' the vision of violet mice and iridescent snakes generally supposed to prevail, is not very common, snakes being rarer than other animals.

"The ordinary delirium centers about the usual occupation of the patient. Its violence can be judged by the degree to which his visions are independent of his will and by the terror they cause him. A teamster, for instance, usually drives horses in his delirium. If they obey him he will get well, but if they back against his orders or bolt he is thrown into a state of extreme terror and is pretty certain to die. The delusions of a first attack are always terrifying, but in later recurrences the experienced drinker is often aware of his condition and watches his own hallucinations with a sort of impersonal amusement. The supposedly harmless malt liquors are slower in bringing on delirium tremens than whiskey, but usually bring on uglier attacks. Contrary to general opinion, they are responsible for a considerable share of the inebriety of this country. Some years ago Dr. Charles L. Dana, at that time visiting physician to Bellevue hospital, recorded the form of liquor used by nearly 200 inebriate patients. A third drank whiskey, nearly a third beer and whiskey and a quarter malt liquors altogether. The rest took anything that contained alcohol. There are virtually no wine drinking inebriates in this country.

Occupations of Notable Characters.

John D. Rockefeller was a grocer's clerk.

Henry C. Frick was a country store clerk.

Marshall Field was a farm hand in Massachusetts.

Andrew Carnegie was a messenger boy and a telegraph operator.

J. P Morgan was a clerk in a Wall street banker's office, but he inherited millions.

James J. Hill was a carpenter in Canada, a farm boy near Syracuse, N. P., and a freight handler on the levee at St. Paul, Minn.

E. H. Harriman was a clerk in Ogdensburg, N.Y., and used to run a switch engine for amusement after hours.

W. H. Newman, president of the New York Central, was a brakeman.

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Many people make a mistake in thinking that the only office of a pill is to move the bowels, but a properly prepared pill should act beneficially upon the liver and the entire glandular and secretory system.

This is just what Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills do, and by their specific alterative action cure Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Flatulency, Heartburn, Headache, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Catarrh of the Stomach, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, and all diseases arising from impurities clogging the system.

They are small and easy to take, and do not gripe, weaken or sicken. They may be used as a mild laxative or a strong purgative according to the dose.

Price 25 cents a vial, or 5 vials for a $1, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by

The T. Milburn, Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, and state what kind of amputation you have.

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54 King Street
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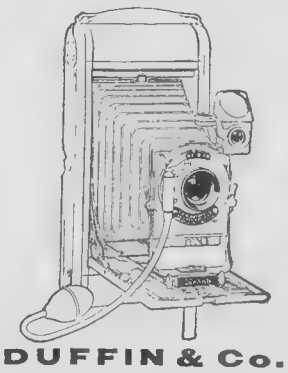

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WINNIPEG.

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Mention Western Home Monthly.

For Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Stomach Cramps, Colic, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all Looseness of the Bowels

There is no Medicine Like

It has been a household remedy for 63 years. You can always rely on it in time of need to do just what we claim for it. Do not allow an unprincipaled druggist to palm off a cheap substitute on you.

The genuine "Dr. Fowler's" is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE ONLY CURE FOR DIARRHŒA.

Mrs. Robt. Rahm, Burketon, Ont., writes:— "I have used Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry for diarrhœa, and I think there is not a better remedy to be found, as I have a large family and all subject to it. I would not be without it in the house as it is a quick cure, and 'the only thing' that will cure them."

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MAIL ORDERS

Be wise, and deal direct with us. We can sell you from 15% to 30% cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

DOVER'S PATENT CURLING STONES with cross handles carried in stock. Curling Stones sharpened at $4.00 per pair.

Remember! BRANDON.

SEND 25c. Receive by mail post paid 25 pieces of velvet different colors, for fancy work.

N. Southcott and Co., London, Ont.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

THANKSGIVING.

The beaded frost at early morn
Gleams whitely o'er the stubble,
And past the eaves at night is borne
The north wind's wail of trouble;
But shines the hearth with ruddy light,
The board is gay and cheery,
And household mirth is flowing bright
Round hearts forlorn and weary.

How dark soe'er the world path be,
How vexing earthly clamor,
To-day the sunbeams goldenly
Pour down a heavenly glamour.
The warring voices cease, or blend
In chords of solemn sweetness,
While harvest anthems seek the Friend
Who gives the year completeness.

For tender spring, for summer's wealth,
For autumn's royal splendor,
For homes of peace, for joy and health,
Thanksgivings full we render:
And age with winter's sifted snow
Meets childhood's sunny weather;
The seasons come, the seasons go,
And all are glad together.

Jinks—The idea of asking me what I'd do if I was rich! The question is simply idiotic.

An Irishman slipping his arm round his sweetheart's waist for the first time, said: "Biddy, how am I progressing?"

Biddy: "Troth, Barney, and yer holding yer own!"

Small Boy (at the circus, sternly, to his grandfather): "Don't laugh like that, grandpapa; people will think this is the first time you've ever been in a place of amusement."

Algernon: "You say she has only partially returned your affection?"

Clarence: "Yes; and that's what I'm grumbling at. She returned all the love-letters, but retained all the jewellery."

The Preacher—"I was surprised to see your husband get up and walk out of church while I was preaching!" The Wife—"Oh, don't think anything of that! You know he's troubled with somnambulism!"

"You wouldn't sell your vote, would you?" No, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "But if a gemmen what's runnin' foh office was to give me two dollahs, common gratitude would make me vote foh him."

Jasper: "Whenever a great man dies, Longhair writes a poem about him."

Rasper: "Well, I must commend his consideration in not writing it before the great man dies."

"Who was that fool you bowed to?"

"My husband."

"Oh, I—er—I—humbly apologize. I——"

"Never mind; I'm not angry. But what a keen observer you are."

"Did you tell the ladies who called that I had the 'flu,' Bridget?"

"That I did, mum; I told 'em ye wasn't feelin' well, and ye was goin' to call on 'em soon, and they sez they were sorry to hear it."

"What do you think of the two new candidates?" asked one elector of another during a recent contest.

"What do I think of them?" was the reply. "Well, when I look at them, I'm thankful only one of them can get in."

Her grandmother was so ill that the report got about that she was dead.

A sympathetic old gentleman met the child in the street.

"And when is you grandmother to be buried, my dear?" he asked her.

"Not till she's dead, sir."

While a penurious grocer was telling his new boy how careful he must be a fly settled on a bag of sugar. The grocer caught it and threw it away. The boy then said:

"If you want me to be careful you are setting me a bad example."

"Why?" asked the grocer,

"Because," said the boy, "you have thrown that fly away without brushing the sugar off its feet."

"Well," remarked a gentleman, after a long argument on the question of man's superiority over woman, "at least there is one good, sweet, and perfect thing which a man can have and a woman cannot."

"Never!" cried his wife, passionately. "Never! I deny it! What do you mean?"

"A wife!"

Mrs. A.: "Men are so queer after the honeymoon. If you tell them your love is growing cold they don't even glance up from their newspapers."

Mrs. X.: "No; but tell them the soup is growing cold and they jump about ten feet."

Bald Customer: "Can you really recommend this pomade?"

Hairdresser: "Very highly, sir. Look what a head of hair I've got, and now" (removing his wig) "what I looked like before I used it."

"Your wife is somewhat strong-minded, isn't she, Littlejohn?"

"Strong-minded? A furniture-polish pedlar came here yesterday, and in five minutes she sold him some polish she had made herself."

Guest: "Waiter, take back this beefsteak. It isn't cooked enough."

Waiter: "I thought you said you wanted it underdone, sir?"

Guest: "Underdone! Why it's so raw you can hear it bellow."

Her Adorer: "May I marry your daughter, sir?"

Her Father: "What do you want to marry for? You don't know when you're well off."

Her Adorer: "No, perhaps not, but I know when you're well off."

First Boarder: "For goodness' sake, Bill, smuggle this magazine out of the house before the landlady can see it."

Second Boarder: "What's the matter?"

First Boarder: "Article on 'A dainty Meal from the Dinner's Leavings, or Utilizing Left-overs.'"

Towne: "There was a spelling-bee down at our church the other night. The pastor gave out the words. Did you hear about it?"

Browne: No; was it interesting?"

Towne: "Rather. The first three words he gave out were 'increase,' 'pastor,' 'salary.'"

"But you confess, papa," protested the beautiful girl, when the father showed indications of a desire to withhold his consent, that you do not know of a single, solitary thing that is in the least derogatory to his reputation."

"That's just it," replied the old gentleman. "I don't like the idea of bringing anyone into my family who is so infernally sly as all that."

"There's the van with the piano we bought this morning," said a suburban madam to her spouse. "Now you just send it back."

"Why?" he inquired.

"Well, of all the stupids!" was the response. "Do you suppose that we are going to pay fifty guineas for a piano and have it brought home at this time of night, when the neighbors can't see it? Not if I know it!"

"Woman," he hissed, "woman, do you thus spurn my heart after leading me on?"

"When did I lead you on, as you call it?" asked the girl.

"Did you not tell me that a fortune-teller had told you that you were to wed a handsome, blonde young man, with the grace of a Greek god and the voice of an æolian harp?"

When a certain eminent politician in his youth was reading Euclid with his tutor, he found it very tedious, and after a time he asked: "Was Euclid a good man?"

The tutor did not know.

"Was he an honorable, truthful man?"

"We know nothing to the contrary," was the other's reply.

"Then don't you think we might take his word for all this?"

"Why are they called pyramids, grandpa?" queried little Emerson, who was looking at a picture of those Egyptian wonders.

"They are called pyramids, my boy," replied the old man, shamelessly, "because they appear amid the general desolation of the desert."

Whereupon the hall clock tried to hide its face with its hands.

The change of dietary that comes with spring and summer has the effect in weak stomachs of setting up inflammation, resulting in dysentery and cholera morbus. The abnormal condition will continue if not attended to and will cause an exhaustive drain on the system. The best available medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It clears the stomach and bowels of irritants, counteracts the inflammation and restores the organs to healthy action.

WOULD YOU KNOW YOUR FUTURE?

Do You Want To Know About Your Business, Health, Speculation, Marriage, Love Affairs, or How To improve Your Condition Financially and Socially?

EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER WHO WRITES AT ONCE WILL RECEIVE A

FREE READING

FROM

AMERICA'S RELIABLE ASTROLOGER.

For many years I have been advertising in American and foreign newspapers and magazines; perhaps your next-door neighbor knows me or has consulted me for advice. I have built up a reputation for giving honest, accurate and conscientious service to my patrons. They will tell you I am America's reliable Astrologer. I do not ask you to take my word for any statement made here, but I do ask for an opportunity to demonstrate my ability. Read what three of my patrons say about their horoscopes:

Newark, N.J.
"My marriage took place as you predicted, and I am the happiest woman in the world. I feel that you are the one really great Astrologer to whom the American people should turn for advice and counsel. Everything you predicted in my Horoscope came to pass as accurately as clock work."
BERTHA AXT.

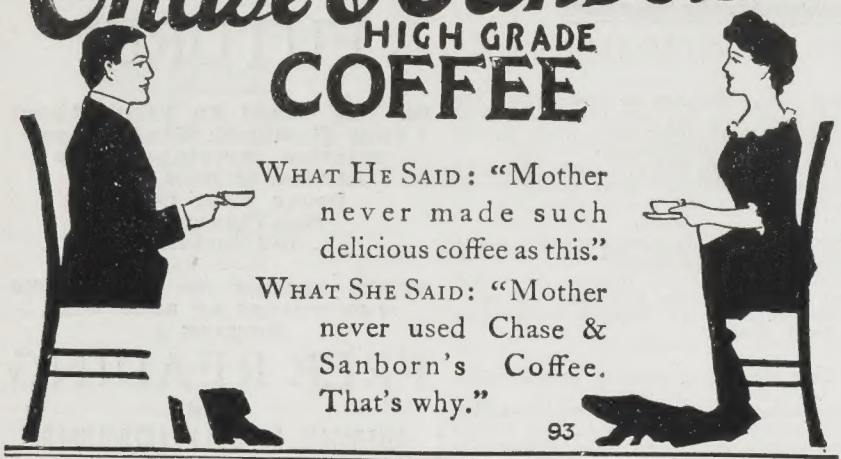
Brandon, Can.
"My Horoscope is the best instrument of guidance that I have ever had put in my hands. * * * I would not take a hundred dollars for the information you have given me, unless I was sure that I would get another one as accurate as this one." Yours very truly,
A. BROAD,
Real Estate Agent.

Mountain Park, Okla.
"Dear Friend—By you giving me 'lucky dates' I have been able to dispose of some property, greatly to my advantage. Every line of my Horoscope was of value to me. I shall consult you again in the future. I wish others might understand what great assistance you could be, in trouble of any kind." Most sincerely,
MRS. ANNIE M. ROWLAND.

I have stacks of letters similar to the above Many write that they cannot find words to express their thanks for the benefits derived from my advice. Many have followed my advice and gained wealth, happiness, love and popularity. I believe I can be of help to you. It costs you nothing to test my ability. I will send you a reading in which I will tell facts about yourself and your life that will cause you to marvel at the wonders of Astrology. My system has stood the test of time. People who consulted me years ago acknowledge that no other Astrologer is as accurate. If you wish a free reading, simply send me your name (whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) the date of your birth (state hour it possible), and I will send you the reading at once, and will also send you a copy of my interesting booklet. "Your Destiny Foretold." If you wish you can inclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage, etc. Address: Albert H. Postel. Room 1249. No. 126 West 34th Street, New York. N. Y.

Stovel's Atlas of Canada containing 19 maps and twenty pages of historical, statistical and general reference matter mailed to any address on receipt of price 25 cents. Address, Map Dept., The Stovel Co., Winnipeg.

Chase & Sanborn's HIGH GRADE COFFEE



WHAT HE SAID: "Mother never made such delicious coffee as this."

WHAT SHE SAID: "Mother never used Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. That's why."

93

MOTT'S DIAMOND CHOCOLATE.
JOHN P. MOTT & Co
HALIFAX, N.S. CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1844

1/4 lb. makes 1 qt. of delicious Chocolate

JOHN P. MOTT & CO., HALIFAX, CANADA.

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EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 1851—and these 57 years of Constant Betterment have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others.

Sold and used everywhere in Canada.

Easy Dyeing at Home

Faded dresses—soiled blouses—dingy curtains—ribbons, silk gloves, satin slippers, feathers, feather boas, parasols, cushion tops—all can be made fresh and beautiful again with

MAYPOLE SOAP

It cleanses and dyes to rich, glowing colors at one operation. No muss. No stained hands or kettles. No streaks. Just satisfaction. 24 colors to select from. Colors 10c, Black 15c, at all dealers, or postpaid with free Booklet on "How to Dye" from

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO. - - MONTREAL. 76

Hints for the Housewife.

Which Way?

When a shy little maid, of the world afraid,
Sets forth on Love's Highway,
She knows not where the road may fare
Or where her feet may stray.

For a time the road runs wide and straight,
And its pleasures wing the hours.
But at last it divides, and there are no guides
Save the birds and the nodding flow'rs.

When she comes to the forks of Love's Highway—
As come she must some day—
And her head says "This way," but her heart says "That."
Which way shall she turn? Which way?

TOLD FROM EXPERIENCE.

A New Kind of Mucilage.—Once when I was going to send a couple of packages through the mail I discovered I had no mucilage. This is what I did. I broke the small part of an egg so that the white part would flow from it, being careful not to make the opening too large. I then wrapped the package, holding it in one hand while I drew the egg along the edge of the paper, coating it thoroughly. I then pressed it down and allowed it to dry. Save the light-brown paper for packages, for the mucilage stays longer and does not stain it. I use this mucilage for everything with success.

A Bit of Economy.—Where there are a number of children in a family who go to school they generally need erasers in their lessons. The pennies count up when there are four or five to buy at five cents apiece. But I have found a way of saving. Give the children the rubber corks which come on ammonia washing fluid, etc. They do the work just as well and last longer.

A Lamp Hint.—A lamp which annoys by flaming up and smoking can be helped by using a taller chimney. I have been using a nine-inch chimney on my Rochester burner, and my wall was very badly smoked, while the lamp did not give a satisfactory light to read or sew by. I bought a twelve-inch chimney, which I used instead of the nine-inch. We had no more difficulty whatever.

To Give a Pie an Attractive Crust.—The outside appearance of a pie is quite important, and I used to feel quite distressed at white crusts. A housekeeper told me the following way. It will give the pies a brown, flaky appearance. When the pie is ready to bake put about two teaspoonfuls of sweet milk on the top and spread over the surface. Try it next baking day.

To Remove Ink-stains.—Probably all mothers have been troubled by having the children come home from school with ink-stains on their white aprons. Just moisten the stain with kerosene oil and then wash the garment as usual with the other clothes and the stain will disappear.

Kerosene also cleans galvanized iron very nicely. Put a few drops on a cloth and rub hard, and you will be surprised to see how nice it looks. I have a copper tank with a galvanized iron cover, and I find the kerosene treatment just the thing for that.

A Labor Saver.—I had always found it quite a task to keep my sink clean, as scraps of food would accumulate in it from the dish water. One day an idea occurred to me. I nailed four small boards together, making a frame about six inches square, on one side of which I securely tacked a piece of old wire screen and set it over the drain of the sink. Since then all that is necessary is to pour all water into the sieve, then lift it, and, inverting it over the coal bucket, give it a few sharp knocks, when it is clean and ready to be returned to its place in the sink. The wire is easily renewed when rusted, and my sink does not require much scrubbing. What is more, there are no bits of food which require to be picked out.

Two Useful Hints.—Lamp burners may be kept as bright as new by cleaning in the following manner: Place in a basin, with enough buttermilk to cover, and boil on the stove several hours. Remove, place in suds, and brush with a small vegetable brush until clean, and dry with a cloth.

Those who dread to wash pans in which bread dough has been prepared, will be relieved if they employ this method: After removing sponge, empty out all flour and grease the pan well. When the large loaf is removed the tin will be perfectly free from dough.

Helpful Hints.—When straining fruit for jelly I pour it in the colander, then the juice only needs to be strained; the fruit can afterwards be mashed through the colander and used to make butter. The jelly bag, not being full of pulp, is much easier washed.

When baking cookies or ginger-snaps take a piece of clean yellow wrapping paper and use in greasing the pans. It saves time and trouble.

When stockings are too bad to darn I cut them down, using the legs of another pair to make the new feet. The legs of- one pair will usually cut feet for two pairs.

If something has burned and stuck to skillet, porcelain or granite kettle, put about a spoonful of soda in cold water in the vessel that has been burned, place on the fire, and by the time the water comes to a boil the soda has cut the dirt or burned mixture, and the kettle is easily cleaned without the usual scraping and scouring.

How to Keep Nickel Bright—Experience has taught me how to keep the nickel on my stove as bright and new as when it was purchased. After washing your dishes, take another cloth and with the dishwater give it a good washing, then wipe it dry with another cloth. You will be surprised at the result.

A Home-made Art Square—With a family of six and two small children, my carpet under the dining table showed many a grease spot. They faded from sight by vigorous scrubbings, only to return in a few days. I purchased a piece of oil-cloth in pretty shades of brown, also a piece of stair oil-cloth that matched it well. The stair oil-cloth had to be longer than the centre, in order to mitre the corners. After stitching this border to the centre on the machine, I tacked it under the table, and you have no idea how really artistic it is, as well as always having such a clean look. The cost was less than one dollar, and it has been worth many times that to me.

To Bleach a Sraw Hat—A straw hat that has done service for two seasons was made to look almost as good as new by covering it with a thick paste made of flower of sulphur and water and putting it in the sun. When the paste has thoroughly dried it was brushed off, and the hat that had been deemed too discolored to wear any longer was so white and clean that the owner pronounced his wife to be a hat bleacher equal to the best.

A Clothes-Pole Made of a Broomstick.—A clothes-pole made of a broomstick is a piece of furniture that anybody can easily produce. Six double hooks may be fastened lengthwise to the broomstick, three on each side, and a large screweye inserted in one end. This pole may be hung from a hook on the wall and will accommodate a number of garments. Where space is limited this will be found particularly useful.

When Drying Children's Woolen Stockings the use of forms will prevent shrinking. These forms can be made quite easily of a piece of white wood a quarter of an inch thick. Lay flat on the wood a new stocking and draw an outline of it with a pencil; then cut out, and sandpaper the form until smooth. After the sockings are washed carefully draw them, one at a time, on the forms (better to have two), and let them dry. It will be found that stockings will last much longer dried in this manner.

A Kitchen-Table as a Cage for the Baby is an original and practical idea. Take a cheap kitchen table, turn it upsidedown, and nail laths or narrow strips of wood across from leg to leg, putting them close enough together to prevent the baby from crawling through. Then wrap the laths and table-legs with strips of red flannel, and lay a folded quilt on the bottom. Put the baby in his cage with his toys and he will be quite safe while his mother is busy.

An Amusing Scrapbook costing some time, but little money, can easily be made. It will brighten the hours of a child convalescing from sickness. Take an ordinary ten-cent blankbook and cut all the pages horizontally three inches from the top. Cut from magazines, or wherever you can, all sorts of figures: men, women, children, animals, etc. The greater the variety the better the result. Cut the heads from the bodies of the pictures and paste the heads on the upper part of the page close to where it is cut, allowing two heads to a page. Then paste the corresponding bodies on the lower part of the page so that the figures appear to be whole. The idea is, after the figures have all been pasted, to make as many ridiculous combinations as possible—say, by having the head on page five, which may be that of a lion, come over the body on page ten which may be that of a baby.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste, and is a certain relief for irritation of the throat that causes hacking coughs. If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and restore the air passages to their normal healthy condition. There is no need to recommend it to those familiar with it, but to those who seek a sure remedy and are in doubt what to use, the advice is—try Bickle's Syrup.

FREE PREMIUMS

GIVEN FOR

"TROPHY" BAKING POWDER COUPONS

This is one of our latest products, and is in the same class for quality as Golden West Soap. Each tin has a label or coupon, which can be redeemed for any of our handsome premiums, just the same as the wrappers from our Golden West Soap. By buying "Trophy" Baking Powder you get a strictly Western article, the most successful on the market; and you can save the coupons and get our handsome premiums without it costing you more than other powders.

Start to use "Trophy" Baking Powder to-day and save the coupons.

Following are some of our premiums. If you do not see what you want write for our premium catalogue. It's free.

Value of GOLDEN WEST WRAPPERS as applied to the different brands we manufacture :

LAUNDRY SOAP AND SPECIALTIES

Golden West Laundry Soap—	1 carton	equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums
Golden West Washing Powder	1 "	" 6 " " " " " "
Golden West Powdered Ammonia	1 "	" 2 " " " " " "
Golden West Lye	1 tin	" 2 " " " " " "
Bristo Scouring Soap	1 cake	" 2 " " " " " "

TOILET SOAPS

Heather Bouquet	each cake	equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums
Golden West Toilet	" "	" 2 " " " " " "
Weir's Buttermilk	" "	" 2 " " " " " "
No. 77 Baby's Bath	" "	" 2 " " " " " "
"Herron's" Floating Castile	" "	" 2 " " " " " "
No. 3725 Hard Water	" "	" 2 " " " " " "
Golden West Glycerine and Pine Tar	" "	" 1 " " " " " "
Weir's Pine Tar	" "	" 2 " " " " " "
Uncle Tom's Tar	" "	" 2 " " " " " "

BAKING POWDER, etc

"Trophy" Baking Powder	each tin	equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums
"Trophy" Baking Soda, one lb. package	"	" 2 " " " " " "
"Trophy" Baking Soda, " ½ lb. "	"	" 1 " " " " " "
"Trophy" Jelly Powder, each package	"	" 2 " " " " " "
"Trophy" Flavoring Extract, 2 oz. bottle	"	" 6 " " " " " "
"Trophy" " " 4-oz. "	"	" 12 " " " " " "
"Trophy" " " 8-oz. "	"	" 12 " " " " " "
"Trophy" " " 16-oz. "	"	" 24 " " " " " "

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STANDARD SOAP CO. LIMITED, Calgary, Alta.

This Coupon is accepted by us as of equal value to Six wrappers when accompanied by other wrappers.

This attractive silver plate teaspoon free for both ends of a 25c carton of Golden West Soap or Golden West Washing Powder. Enclose 2c. stamp and address,

Dept. H. M. **STANDARD SOAP CO., LIMITED, Calgary.**

"What we have we hold."

No. 29—In colors. Size 19x25. For 20 wrappers or 10 wrappers and 10c.

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Make your home attractive. You can soon save enough wrappers to get these beautiful pictures.

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No. 42—"A Yard of Pansies."
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No. 44—"A Yard of Cherries."
No. 45—"A Yard of Mixed Flowers."
No. 46—"A Yard of Poppies."
No. 47—"A Yard of Roses."
No. 48—"A Yard of Kitties."

Any of the above pictures for 20 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 12 cents.

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